Serfojee Rajah 1827

JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

An Heroic Poem.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

TORQUATO TASSO,

By John Hoole.

With elegant Engravings.

IN TWO VOLUMES. — VOL. I.

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TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

TO approach the high and the illustrious has been, in all ages, the privilege of poets; and though translators cannot justly claim the same honour, yet they naturally follow their authors as attendants; and I hope that, in return for having enabled Tasso to diffuse his fame through the British dominions, I may be introduced by him to the presence of your Majesty.

Tasso has a peculiar claim to your Majesty's favour, as a follower and panegyrist of the house of Este, which has one common ancester with the house of Hanover; and in reviewing his life, it is not easy to forbear a wish that he had lived in a happier time, when he might, among the descendants of that illustrious family, have found a more liberal and potent patronage.

I cannot but observe, Madam, how unequally reward is proportioned to merit, when I reflect that the happiness which was withheld from Tasso, is reserved for me; and that the Poem, which once hardly procured to its Author the countenance of the Princes of Ferrara, has attracted to its translator the favourable notice of a British Queen.

Had this been the fate of Tasso, he would have been able to have celebrated the condescension of your Majesty in nobler language, but could not have felt it with more ardent gratitude than,

Madam,

your Majesty's

most faithful and

devoted Servant,

John Hoole.

PREFACE.

OF all authors, so familiarly known by name to the generality of English readers as Tasso, perhaps there is none whose works have been so little read; and the few who have read them, have seldom estimated them by their own judgment. As some authors owe much of their reputation to the implicit acquiescence of the many in the encomiums bestowed upon them by some person with whom, for whatever reason, it has been thought honourable to acquiesce, so others have been rated much below their merit, merely because some fashionable critic has decried their performances: and thus it has happened to Tasso.

M. Boileau, in one of his satires, had ridiculed the absurdity of "preferring the tinsel of Tasso to the gold of Virgil:" this sentiment was hastily catched up by Mr. Addison, whose polite and elegant writings are an honour to our nation, but whose greatest excellence was not, perhaps, either poetry or criticism; and he has zealously declared, in one of his Spectators, that "he entirely agrees with M. Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the tinsel

of Tasso." These declarations, indeed, amount to no more than that gold is better than tinsel, and true wit than false; a discovery which does no great honour to the author: but those who are accustomed to take things in the gross, and to adopt the judgment of others because they will not venture to judge for themselves, have inferred, that all Virgil is gold, and that all Tasso is tinsel; than which nothing can be more absurd, whether M. Boileau and Mr. Addison intended the implication or not. It is as true, that the gold of Tasso is better than his tinsel, as that the gold of Virgil is better; and though a verse of Virgil is better than all Tasso's tinsel, it does not follow that it is also better than Tasso's gold. That Tasso has gold, no man who wishes to be thought qualified to judge of poetry, will chuse to deny. It will also be readily admitted, that he has tinsel; but it will be easy to shew, not only that the gold preponderates, but that the tinsel, mingled with it, is not in a greater proportion than in many other compositions, which have received the applause of successive ages, and been preserved in the wreck of nations, when almost every other possession has been abandoned.

By tinsel is meant false thought, and perhaps incredible fiction; and whoever is acquainted with the writings of Ovid, knows that he abounds with false thoughts, that he is continually playing upon words,

and that his fictions are in the highest degree incredible; yet his Metamorphoses have ever been held in great estimation by all judges of poetical merit.

But if Tasso's merit is to be decided by authority, may not that of M. Voltaire be opposed with great propriety to the pedantry of M. Boileau, and the echo of Mr. Addison? "There is" (says he, in his Essay on Epic Poetry) "no monument of antiquity "in Italy that more deserves the attention of a tra-"veller than the Jerusalem of Tasso. Time, which "subverts the reputation of common performances, "as it were by sap, has rendered that of the Jerusa-"lem more stable and permanent. This poem is now "sung in many parts of Italy, as the Iliad was in "Greece; and Tasso is placed, without scruple, by "the side of Homer and Virgil, notwithstanding his "defects, and the criticism of Despreaux. The "Jerusalem appears, in some respects, to be an imi-"tation of the Iliad; but if Rinaldo is drawn after "Achilles, and Godfrey after Agamemnon, I will "venture to say, that Tasso's copy is much superior "to the original. In his battles he has as much fire "as Homer, with greater variety; his heroes, like "those of the Iliad, are distinguished by a difference "of character; but the characters of Tasso are "more skilfully introduced, more strongly marked, "and infinitely better sustained; for there is scarce "one in the Iliad that is not inconsistent with itself; "and not one in the Jerusalem that is not uniform

"throughout. Tasso has painted what Homer only "sketched; he has attained the art of varying his "tints by different shades of the same colour; and "has distinguished, into different modes, many vir- "tues, vices, and passions, which others have "thought to be the same. Thus the characteristic "both of Godfrey and Aladine is sagacity, but the "modes are finely varied; in Godfrey, it is a calm "circumspective prudence; in Aladine, a cruel poli- "cy. Courage is predominant both in Tancred and "Argantes; but in Tancred, it is a generous contempt "of danger; in Argantes, a brutal fury: so love in "Armida is a mixture of levity and desire; in Er- "minia, it is a soft and amiable tenderness. There "is, indeed, no figure in the picture that does not "discover the hand of a master, not even Peter the "Hermit, who is finely contrasted with the enchan- "ter Ismeno; two characters which are surely very "much superior to the Calchas and Talthybius "of Homer. Rinaldo is, indeed, imitated from "Achilles; but his faults are more excusable, his "character is more amiable, and his leisure is better "employed; Achilles dazzles us; but we are in- "terested for Rinaldo.

"I am in doubt whether Homer has done right or "wrong in making Priam so much the object of "our pity, but it was certainly a master-stroke in "Tasso to render Aladine odious; for the reader

"would otherwise have been necessarily interested "for the Mahometans against the Christians, whom "he would have been tempted to consider as a "band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate "a country they had no right to, and massacre, in "cold blood, a venerable prince, more than four-score years old, and his whole people, against "whom they had no pretence of complaint." M. Voltaire then observes, that this is indeed the true character of the crusades; but "Tasso (continues he) "has, with great judgment, represented "them very differently: for, in his Jerusalem, they "appear to be an army of heroes marching under "a chief of exalted virtue, to rescue, from the tyranny of infidels, a country which had been consecrated by the birth and death of a God. The "subject of his poem, considered in this view, is the "most sublime that can be imagined; and he has "treated it with all the dignity of which it is worthy, "and has even rendered it not less interesting than "elevated. The action is well conducted, and the "incidents artfully interwoven; he strikes out his "adventures with spirit, and distributes his light "and shade with the judgment of a master: he transports his reader from the tumults of war to the "sweet solitudes of love, and from scenes exquisitely voluptuous, he again transports him to the

"field of battle: he touches all the springs of passion in a swift but regular succcession, and gradually rises above himself as he proceeds from book to book: his style is in all parts equally clear and elegant; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to see how he impresses a new character upon the softness of the Italian language, how he sublimes it into majesty, and compresses it into strength. It must, indeed, be confessed, that in the whole poem there are about two hundred verses in which the author has indulged himself in puerile conceits, and a mere play upon words: but this is nothing more than a kind of tribute, which his genius paid to the taste of the age he lived in, which had a fondness for points and turns that has since rather increased than diminished."

Such is the merit of Tasso's Jerusalem, in the opinion of M. Voltaire. He has, indeed, pointed out, with great judgment, many defects in particular parts of the work, which he so much admires upon the whole; but this gives his testimony in behalf of Tasso, so far as it goes, new force; and if Tasso can be justified in some places where M. Voltaire has condemned him, it follows, that his general merit is still greater than M. Voltaire has allowed.

Having remarked some fanciful excesses in the account of the expedition of Ubald and his companion,

to discover and bring back Rinaldo, who was much wanted by the whole army, Mons. Voltaire asks, "What was the great exploit which was reserved for 'this hero, and which rendered his presence of so "much importance, that he was transported from "the Peak of Teneriffe to Jerusalem? Why he was" (says M. Voltaire) "destined by providence to cut "down some old trees that stood in a forest which "was haunted by hobgoblins?" M. Voltaire, by this ludicrous description of Rinaldo's adventure in the enchanted wood, insinuates, that the service he performed was inadequate to the pomp with which he was introduced, and unworthy of the miracles which contributed to his return: but, the enchantment of the forest being once admitted, this exploit of Rinaldo will be found greatly to heighten his character, and to remove an obstacle to the siege, which would otherwise have been insuperable, and would consequently have defeated the whole enterprize of the crusade. It was impossible to carry on the siege without machines constructed of timber; no timber was to be had but in this forest; and in this forest the principal heroes of the Christian army had attempted to cut timber in vain.

To this it may be added, that M. Voltaire has not dealt fairly, by supposing that Rinaldo was recalled to the camp for no other intent than to cut down the wood; the critic seems to have forgotten

the necessity of this hero's presence to the general affairs of the Christians: it was he who was destined to kill Solyman, whose death was, perhaps, of equal consequence to the Christians as that of Hector to the Grecians: the Danish messenger had been miraculously preserved, and sent to deliver Sweno's sword to Rinaldo, with a particular injunction for him to revenge the death of that prince on the Soldan. We see further the importance of Rinaldo in the last battle, where he kills almost all the principal leaders of the enemy, and is the great cause of the entire defeat of the Egyptian army.

M. Voltaire's general censure of this incident, therefore, appears to be ill-founded. "But certain "dæmons," says he, "having taken an infinite variety "of shapes, to terrify those who came to fell the "trees, Tancred finds his Clorinda shut up in a pine, "and wounded by a stroke which he had given to the "trunk of the tree; and Armida issues from the "bark of a myrtle, while she is many leagues distant "in the Egyptian army."

Upon a review of this last passage, the first sentence will certainly be found to confute the censure implied in the second: in the first sentence we are told, that "the forms, which prevented the Chris-"tian heroes from cutting down the trees, were "devils:" in the second it is intimated, that the voice of Clorinda and the form of Armida, were no

illusions, but in reality what they seemed to be: for where is the absurdity that a dæmon should assume the voice of Clorinda or the figure of Armida in this forest, though Clorinda herself was dead, and Armida in another place? Tasso, therefore, is acquitted of the charge of making Armida in two places at one time, even by the very passage in which the charge is brought.

To the authority of M. Voltaire, who, at the same time that he supposes Tasso to have more faults than he has, thinks his excellencies sufficient to place him among the first poets in the world, may be added that of Mr. Dryden; who, in his preface to the translation of Virgil, has declared the Jerusalem Delivered to be the next heroic poem to the Iliad and Æneid.

Mr. Dryden was too great a master in poetical composition, and had a knowledge too extensive, and a judgment too accurate, to suppose the merit of the Jerusalem to be subverted by improbabilities, which are more numerous and more gross in the works of Homer and Virgil. It is very likely that magic and enchantment were as generally and firmly believed when Tasso wrote his Jerusalem, as the visible agency of the Pagan deities at the writing of the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Æneid: and it is certain, that the events which Tasso supposes to have been brought about by enchantment, were more congruous to such a cause than many fictions of the Greek and Roman

poets to the Pagan theology; at least, that a theology which could admit them, was more absurd thar the existence and operation of any powers of magi and enchantment. If we do not, therefore, reject th poems of Homer and Virgil as not worth reading, be cause they contain extravagant fables, we have nc right to make that a pretence for rejecting the Jeru salem of Tasso; especially, if the Gothic machine were more adapted to the great ends of epic poetry than the system of antiquity, as an ingenious autho has endeavoured to shew. His words are, "The "current popular tales of elves and fairies were ever "fitter to take the credulous mind, and charm it into "a willing admiration of the specious miracles which "wayward fancy delights in, than those of the old "traditionary rabble of Pagan divinities. And then, "for the more solemn fancies of witchcraft and in-"cantation, the horrors of the Gothic were, above "measure, striking and terrible. The mummeries "of the Pagan priests were childish, but the Gothic "enchanters shook and alarmed all nature. We feel "this difference very sensibly in reading the ancient "and modern poets. You would not compare the "Canidia of Horace with the witches of Macbeth: "and what are Virgil's myrtles dropping blood, to "Tasso's enchanted forest?" *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, p. 48, 49.

As I think it is now evident that a reader may be

leased with Tasso, and not disgrace his judgment, I
may, without impropriety, offer a translation of him
to those who cannot read him in his original language.
I may be told, indeed, that there is an English translation of him already, and therefore that an apology
is necessary for a new one. To this I answer, that
the only complete translation is that of Fairfax, which
is in stanzas that cannot be read with pleasure by the
generality of those who have a taste for English poetry: of which no other proof is necessary than that it
appears scarce to have been read at all: it is not only
unpleasing, but irksome, in such a degree, to surmount curiosity; and more than counterbalance all
the beauty of expression and sentiment which is to
be found in that work. I do not flatter myself that I
have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and versification; and even of these the principal recommendation is, that they are more modern, and better
adaped to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the
phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse,
not our language, was in its rudiments.

That a translation of Tasso into modern English
verse has been generally thought necessary, appears
by several essays that have been made towards it, particularly those of Mr. Brooke, Mr. Hooke, and Mr.
Layng. If either of these gentlemen had completed
their undertaking, it would effectually have precluded

mine. Mr. Brooke's, in particular, is at once so ha monious, and so spirited, that I think an entire tran lation of Tasso by him would not only have rende ed my task unnecessary, but have discouraged thos from the attempt whose poetical abilities are muc superior to mine: and yet Mr. Brooke's performan is rather an animated paraphrase than a translatio My endeavour has been to render the sense of my a thor as nearly as possible, which could never be don merely by translating his words; how I have succeede the world must determine: an author is but an i judge of his own performances; and the opinion friends is not always to be trusted; for there is kind of benevolent partiality which inclines us t think favourably of the works of those whom w esteem. I am, however, happy in the good opinio of some gentlemen, whose judgment in this ca could err only by such partiality; and as I am n less ambitious to engage esteem as a man, than merit praise as an author, I am not anxiously solici ous to know whether they have been mistak or not.

As many passages in the original of this work a very closely imitated from the Greek and Rom classics, I may, perhaps, inadvertently have insert a line or two from the English versions of those a thors; but as Mr. Pope, in his translation of Homer, has taken several verses from Mr. Dryden; and M

Pitt, in his translation of the Æneid, several both from Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, I flatter myself I shall incur no censure on that account.

I have incorporated some few verses both of Mr. Brooke's and Mr. Layng's version of Tasso with my own; but, as I have not arrogated the merit of what I have borrowed to myself, I cannot justly be accused of plagiarism. These obligations I acknowledge, that I may do justice to others; but there are some which I shall mention to gratify myself. Mr. Samuel Johnson, whose judgment I am happy in being authorized to make use of on this occasion, has given me leave to publish it, as his opinion, that a modern translation of the Jerusalem Delivered is a work that may very justly merit the attention of the English reader; and I owe many remarks to the friendship and candor of Dr. Hawkesworth, from which my performance has received considerable advantages.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is necessary the English reader should be acquainted that the Italian poets, when they speak of infidels of any denomination, generally use the word Pagano: the word Pagan, therefore, in the translation, is often used for Mahometan; and Spenser has used the word Paynim in the same sense.

As the Public is not at all concerned about the qualifications of an author any further than they appear in his works, it is to little purpose that writers have

endeavoured to prevent their writings from being con sidered as the standard of their abilities, by allegin the short time, or the disadvantageous circumstances, in which they were produced. If their performances are too bad to obtain a favourable reception for them selves, it is not likely that the world will regard ther with more indulgence for being told why they are n better. If I did not hope, therefore, that the transla tion now offered, though begun and finished in th midst of employments of a very different kind, migh something more than atone for its own defects, would not have obtruded it on the Public. All I re quest of my readers is, to judge for themselves; and if they find any entertainment, not to think the worse of it for being the performance of one who has neve before appeared a candidate for their suffrages as a author.

LIFE

OF

TASSO*.

TORQUATO TASSO was descended from the illustrious house of the Torregiani, lords of Bergamo, Milan, and several other towns in Lombardy. The Torregiani, being expelled by the Visconti, settled between Bergamo and Como, in the most advantageous posts of the mountain of Tasso, from which they took their name. This family supported itself by alliances till the time of Bernardo Tasso, whose mo-her was of the house of Cornaro. The estate of

* All the principal incidents in this Life are taken from count given by Giovanni Battista Manso, a Neapolitan Bisaccio and Pianca. This nobleman was Tasso's end; he had many of our Author's papers in his d being himself witness to several particulars tes, his authority seems unexceptionable.

Bernardo, the father of our poet, was nowise equal to his birth; but this deficiency, in point of fortune, was in some measure compensated by the gifts of understanding. His works, in verse and prose, are recorded as monuments of his genius; and his fidelity to Ferrante of Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, to whom he was entirely devoted, entitled him to the esteem of every man of honour. This prince had made him his secretary, and taken him with him to Naples, where he settled and married Portia di Rossi, daughter of Lucretia di Gambacorti, of one of the most illustrious families in that city.

Portia was six months gone with child when she was invited by her sister Hippolyta to Sorrento, to pay her a visit. Bernardo accompanied her thither: and in this place Portia was delivered of a son, on the eleventh day of March 1544, at noon. The infant was baptized a few days after in the metropolitan church of Sorrento, by the name of Torquato. Bernardo and Portia returned soon after to Naples, with little Tasso, whose birth, like Homer's, was after- ards disputed by several cities that claimed th our of it: but it seems undeniably proved th s born at Sorrento.

rians relate incredible things of his early ar genius: they tell us, that, at six mont only spoke and pronounced his wor stinctly, but that he thought, reasoned

expressed his wants, and answered questions; that there was nothing childish in his words but the tone of his voice; that he seldom laughed or cried; and that, even then, he gave certain tokens of that equality of temper which supported him so well in his future misfortunes.

Towards the end of his third year, Bernardo his father was obliged to follow the prince of Salerno into Germany: which journey proved the source of all the sufferings of Tasso and his family. The occasion was this:—Don Pedro of Toledo, viceroy of Naples for the emperor Charles V. had formed a design to establish the inquisition in that city. The Neapolitans, alarmed at this, resolved to send a deputation o the emperor; and, for that purpose, made choice of the prince of Salerno, who seemed most able, by his authority and riches, to make head against the viceroy. The prince undertook the affair; and Bernardo Tasso accompanied him into Germany.

Before his departure, Bernardo committed the care of his son to Angeluzzo, a man of learning; for it as his opinion, that a boy could not be put too soon nder the tuition of men. At three years of age, ey tell us, little Tasso began to study grammar; nd, at four, was sent to the college of the Jesuits, here he made so rapid a progress, that at seven he as pretty well acquainted with the Latin and Greek ngues. At the same age he made public orations,

and composed some pieces of poetry, of which the style is said to have retained nothing of puerility. The following lines he addressed to his mother when he left Naples to follow his father's fortune *.

Relentless Fortune in my early years
  Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
  That bath'd her kisses when my lips she prest!
I hear her pray'rs with ardor breath'd to Heav'n,
  Aside now wafted by the devious wind:
No more to her unhappy son 'tis giv'n
  Th'endearments of maternal love to find!
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
  Far from her sight, reluctant, I retire;
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
  To trace the footsteps of my wand'ring sire! †

* Ann. Æt. 9.

† "Ma dal sen de la madre empia fortuna
"Pargoletto divelse, ah di' que' baci
"Ch' ella bagno di lagrime dolenti
"Con sospir mi rimembra, e de gli ardenti
"Preghi che sen portar l'aure faugaci,
"Che i' non dovea giunger piu volto a volto
"Fra quelle braccia accolto
"Con nodi cosi stretti, e si tenaci,
"Lasso, e seguij con mal sicure piante
"Qual' Ascanio, o Camilla il padre errante."

The success the prince of Salerno met with in his embassy greatly increased his credit amongst the Neapolitans, but entirely ruined him with the viceroy, who left nothing unturned to make the emperor jealous of the great deference the people shewed Ferrante; from which he inferred the most dangerous consequences. He so much exasperated the emperor against the prince of Salerno, that Ferrante, finding there was no longer any security for him at Naples, and having in vain applied to gain an audience of the emperor, retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to Charles V.

Bernardo Tasso would not abandon his patron in his ill fortune; neither would he leave his son in a country where he himself was soon to be declared an enemy; and foreseeing he should never be able to return thither, he took young Torquato with him to Rome.

As soon as the departure of the prince of Salerno was known, he, and all his adherents, were declared rebels to the state; and, what may seem very extraordinary, Torquato Tasso, though but nine years of age, was included by name in that sentence. Bernardo, following the prince of Salerno into France, committed his son to the care of his friend and relation Mauritio Cataneo, a person of great ability, who assiduously cultivated the early disposition of his pupil to polite literature. After the death of Sanseve-

rino, which happened in three or four years, Bernardo returned into Italy, and engaged in the service of Guglielmo Gonzaga, duke of Mantua, who had given him a pressing invitation. It was not long before he received the melancholy news of the decease of his wife Portia: this event determined him to send for his son, that they might be a mutual support to each other in their affliction. He had left him at Rome, because his residence in that city was highly agreeable to his mother, but that reason now ceasing, he was resolved to be no longer deprived of the society of the only child he had left; for his wife, before her death, had married his daughter to Martio Sersale, a gentleman of Sorrento.

Bernardo was greatly surprized, on his son's arrival, to see the vast progress he had made in his studies. He was now twelve years of age, and had, according to the testimony of the writers of his life, entirely completed his knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues: he was well acquainted with the rules of rhetoric and poetry, and completely versed in Aristotle's ethics; but he particularly studied the precepts of Mauritio Cataneo, whom he ever afterwards reverenced as a second father. Bernardo soon determined to send him to the university of Padua, to study the laws, in company with the young Scipio Gonzaga, afterwards cardinal, nearly of the same age

as himself. With this nobleman Tasso contracted a friendship * that never ended but with his life.

He prosecuted his studies at Padua with great diligence and success; at the same time employing his leisure hours upon philosophy and poetry, he soon gave a public proof of his genius, by his poem of † Rinaldo, which he published in the eighteenth year of his age.

Tasso's father saw with regret the success of his son's poem: he was apprehensive, and not without reason, that the charms of poetry would detach him from those more solid studies, which he judged were most likely to raise him in the world: he knew very well, by his own experience, that the greatest skill in poetry will not advance a man's private fortune. He was not deceived in his conjecture; Torquato, insensibly carried away by his predominant passion, followed the examples of Petrarch, Boccace, Ariosto, and others, who, contrary to the remonstrances of their friends, quitted the severer studies of the law for the more pleasing entertainment of poetical composition. In short, he entirely gave himself up to the study of poetry and philosophy. His first poem extended his reputation through all Italy; but his

* Ann. Ær. 17.

† This poem was written upon the plan of the Odyssey of Homer, as the Jerusalem was of the Iliad.

father was so displeased with his conduct, that he went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him. Though he spoke with great vehemence, and made use of several harsh expressions, Torquato heard him without interrupting him; and his composure contributed not a little to increase his father's displeasure. "Tell me" (said Bernardo) "of what "use is that vain philosophy upon which you value "yourself so much?"—'It has enabled me' (said Tasso, modestly) 'to endure the harshness of your 'reproofs.'

The resolution Tasso had taken to devote himself to the Muses, was known all over Italy: the principal persons of the city and college of Bologna invited him thither by means of Pietro Donato Cesi, then vice-legate, and afterwards legate. But Tasso had not long resided there, when he was pressed by Scipio Gonzaga, elected prince of the academy established at Padua, under the name of Etherei, to return to that city. He could not withstand this solicitation; and Bologna being at that time the scene of civil commotion, he was the more willing to seek elsewhere for the repose he loved. He was received with extreme joy by all the academy, and being incorporated into that society, took upon himself the name of Pentito *; by which he seemed to shew that

* Ann. Æt. 20.

he repented of all the time which he had employed in the study of the law.

In this retreat he applied himself afresh to philosophy and poetry; and soon became a perfect master of both: It was this happy mixture of his studies at made him an enemy to all kind of licentiousness; n oration was made one day in the academy upon ie nature of love; the orator treated his subject in very masterly manner, but with too little regard to ecency, in the opinion of Tasso; who, being asked hat he thought of the discourse, replied, "that it was a pleasing poison."

Here Tasso formed the design of his celebrated oem, Jerusalem Delivered. He invented the fable, isposed the different parts, and determined to dediate this work to the glory of the house of Estè. He ras greatly esteemed by Alphonso II. the last duke f Ferrara, that great patron of learning and learned ien, and by his brother, cardinal Luigi. There was sort of contest between these two brothers, in relaon to the poem: the cardinal imagined that he had right to be the Mecænas of all Tasso's works, as Rinaldo, his first piece had been dedicated to him: the Duke, on the other hand, thought that, as his brother had already received his share of honour, he ought not to be offended at seeing the name of Alphonso at the head of the Jerusalem Delivered. Tasso for three or four years suspended his determin-

ation: at length, being earnestly pressed by both the brothers to take up his residence in Ferrara, he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. The duke gave him an apartment in his palace, where he lived in peace and affluence, and pursued his design of completing his Jerusalem *, which he now resolv to dedicate to Alphonso. The duke, who was de rous of fixing Tasso near him, had thoughts of marr ing him advantageously, but he always evaded a proposal of that kind. Though he appeared pec liarly devoted to Alphonso, yet he neglected not pay his court to the cardinal.

The name of Tasso now became famous throu all Europe: and the caresses he received from Charl the Ninth, in a journey he made to France † wi cardinal Luigi, who went thither in quality of legat shew that his reputation was not confined to h own country.

We cannot perhaps give a more striking instance the regard that monarch had for him, than in the fo lowing story:—A man of letters, and a poet of so repute, had unfortunately been guilty of some eno mous crime, for which he was condemned to suffe death: Tasso, touched with compassion, was resolved to petition the king for his pardon. He went to the palace, where he heard that orders had just been

* Ann. Æt. 22. † Ann. Æt. 27

given to put the sentence immediately in execution. This did not discourage Tasso, who, presenting himself before the king, said,—“ I come to intreat your “ majesty that you would put to death a wretch “ who has brought philosophy to shame, by shewing “ that she can make no stand against human depravity.” The king, touched with the justness of his reflection, granted the criminal his life.

The king asked him one day whom he judged superior to all others in happiness: he answered, God. The king then desired to know his opinion by what men resemble God in his happiness, whether by sovereign power, or by their capacity of doing good to others. A man more interested than Tasso might have said, that kings shew their greatness by dispensing their benefactions to others: but he eluded the discourse, and replied, “ that men could resemble “ God only by their virtue.”

Another time, in a conversation held before the king by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. “ In my “ opinion (said Tasso) the most unfortunate condi- “ tion is that of an impatient old man depressed with “ poverty; for,” added he, “ the state of that person “ is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the “ gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the “ principles of philosophy to support himself under “ affliction.”

The cardinal's legation being finished, Tasso returned to Ferrara *, where he applied himself to finish his Jerusalem, and in the mean time published his Aminta, a pastoral comedy †, which was received with universal applause. This performance was looked upon as a master-piece in its kind, and is t[h]e original of the Pastor Fido and Filli di Sciro.

It was not easy to imagine that Tasso could so we[ll] paint the effects of Love, without having himself fel[t] that passion. It began to be suspected that, lik[e] another Ovid, he had raised his desires too high, an[d] it was thought that in many of his verses he gav[e] hints of that kind; particularly in the following

SONNET.

Oft have we heard, in Po's imperial tide,
  How hapless Phaeton was headlong thrown,
Who durst aspire the sun's bright steeds to guide,
  And wreathe his brows with splendors not his own?

Oft have we heard how, 'midst th' Icarian main,
  Fell the rash youth who try'd too bold a flight:
Thus shall it fare with him who seeks, in vain
  On mortal wings, to reach th' empyreal height.

B[ut] w[h]o, insp[i]r'd by love, can dangers fear?
What cannot love that guides the rolling sphere;

* Ann. Æt. 28. † Ann. Æt. 29.

Whose pow'rful magic earth and Heav'n controuls?
Love brought Diana from the starry sky,
Smit with the beauties of a mortal eye;
Love snatch'd the boy of Ida to the poles *.

There were at the duke's court three Leonoras, ually witty and beautiful, though of different quaty. The first was Leonora of Estè, sister to the uke, who, having refused the most advantageous natches, lived unmarried with Lauretta, duchess of Urbino, her elder sister, who was separated from her usband, and resided at her brother's court. Tasso ad a great atttachment to this lady, who, on her side, honoured him with her esteem and protection. She

* "Se d' Icara leggesti, e di Fetonte
"Ben sai come lu'n cadde in questo fiume
"Quando portar de l'Oriente il lume
"Volle, e di rai de sol cinger la fronte:
"E l'altro in mar, che troppo arditte, e pronte
"A volo alzo le sue cerate piume,
"E cosi va chi di tentar presume
"Strade nel ciel per fama a pena conte.
"Ma, chi dee paventare in alta impresa,
"S'avvien, ch' amor l'affide? e che non puote
"Amor, che non catena il cielo unisce?
"Egli giu trahe de le celesti rote
"Di terrena belta Diana accesa
"E d'Ida il bel fanciullo al ciel rapisce."

was wise, generous, and not only well read in elegant literature, but even versed in the more abstruse sciences. All these perfections were undoubtedly observed by Tasso, who was one of the most assiduous of her courtiers: and it appearing by his verses that he was touched with the charms of a Leonora, th tell us that we need not seek any further for the o ject of his passion.

The second Leonora, that was given him for mistress, was the countess of San Vitale, daughter o the count of Sala, who lived at that time at th court of Ferrara, and passed for one of the most ac complished persons in Italy. Those who imagine that Tasso would not presume to lift his eyes to hi master's sister, supposed that he loved this lady. I is certain that he had frequent opportunities of dis coursing with her, and that she had frequently bee the subject of his verses.

The third Leonora was a lady in the service of th princess Leonora of Estè. This person was though by some to be the most proper object of the poet's gallantry. Tasso, several times, employed his muse in her service. In one of his pieces he confesses that, considering the princess as too high for his hope, he had fixed his affection upon her, as of a condition more suitable to his own. But if any thing can be justly drawn from this particular, it seems rather to strengthen the opinion, that his desires, at

least at one time, had aspired to a greater height. The verses referred to are as follow :—

O! by the Graces, by the Loves design'd,
  In happy hour t'enjoy an envy'd place :
Attendant on the fairest of her kind,
  Whose charms excel the charms of human race!

Fain would I view—but dare not lift my sight
  To mark the splendor of her piercing eyes;
Her heav'nly smiles, her bosom's dazzling white,
  Her nameless graces that the soul surprise.

To thee I then direct my humbler gaze;
  To thee, uncensur'd, may my hopes aspire:
Less awful are the sweets thy look displays:
  I view, and, kindling as I view, desire.

Tho' brown thy hue, yet lovely is thy frame;
  (So blooms some violet, the virgin's care!)
I burn—yet blush not to confess my flame,
  Nor scorn the empire of a menial fair *.

* "O con le Gratie eletta, e con gli Amori,
  "Fanciulla avventurosa :
  "A servir a colei, che Dia somiglia :
  "Por che' l mio sguardo in lei mira, e non osa,
  "I' raggi e gli splendori,
  "E' l bel seren de gli occhi, e de le ciglia,

However, it appears difficult to determine with certainty in relation to Tasso's passion; especially when we consider the privilege allowed to poets: though M. Mirabaud * makes no scruple to mention it as a circumstance almost certain, and fixes it without hesitation on the princess Leonora. Tasso himself, in several of his poems, seems to endeavour to throw an obscurity over his passion, as in the following lines:—

SONNET.

Three courtly dames before my presence stood;
All lovely form'd, tho' diff'ring in their grace:
Yet each resembl'd each; for Nature shew'd
A sister's air in ev'ry mien and face.

"Ne l'alta meraviglia,
"Che ne discopre il lampeggiar del riso;
"Ne quanto ha de celeste il petto, e'l volto:
"Io gli occhi a te rivolto,
"E nel tuo vezzosetto, e lieto viso
"Dolcemente m' affiso.
"Bruna sei tu, ma bella,
"Qual virgine viola: e del tuo vago
"Sembiante io si m' appago,
"Che non disdegno Signoria d'Ancella."

* Abrege de la Vie du Tasse.

Each maid I prais'd; but one, above the rest,
  Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire:
For her these sighs still issue from my breast;
  Her name, her beauties still my song inspire.

Yet tho' to her alone my thoughts are due,
Reflected in the rest her charms I view,
  And in her semblance still the nymph adore:
Delusion sweet! from this to that I rove;
But, while I wander, sigh, and fear to prove
  A traitor thus to Love's almighty pow'r! *

In the meanwhile Tasso proceeded with his Jerusalem, which he completed in the thirtieth year of his age: but this poem was not published by his own

* "Tre gran donne vid' io, ch'in esser belle
  "Monstran disparita, ma somigliante
  "Si che ne gli atti, e n ogni lor sembiante
  "Scriver Natura par'; Noi siam sorelle.
"Ben ciascun' io lodai, pur una d'elle
  "Mi piacque si, ch'io ne divenni Amante,
  "Et ancor fia, ch'io ne sospiri, e cante,
  "E'l mio foco, e'l suo nome alzi a le stelle:
"Lei sol vagheggio; e se pur l'altre io miro,
  Guardo nel vago altrui quel, ch' e in lei vago,
  "E ne gl' Idoli suoi vien ch'io l'adore:
"Ma cotanto somiglia al ver l'imago
  "Ch'erro, e dolc' e l'error; pur ne sospiro,
  "Come d'ingiusta Idolatria d'Amore."

authority; it was printed, against his will, as soon as he had finished the last book, and before he had time to give the revisals and corrections that a work of such a nature required. The public had already seen several parts, which had been sent into the world by the authority of his patrons. The success of this work was prodigious: it was translated into the Latin, French, Spanish, and even the oriental languages, almost as soon as it appeared; and it may be said, that no such performance ever before raised its reputation to such a height in so small a space of time.

But the satisfaction which Tasso must feel, in spite of all his philosophy, at the applause of the public, was soon disturbed by a melancholy event *. Bernardo Tasso, who spent his old age in tranquillity at Ostia upon the Po, the government of which place had been given him by the duke of Mantua, fell sick. As soon as this news reached his son, he immediately went to him, attended him with the most filial regard, and scarce ever stirred from his bed-side during the whole time of his illness: but all these cares were ineffectual; Bernardo, oppressed with age, and overcome by the violence of his distemper, paid the unavoidable tribute to nature, to the great affliction of Torquato. The duke of Mantua, who had a sincere esteem for Bernardo, caused him to be interred with

* Ann. Æt. 31.

much pomp, in the church of St. Egidius at Mantua, with this simple inscription on his tomb:—

OSSA BERNARDI TASSI.

This death seemed to forebode other misfortunes to Tasso; for the remainder of his life proved almost one continued series of vexation and affliction. About this time a swarm of critics began to attack his Jerusalem; and the Academy of Crusca, in particular, published a criticism of his poem, in which they scrupled not to prefer the rhapsodies of Pulci and Boyardo to the Jerusalem Delivered.

During Tasso's residence in the duke's court, he had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of Ferrara *, and having entrusted him with some transactions of a very delicate nature, this person was so treacherous as to speak of them again. Tasso reproached his friend with his indiscretion; who received his expostulation in such a manner, that Tasso was so far exasperated as to strike him. A challenge immediately ensued: the two opponents met at St. Leonard's gate; but, while they were engaged, three brothers of Tasso's antagonist came in and basely fell all at once upon Tasso, who defended himself so gallantly, that he wounded two of them, and kept his ground against the others till some people came in.

* Ann. Æt. 33.

and separated them. This affair made a great noise at Ferrara: nothing was talked of but the valour of Tasso; and it became a sort of proverb, "That "Tasso with his pen and his sword was superior to "all men." *

The duke, being informed of the quarrel, expressed great resentment against the four brothers, banished them from his dominions, and confiscated their estates; at the same time he caused Tasso to be put under arrest, declaring he did it to screen him from any future designs of his enemies. Tasso was extremely mortified to see himself thus confined; he imputed his detention to a very different cause from what was pretended, and feared an ill use might be made of what had passed, to ruin him in the duke's opinion.

Though writers have left us very much in the dark with regard to the real motives that induced the duke to keep Tasso in confinement; yet, every thing being weighed, it seems highly probable that the affair of a delicate nature, said to have been divulged by his friend, must have related to the princess Leonora, the duke's sister: and indeed it will be extremely difficult from any other consideration to account for the harsh treatment he received from a prince who had before shewn him such peculiar marks of esteem

* "Con la penna e con la spada
"Nessun val quanto Torquato."

and friendship. However, Tasso himself had undoubtedly secret apprehensions that increased upon him every day, while the continual attacks which were made upon his credit as an author, not a little contributed to heighten his melancholy. At length he resolved to take the first opportunity to fly from his prison (for so he esteemed it) which, after about a year's detention, he effected, and retired to Turin, where he endeavoured to remain concealed; but notwithstanding all his precautions, he was soon known and recommended to the duke of Savoy, who received him into his palace, and shewed him every mark of esteem and affection. But Tasso's apprehensions still continued; he thought that the duke of Savoy would not refuse to give him up to the duke of Ferrara, or sacrifice the friendship of that prince to the safety of a private person. Full of these imaginations, he set out for Rome *, alone and unprovided with necessaries for such a journey. At his arrival there he went directly to his old friend Mauritio Cataneo, who received him in such a manner, as entirely to obliterate for some time the remembrance of the fatigue and uneasiness he had undergone. He was not only welcomed by Cataneo, but the whole city of Rome seemed to rejoice at the presence of so extraordinary a person. He was visited by princes,

* Ann. Æt. 34.

cardinals, prelates, and by all the learned in general. But the desire of revisiting his native country, and seeing his sister Cornelia, soon made him uneasy in this situation. He left his friend Mauritio Cataneo one evening, without giving him notice, and, beginning his journey on foot, arrived by night at the mountains of Valetri, where he took up his lodging with some shepherds. The next morning, disguising himself in the habit of one of those people, he continued his way, and in four days time reached Gaieta, almost spent with fatigue: here he embarked on board a vessel bound for Sorrento, at which place he arrived in safety the next day. He entered the city and went directly to his sister's house: she was a widow; and the two sons she had by her husband being at that time absent, Tasso found her with only some of her female attendants. He advanced towards her, without discovering himself, and pretending he came with news from her brother, gave her a letter which he had prepared for that purpose. This letter informed her that her brother's life was in great danger, and that he begged her to make use of all the interest her tenderness might suggest to her, in order to procure letters of recommendation from some powerful person to avert the threatened misfortune. For further particulars of the affair, she was referred to the messenger who brought her this intelligence. The lady, terrified at the news, earnestly entreated him to give

her a detail of her brother's misfortune. The feigned messenger then gave her so interesting an account of the pretended story, that unable to contain her affliction, she fainted away. Tasso was sensibly touched at this convincing proof of his sister's affection, and repented that he had gone so far: he began to comfort her, and, removing her fears by little and little, at last discovered himself to her. Her joy at seeing a brother whom she tenderly loved, was inexpressible. After the first salutations were over, she was very desirous to know the occasion of his disguising himself in that manner. Tasso acquainted her with his reasons, and, at the same time, giving her to understand, that he would willingly remain with her unknown to the world, Cornelia, who desired nothing further than to acquiesce in his pleasure, sent for her children and some of her nearest relations, whom she thought might be entrusted with the secret. They agreed that Tasso should pass for a relation of theirs, who came from Bergamo to Naples upon his private business, and from thence had come to Sorrento to pay them a visit. After this precaution, Tasso took up his residence at his sister's house, where he lived for some time in tranquillity, entertaining himself with his two nephews, Antonio and Alessandro Sersale, children of great hopes. He continued not long in this repose before he received repeated letters from the princess Leonora of Estè, who was acquainted

with the place of his retreat, to return to Ferrara: he resolved to obey the summons, and took leave of his sister, telling her he was going to return a voluntary prisoner. In his way he passed through Rome, where, having been detained some time with a dangerous fever, he repaired from thence to Ferrara, in company with Gualingo, ambassador from the duke to the pope.

Concerning the motive of Tasso's return to Ferrara, authors do not altogether agree: some declare that, soon wearied of living in obscurity, and growing impatient to retrieve the duke's favour, he had resolved, of his own accord, to throw himself on that prince's generosity: this opinion seems indeed drawn from Tasso's own words, in a letter written by him to the duke of Urbino, in which he declares "that he had "endeavoured to make his peace with the duke, "and had for that purpose written severally to him, "the duchess of Ferrara, the duchess of Urbino, "and the princess Leonora; yet never received any "answer but from the last, who assured him it was "not in her power to render him any service." We see here that Tasso acknowledges himself the receipt of a letter from the princess; and in regard to what he says to be the purport of it, it is highly reasonable to suppose that he would be very cautious of divulging the real contents to the duke of Urbino, when his affairs with that lady were so delicately circumstanced.

This apparent care to conceal the nature of his correspondence with her, seems to corroborate the former suppositions of his uncommon attachment to her; and when all circumstances are considered, we believe it will appear more than probable that he returned to Ferrara at the particular injunction of Leonora.

The duke received Tasso with great seeming satisfaction, and gave him fresh marks of his esteem: but this was not all that Tasso expected; his great desire was to be master of his own works, and he was very earnest that his writings might be restored to him which were in the duke's possession; but this was what he could by no means obtain: his enemies had gained such an ascendency over the mind of Alphonso, that they made him believe, or pretend to believe, that the poet had lost all his fire, and that in his present situation he was incapable of producing any thing new, or of correcting his poems: he therefore exhorted him to think only of leading a quiet easy life for the future. But Tasso was sensibly vexed at this proceeding, and believed the duke wanted him entirely to relinquish his studies, and pass the remainder of his days in idleness and obscurity. "He would endeavour" (says he, in his letter to the duke of Urbino) "to make me a shameful deserter "of Parnassus for the gardens of Epicurus; for "scenes of pleasure unknown to Virgil, Catullus, "Horace, and even Lucretius himself."

Tasso reiterated his entreaties to have his writings restored to him; but the duke continued inflexible, and, to complete our poet's vexation, all access to the princesses was denied him. Fatigued at length with useless remonstrances, he once more quitted Ferrara, and fled (as he expresses it himself) like another Bias, leaving behing him even his books and manuscripts.

He then went to Mantua, where he found duke Guglielmo in a decrepid age, and little disposed to protect him against the duke Ferrara. The prince Vincentio Gonzaga received him indeed with great caresses, but was too young to take him under his protection. From thence he went to Padua and Venice; but carrying with him in every part his fears of the duke of Ferrara, he at last had recourse to the duke of Urbino *, who shewed him great kindness, but perhaps was very little inclined to embroil himself with his brother-in-law, on such an account: he advised Tassso rather to return to Ferrara; which counsel he took, resolving once more to try his fortune with the duke.

Alphonso, it may be, exasperated at Tasso's flight, and pretending to believe that application to study had entirely disordered his understanding, and that a strict regimen was necessary to restore him to his former state, caused him to be strictly confined in the hospital of St. Anne. Tasso tried every method to

* Ann. Æt. 35.

soften the duke and obtain his liberty; but the duke coldly answered those who applied to him, "that in-"stead of concerning themselves with the complaints "of a person in his condition, who was very little "capable of judging for his own good, they ought "rather to exhort him patiently to submit to such "remedies as were judged proper for his circum-"stances."

This confinement threw Tasso into the deepest despair; he abandoned himself to his misfortunes; and the methods that were made use of for the cure of his pretended madness had nearly thrown him into an absolute delirium. His imagination was so disturbed, that he believed the cause of his distemper was not natural; he sometimes fancied himself haunted by a spirit that was continually disordering his books and papers; and these most singular notions were perhaps strengthened by the tricks that were played him by his keeper.

This second confinement of Tasso was much longer than the first. He applied, but in vain, to the pope, the emperor, and all the powers of Italy, to obtain his liberty; till, at last, after seven years imprisonment, he gained what he so ardently wished for, in the following manner:—

Cæsar of Estè having brought his new spouse, Virginia of Medicis, to Ferrara, all the relations of

that illustrious house assembled together on the occasion, and nothing was seen in the whole city but festivals and rejoicings. Vincentio Gonzaga, prince of Mantua, particularly distinguished himself among the great personages then at the duke's court. This nobleman interceded so earnestly with Alphonso for Tasso's liberty, that he at last obtained it *, and carried him with him to Mantua, where he lived with him, sometime after the death of Duke Guglielmo, highly favoured.

It is said that the young prince, who was naturally gay, being desirous to authorize his pleasures by the example of a philosopher, introduced one day into Tasso's company three sisters, to sing and play upon instruments. These ladies were all very handsome; but not of the most rigid virtue. After some short discourse, he told Tasso, that he should take two of them away, and would leave one behind; and bade him take his choice. Tasso answered, "that it cost "Paris very dear to give the preference to one of the "Goddesses, and therefore, with his permission, he "designed to retain the three." The prince took him at his word, and departed; when Tasso, after a little conversation, dismissed them all handsomely with presents.

At last, weary of living in a continual state of dependence, he resolved to retire to Naples and en-

* Ann. Æt. 42.

deavour to recover his mother's jointure, which had been seized upon by her relations when he went into exile with his father Bernardo. This appeared the only means to place him in the condition of life he so much desired. He applied to his friends; and, having procured favourable letters to the viceroy, he took leave of the duke of Mantua and repaired to Bergamo *, where he stayed some time, and from thence went to Naples. †

While Tasso continued at Naples, dividing his time between his studies and the prosecution of his law-suit, the young count of Palena, by whom he was highly esteemed, persuaded him to take up his residence with him for some time: but in this affair he had not consulted the prince of Conca, his father, who, though he had a value for Tasso, yet could not approve of his son's receiving into his house the only person that remained of a family once devoted to the prince of Salerno. A contention being likely to ensue, on this account, betwixt the father and son, Tasso, with his usual goodness of disposition, to remove all occasion of dispute, withdrew from Naples, and retired to Bisaccio ‡, with his friend Manso, in whose company he lived some time with great tranquillity.

In this place Manso had an opportunity to examine the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy; and often

* Ann. Æt. 43. † Ann. Æt. 44. ‡ Ann. Æt. 45.

disputed with him concerning a familiar spirit, which he pretended to converse with. Manso endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination: but the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted; and, to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of those mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to meet him next day; and while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden, he observed that Tasso kept his eyes fixed upon a window, and remained in a manner immoveable. He called him by his name several times, but received no answer: at last Tasso cried out, "There is the "friendly spirit who is come to converse with me: "look, and you will be convinced of the truth of all "that I have said." Manso heard him with surprize; he looked, but saw nothing except the sun-beams darting through the window. He cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing, and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, and sometimes giving answers, delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and with such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last this uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's words; who, turning towards

Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject.

At the approach of winter they returned to Naples, when the prince of Palena again pressed Tasso to reside with him; but Tasso, who judged it highly unadvisable to comply with this request, resolved to retire to Rome, and wait there the issue of his lawsuit. He lived in that city about a year in high esteem with pope Sextus V. when being invited to Florence by Ferdinando, grand duke of Tuscany, who had been cardinal at Rome when Tasso first resided there, and who now employed the pope's interest to procure a visit from him, he could not withstand such solicitations, but went to Florence, where he met with a most gracious reception*. Yet not all the caresses he received at the duke's court, nor all the promises of that prince, could overcome his love for his native country, or lessen the ardent desire he had to lead a retired and independent life. He therefore took his leave of the grand duke, who would have loaded him with presents; but Tasso, as usual, could be prevailed upon to accept of no more than was necessary for his present occasion. He returned to Naples by the way of Rome †; and the

* Ann. Æt. 46. † Ann. Æt. 47.

old prince of Conca dying about this time, the young count of Palena prevailed upon Tasso, by the mediation of Manso, to accept of an apartment in his palace. Here he applied himself to a correction of his Jerusalem, or rather to compose a new work, entitled Jerusalem Conquered, which he had begun during his first residence at Naples. The prince of Conca, being jealous lest any one should deprive him of the poet and poem, caused him to be so narrowly watched, that Tasso observed it, and being displeased at such a proceeding, left the prince's palace, and retired to his friend Manso's, where he lived master of himself and his actions; yet he still continued upon good terms with the prince of Conca.

In a short time after, he published his Jerusalem Conquered; which poem, as a French writer observes*, "is a sufficient proof of the injustice of the "criticisms that had been passed upon his Jerusalem Delivered, since the Jerusalem Conquered, in "which he endeavoured to conform himself to the "taste of his critics, was not received with the same "approbation as the former poem, where he had entirely given himself up to the enthusiasm of his "genius." He had likewise designed a third correction of the same poem, which, as we are informed, was to have been partly compounded of the Jeru-

* Vie du Tasse, a Amsterdam 1693.

salem Delivered, the second poem upon that subject being little known.

Manso's garden commanded a full prospect of the sea: Tasso and his friend being one day in a summer-house with Scipio Belprato, Manso's brother-in-law, and observing the waves agitated with a furious storm, Belprato said, "that he was astonished at the rash- "ness and folly of men, who would expose them- "selves to the rage of so merciless an element, where "such numbers had suffered shipwreck." 'And 'yet' (said Tasso) 'we every night go without fear 'to bed, where so many die every hour. Believe me, 'Death will find us in all parts; and those places 'that appear the least exposed, are not always the 'most secure from his attacks.'

While Tasso lived with his friend Manso, cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini succeeded to the papacy, by the name of Clement the Eighth. His nephews, Cynthio and Pietro Aldobrandini, were created cardinals: the first, afterwards called the cardinal of St. George, was the eldest, a great patron of science, and a favourer of learned men: he had known Tasso when he resided last at Rome, and had the greatest esteem for him; and now so earnestly invited him to Rome, that he could not refuse, but once more abandoned his peaceful retreat at Naples.

The confines of the Ecclesiastical state being infested with banditti, travellers, for security, go together in large companies. Tasso joined himself to

one of these; but when they came within sight of Mola, a little town near Gaieta, they received intelligence that Sciarra, a famous captain of robbers, was near at hand, with a great body of men. Tasso was of opinion that they should continue their journey, and endeavour to defend themselves, if attacked: however this advice was over-ruled, and they threw themselves for safety into Mola, in which place they remained for some time in a manner blocked up by Sciarra. But this outlaw, hearing that Tasso was one of the company, sent a message to assure him that he might pass in safety, and offered himself to conduct him wherever he pleased. Tasso returned him thanks, but declined accepting the offer, not chusing, perhaps, to rely on the word of a person of such character. Sciarra, upon this, sent a second message, by which he informed Tasso, that, upon his account, he would withdraw his men, and leave the ways open. He accordingly did so; and Tasso, continuing his journey, arrived without any accident at Rome, where he was most graciously welcomed by the two cardinals and the pope himself. Tasso applied himself in a particular manner to cardinal Cynthio, who had been the means of his coming to Rome, yet he neglected not to make his court to cardinal Aldobrandini; and very frequently conversed with both of them. One day the two cardinals held an assembly of several prelates, to consult, amongst other things, of some method to put a stop to the

licence of the Pasquinades. One proposed that Pasquin's statue should be broken to pieces and cast into the river. But Tasso's opinion being asked, he said, "it would be much more prudent to let it remain "where it was, for otherwise, from the fragments of "the statue would be bred an infinite number of "frogs on the banks of the Tyber, that would never "cease to croak day and night." The pope, to whom cardinal Aldobrandini related what had passed, interrogated Tasso upon the subject. "It is true, "holy Father" (said he) "such was my opinion; and "I shall add, moreover, that if your Holiness would "silence Pasquin, the only way is to put such people "in employments as may give no occasion to any li-"bels or disaffected discourse."

At last, being again disgusted with the life of a courtier, he obtained permission to retire to Naples.

Thus was Tasso once more in a state of tranquillity and retirement, so highly agreeable to his disposition, when cardinal Cynthio again found means to recall him, by prevailing on the pope to give him the honour of being solemnly crowned with laurel in the capitol. Though Tasso himself was not in the least desirous of such pomp, yet he yielded to the persuasion of others. He was greatly affected at parting from Manso, and took his leave of him as of one he should never see again.

In his way he passed by mount Cassino, to pay his devotion to the relics of St. Benedict, for whom he

had a particular veneration. He spent the festival of Christmas in that monastery, and from thence repaired to Rome, where he arrived in the beginning of the year 1595. He was met at the entrance of that city by many prelates and persons of distinction, and was afterwards introduced, by the two cardinals Cynthio and Pietro, to the presence of the pope, who was pleased to tell him, "that his merit would add "as much honour to the laurel he was going to re-"ceive, as that crown had formerly given to those on "whom it had hitherto been bestowed."

Nothing was now thought of but the approaching solemnity: orders were given to decorate not only the pope's palace and the capitol, but all the principal streets through which the procession was to pass. Yet Tasso appeared little moved with these preparations, which he said would be in vain: and being shewn a sonnet composed upon the occasion by his relation, Hercole Tasso, he answered by the following verse of Seneca:—

Magnifica verba mors propé admota excutit.

His presages were but too true; for, while they waited for fair weather to celebrate the solemnity, cardinal Cynthio fell ill, and continued for some time indisposed: and, as soon as the cardinal began to recover, Tasso himself was seized with his last sickness.

Though he had only completed his fifty-first year, his studies and misfortunes had brought on a prema-

ture old age. Being persuaded that his end was approaching, he resolved to spend the few days he had yet to live in the monastery of St. Onuphrius. He was received here with the utmost tenderness. His distemper was now so far increased, and his strength so exhausted, that all kind of medicine proved ineffectual. On the tenth of April he was taken with a violent fever; and his life now seemed in imminent danger. The most famous physicians in Rome tried all their art, but in vain, to relieve him. Rinaldini, the pope's physician, having informed him that his last hour was near at hand, Tasso embraced him tenderly, and with a composed countenance returned him thanks for his tidings; then looking up to heaven, he "acknowledged the goodness of God, who was at last "pleased to bring him safe into port after so long a "storm." When he was brought back to his chamber, he was asked where he wished to be interred; he answered, in the church of St. Onuphrius; and being desired to leave some memorial of his will in writing, and to dictate himself the Epitaph that should be engraven on his tomb; he smiled and said, "that in regard to the first, he had little worldly "goods to leave; and as to the second, a plain stone "would suffice to cover him." He left cardinal Cynthio his heir, and desired that his own picture might be given to Giovanni Baptista Manso, which had been drawn by his direction. At length, having attained the fourteenth day of his illness, he received

the extreme unction. Cardinal Cynthio hearing that he was at the last extremity, came to visit him, and brought him the pope's benediction: a grace never conferred in this manner but on cardinals and persons of the first distinction. Tasso acknowledged this honour with great devotion and humility, and said, "that this was the crown he came to receive at Rome." The cardinal having asked him, "if he had any thing "further to desire," he replied, "the only favour "he had now to beg of him, was, that he would col-"lect together the copies of all his works (particu-"larly his Jerusalem Delivered, which he esteemed "most imperfect) and commit them to the flames; this "task, he confessed, might be found something dif-"ficult, as those pieces were dispersed abroad in so "many different places; but yet he trusted it would "not be found altogether impracticable." He was so earnest in his request, that the cardinal, unwilling to discompose him by a refusal, gave him such a doubtful answer as led him to believe that his desire would be complied with. Tasso then requesting to be left alone, the cardinal took his farewell of him with tears in his eyes, leaving with him his confessor and some of the brethren of the monastery. In this condition he continued all night, and till the middle of next day, the 25th of April, being the festival of St. Mark, when finding himself fainting, he embraced his crucifix, uttering these words: *In manus tuas, Domine,*— but expired before he could finish the sentence.

Tasso was tall and well shaped, his complexion fair, but rather pale through sickness and study; the hair of his head was of a chesnut colour, but that of his beard somewhat lighter, thick, and bushy; his forehead square and high, his head large, and the fore part of it, towards the end of his life, altogether bald; his eye-brows were dark; his eyes full, piercing, and of a clear blue; his nose large, his lips thin, his teeth well set and white; his neck well proportioned; his breast full; his shoulders broad, and all his limbs more sinewy than fleshy. His voice was strong, clear, and solemn; he spoke with deliberation, and generally reiterated his last words: he seldom laughed, and never to excess. He was very expert in the exercises of the body. In his oratory, he used little action, and rather pleased by the beauty and force of his expressions, than by the graces of gesture and utterance, that compose so great a part of elocution. Such was the exterior of Tasso. As to his mental qualities, he appears to have had a great genius, and a soul elevated above the common rank of mankind. It is said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable in society. Never satisfied with his works, even when they rendered his name famous throughout the world; always satisfied with his condition, even when he wanted every thing; entirely relying on Providence and his friends; without malevolence towards his greatest enemies; only wishing

for riches that he might be serviceable to others, and making a scruple to receive or keep any thing himself that was not absolutely necessary. So blameless and regular a life could not but be ended by a peaceable death, which carried him off ann. 1595, in the fifty-second year of his age.

He was buried the same evening, without pomp, according to his desire, in the church of St. Onuphrius, and his body was covered with a plain stone. Cardinal Cynthio had purposed to erect a magnificent monument to his memory; but this design was so long prevented by sickness and other accidents, that, ten years after, Manso coming to Rome, went to visit his friend's remains, and would have taken on himself the care of building a tomb to him; but this cardinal Cynthio would by no means permit, having determined himself to pay that duty to Tasso. However, Manso prevailed so far as to have the following words engaved on the stone :—

HIC IACET TORQVATVS TASSVS.

Cardinal Cynthio dying without putting his design in execution, cardinal Bonifacio Bevilacqua, of an illustrious family of Ferrara, caused a stately sepulchre to be erected, in the church of St. Onuphrius, over the remains of a man whose works had made all other monuments superfluous.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Thou know'st, the world with eager transport throng
Where sweet Parnassus breathes the tuneful song;
That truth can oft, in pleasing strains convey'd,
Allure the fancy, and the mind persuade.
Thus the sick infant's taste disguis'd to meet,
We tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet;
The bitter draught his willing lip receives;
He drinks deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd he lives.
Thou great Alphonso! who from Fortune's pow'r
Hast safely brought me to the peaceful shore;
When, like a wand'rer, o'er the seas I pass'd
Amid the threatening rocks and wat'ry waste;
Vouchsafe, with smiles, my labours to survey,
These votive lines to thee the Muses pay.
Some future time may teach my loftier lays
To sing thy actions and record thy praise;
If e'er the Christian powers their strife forbear,
And join their forces for a nobler war;
With steeds and vessels pass to distant Thrace,
To gain their conquests from a barbarous race;
To thee the sway of earth they must resign,
Or, if thou rather chuse, the sea be thine:
Meanwhile, to rival Godfrey's glorious name,
Attend, and rouze thy soul to martial fame.
Five times his rolling course the year had run
Since first the Christians had the war begun:
By fierce assault, already Nice they held;
And made, by stratagem, proud Antioch yield;
There, with undaunted hearts, maintain'd their post,
Against the numbers of the Persian host.

Tortosa won, the wintry months appear,
And close the conquests of the glorious year.
The season that oppos'd the victor's force,
Began to yield to Spring's benignant course;
When now th' Eternal, from his awful height,
Enthron'd in purest rays of heavenly light,
(As far remov'd above the starry spheres,
As Hell's foundations from the distant stars)
Cast on the subject world his piercing eyes,
And view'd at once the seas, the earth, and skies:
He turn'd his looks intent on Syria's lands,
And mark'd the leaders of the Christian bands;
No secret from his searching eye conceal'd,
But all their bosoms to his view reveal'd.
Godfrey he sees, who burns with zeal to chace
From Sion's wall the Pagans' impious race;
And, while religious fires his breast inflame,
Despises worldly empire, wealth, and fame.
Far other schemes in Baldwin next he views,
Whose restless heart Ambition's track pursues.
Tancred he sees his life no longer prize,
Th' insensate victim of a woman's eyes!
Bœmond he marks, intent to fix his reign
In Antioch's town, his new acquir'd domain;
With laws and arts the people to improve,
And teach the worship of the pow'rs above:
And while these thoughts alone his soul divide,
The prince is lost to every care beside.
He then beholds in young Rinaldo's breast,
A warlike mind that scorn'd ignoble rest:

Nor hopes of gold or power the youth inflame,
But sacred thirst of never dying fame;
From Guelpho's lips, with kindling warmth, he hears
The ancients' glory, and their deeds reveres.
When now the Sovereign of the world had seen
The cares and aims below of mortal men;
He call'd on Gabriel, from th' angelic race,
Who held in glorious rank the second place;
A faithful nunciate from the throne above,
Divine interpreter of heavenly love!
He bears the mandate from the realms of light,
And wafts our pray'rs before th' Almighty's sight.
To him th' Eternal:—Speed thy rapid way,
And thus to Godfrey's ear our words convey:
Why this neglect? Why linger thus the bands
To free Jerusalem from impious hands?
Let him to council bid the chiefs repair,
There rouze the tardy to pursue the war:
The power supreme on him they shall bestow,
I here elect him for my chief below:
The rest shall to his sway submissive yield,
Companions once, now subjects in the field.
He said; and strait with zealous ardour prest,
Gabriel prepares t' obey his Lord's behest.
He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,
And makes it visible to human sight;
In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,
But brightly shining with celestial grace:
A youth he seem'd, in manhood's ripening years,
On the smooth cheek when first the down appears;

Refulgent rays his beauteous locks enfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edg'd with gold:
With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea.
Thus stood th' angelic power, prepar'd for flight,
Then instant darted from th' empyreal height;
Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
There clos'd his plumes, and made his first descent;
Thence with new speed his airy wings he steer'd,
Till now in sight Tortosa's plains appear'd.

The cheerful sun his ruddy progress held,
Part rais'd above the waves, and part conceal'd:
Now Godfrey, as accustom'd, rose to pay
His pure devotions with the dawning ray:
When the bright form appearing from the east,
More fair than opening morn, the chief address'd.

Again return'd the vernal season view,
That bids the host their martial toils renew:
What, Godfrey, now withholds the Christians' bands
To free Jerusalem from impious hands?
Go, to the council every chief invite,
And to the pious task their souls incite.
Heaven makes thee General of his host below,
The rest submissive to thy rule shall bow.
Dispatch'd from God's eternal throne I came,
To bring these tidings in his awful name:
O think! what zeal, what glory now demands
From such a host committed to thy hands!

He ceas'd, and ceasing, vanish'd from his sight
To the pure regions of his native light:

While, with his words and radiant looks amaz'd,
The pious Godfrey long in silence gaz'd.
But when, his first surprize and wonder fled,
He ponder'd all the heavenly vision said;
What ardour then possess'd his swelling mind
To end the war, his glorious task assign'd!
Yet no ambitious thoughts his breast inflame
(Though singled thus from ev'ry earthly name)
But with his own, his Maker's will conspires,
And adds new fuel to his native fires.
Then strait the heralds round with speed he sends
To call the council of his warlike friends;
Each word employs the sleeping zeal to raise,
And wake the soul to deeds of martial praise.
So well his reasons and his prayers were join'd,
As pleas'd at once, and won the vanquish'd mind.
The leaders came, the subject troops obey'd,
And Bœmond only from the summons stay'd.
Part wait without encamp'd (a numerous band)
While part Tortosa in her walls detain'd.
And now the mighty chiefs in council sate,
(A glorious synod!) at the grand debate;
When, rising in the midst, with awful look,
And pleasing voice, the pious Godfrey spoke.
Ye sacred warriors! whom th' Almighty Pow'r
Selects his pure religion to restore,
And safe has led, by his preserving hand,
Through storms at sea, and hostile wiles by land;
What rapid course our conquering arms have run!
What rebel lands to his subjection won!

How o'er the vanquish'd nations spread the fame
Of his dread ensigns, and his holy name!
Yet, not for this we left our natal seats;
And the dear pledges of domestic sweets;
On treach'rous seas the rage of storms to dare,
And all the perils of a foreign war!
For this, an end unequal to your arms,
Nor bleeds the combat, nor the conquest charms:
Nor such reward your matchless labours claim,
Barbarian kingdoms, and ignoble fame!
Far other prize our pious toils must crown;
We fight to conquer Sion's hallow'd town;
To free from servile yoke the Christian train
Oppress'd so long in Slavery's galling chain;
To found in Palestine a regal seat,
Where Piety may find a safe retreat;
Where none the pilgrim's zeal shall more oppose,
T' adore the tomb, and pay his grateful vows.
Full many dangerous trials have we known,
But little honour all our toils have won:
Our purpose lost, while indolent we stay,
Or turn the force of arms a different way.
Why gathers Europe such a host from far,
And kindles Asia with the flames of war?
Lo! all th' event our mighty deeds have shown—
Not kingdoms rais'd, but kingdoms overthrown!
Who thinks an empire midst his foes to found,
With countless Infidels encompass'd round;
Where Prudence little hopes from Grecian lands,
And distant lie remov'd the western bands,

Insensate surely plans his future doom,
And rashly builds his own untimely tomb.
The Turks and Persians routed, Antioch won,
Are gallant acts, and challenge due renown.
These were not ours, but wrought by him whose hand
With such success has crown'd our favour'd band.
But if, forgetful of that aid divine,
We turn these blessings from the first design;
Th' Almighty giver may forsake our name,
And nations round revile our former fame.
Forbid it, Heaven! such favour should be lost,
And vainly lavish'd on a thankless host.
All great designs to one great period tend,
And every part alike respects its end.
Th' auspicious season bids the war proceed;
The country open, and the passes freed:
Why march we not with speed to reach the town,
The prize decreed our conquering arms to crown?
To what I now protest, ye chiefs! give ear,
(The present times, the future age shall hear;
The host of saints be witness from above)
The time is ripe the glorious task to prove.
The longer pause we make our hopes are less,
Delays may change our now assur'd success.
My mind foretels, if long our march is staid,
Sion will gain from Egypt powerful aid.
He ceas'd; a murmur at his words ensu'd:
When from his seat the hermit Peter stood;
Who sate with princes their debates to share;
The holy author of this pious war.

What Godfrey speaks with ardor I approve,
Such obvious truths must every bosom move;
'Tis yours, O chiefs! to own its genuine pow'r,
But let me add to his one counsel more.
When now, revolving in my careful mind,
I view our actions past, by strife disjoin'd;
Our jarring wills; our disunited force;
And many plans obstructed in their course;
Methinks my judgment to their spring can trace
The troubled motions that our cause disgrace.
'Tis in that power, in many leaders join'd,
Of various tempers, and discordant mind.
If o'er the rest no sovereign chief preside,
T' allot the several posts, the tasks divide;
To scourge th' offender, or rewards bestow;
What riot and misrule the state o'erflow!
Then in one body join our social band,
And trust the rule to one important hand;
To him resign the sceptre and the sway,
And him their king th' united host obey.
Here ceas'd the reverend sage. O zeal divine!
What bosoms can withstand a power like thine?
Thy sacred breath the hermit's words inspir'd,
And with his words the listening heroes fir'd;
Dispell'd their doubts, their passions lull'd to rest,
And vain ambition chac'd from every breast.
Then Guelpho first and William (chiefs of fame)
Saluted Godfrey with a General's name,
Their chief elect: the rest approv'd the choice,
And gave the rule to him with public voice.

His equals once to his dominion yield,
Supreme in council, and supreme in field!
Th' assembly ended, swift-wing'd Rumour fled,
And round from man to man the tidings spread.
Meantime before the soldiers Godfrey came,
Who hail'd him as their chief with loud acclaim:
Sedate he heard th' applause on every side,
And mildly to their duteous zeal reply'd;
Then on the morrow bade the troops prepare
To pass before his sight in form of war.
Now, to the east return'd, with purer ray
The glorious sun reveal'd the golden day;
When, early rising with the morning light,
Appear'd each warrior sheath'd in armour bright.
Beneath their standards rang'd, the warlike train,
A goodly sight! were marshall'd on the plain!
While on a height the pious Godfrey stood,
And horse and foot at once distinctly view'd.
Say, Muse! from whom no time can truth conceal,
Who canst thy knowledge to mankind reveal,
Oblivion's foe! thy poet's breast inflame,
Teach him to tell each gallant leader's name;
Disclose their ancient glories now to light,
Which rolling years have long obscur'd in night:
Let eloquence like thine assist my tongue,
And future times attend my deathless song!
First in the field the Franks their numbers bring,
Once led by Hugo, brother to the king:
From France they came, with verdant beauty crown'd,
Whose fertile soil four running streams surround;

When Death's relentless stroke their chief subdu'd,
Still the same cause the valiant band pursu'd:
Beneath the brave Clotharius' care they came,
Who vaunts no honour of a regal name:
A thousand, heavy arm'd, compos'd the train,
An equal number follow'd on the plain:
And like the first their semblance and their mein,
Alike their arms and discipline were seen:
These brought from Normandy, by Robert led,
A rightful prince amid their nation bred.
William and Ademar to these succeed,
(The people's pastors) and their squadrons lead:
Far different once their task by Heaven assign'd,
Religious ministers t' instruct mankind!
But now the helmet on their heads they bear,
And learn the deathful business of his war.
This brings from Orange and the neighbouring land
Four hundred chosen warriors in his band;
And that conducts from Poggio to the field
An equal troop, no less in battle skill'd.
Great Baldwin next o'er Boloign's force presides,
And, with his own his brother's people guides,
Who to his conduct now resigns the post,
Himself the chief of chiefs, and lord of all the host.
Then came Carnuti's earl, not less renown'd
For martial prowess, than for counsel sound;
Four hundred in his train: but Baldwin leads
Full thrice the number arm'd on generous steeds.
Near these, the plain the noble Guelpho press'd,
By fortune equal to his merits bless'd;

A chief, who by his Roman sire could trace
A long descent from Este's princely race;
But German by dominion and by name,
To Guelpho's name he join'd his pristine fame:
He rul'd Carynthia, and the lands possess'd
By Sueves and Rhethians once, his sway confess'd:
O'er these the chief, by right maternal, reign'd,
To these his valour many conquests gain'd:
From thence he brings his troop, a hardy race,
Still ready Death in fighting fields to face;
Beneath their roofs secur'd from wintry skies,
The genial feast each joyful day supplies;
Five thousand once; now scarce a third remain'd,
Since Persia's fight, of all the numerous band.
Next those, whose lands the Franks and Germans bound,
Where Rhine and Maes o'erflow the fruitful ground,
For countless herds and plenteous crops renown'd.
With these their aid the neighbouring isles supply'd,
Whose banks defend them from th' encroaching tide:
All these a thousand form'd, (a warlike band)
O'er whom another Robert held command.
More numerous was the British squadrons shown,
By William led, the monarch's youngest son.
The English in the bow and shafts are skill'd:
With them a northern nation seeks the field,
Whom Ireland from our world divided far,
From savage woods and mountains, sends to war.
  Tancred was next, than whom no greater name
(Except Rinaldo) fill'd the list of fame;

Of gentler manners, comelier to the sight,
Or more intrepid in the day of fight:
If aught of blame could such a soul reprove,
Or soil his glorious deeds, the fault was love:
A sudden love, that, born amidst alarms,
Was nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.
'Tis said, that, on that great and glorious day,
When to the Franks the Persian host gave way,
Victorious Tancred, eager to pursue
The scatter'd remnants of the flying crew,
O'erspent with labour, sought some kind retreat,
To quench his thirst and cool his burning heat;
When, to his wish, a crystal stream he found,
With bowery shade and verdant herbage crown'd:
There sudden rush'd before his wondering sight,
A Pagan damsel sheath'd in armour bright:
Her helm unlac'd her visage bare display'd,
And tir'd with fight, she sought the cooling shade.
Struck with her looks, he view'd the beauteous dame,
Admir'd her charms, and kindled at the flame.
O wonderous force of Love's resistless dart,
That pierc'd at once and rooted in his heart!
Her helm she clos'd, prepar'd t' assault the knight,
But numbers, drawing nigh, constrain'd her flight;
The lofty virgin fled, but left behind
Her lovely form deep imag'd in his mind;
Still, in his thought, he views the conscious grove,
Eternal fuel to the flames of love!
Pensive he comes, his looks his soul declare,
With eyes cast downward and dejected air:

Eight hundred horse from fertile seats he leads,
From hills of Tyrrhene and Campania's meads.
Two hundred Grecians born, were next to see,
Active in field, from weighty armour free;
Their crooked sabres at their side they wear;
Their backs the sounding bows and quivers bear:
With matchless swiftness were their steeds indu'd,
Inur'd to toil, and sparing in their food:
Swift in attack they rush, and swift in flight,
In troops retreating and dispers'd they fight:
Tatinus led their force; the only band
That join'd the Latian arms from Grecian land:
Yet near the scene of war (O lasting shame!
O foul dishonour to the Grecian name!)
Thou, Greece, canst hear unmov'd the loud alarms,
A tame spectator of the deeds of arms!
If foreign power oppress thy servile reign,
Thou well deserv'st to wear the victor's chain.
A squadron now, the last in order, came,
In order last, but first in martial fame;
Adventurers call'd, and heroes fam'd afar,
Terrors of Asia, thunderbolts of war!
Cease, Argo, cease to boast thy warriors' might;
And, Arthur, cease to vaunt each fabled knight;
These all th' exploits of ancient times exceed:
What chief is worthy such a band to lead?
By joint consent, to Dudon's sway they yield,
Of prudent age, experienc'd in the field;
Whose youthful vigour joins with hoary hairs,
His bosom mark'd with many manly scars.

Here stood Eustatius with the first in fame,
But more ennobled by his brother's name.
Gernando here, the king of Norway's son,
Who vaunts his sceptred race and regal crown.
There Engerlan, and there Rogero shin'd;
Two Gerrards with Rambaldo's dauntless mind;
With gallant Ubald and Gentonio join'd.
Rosmondo with the bold must honour claim:
Nor must oblivion hide Obizo's name:
Nor Lombard's brethren three be left untold,
Achilles, Sforza, Palamedes bold:
Nor Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield
That bears a child and serpent on its field:
Nor Guasco, nor Ridolphus I forget,
Nor either Guido, both in combat great:
Nor must I Gernier pass, nor Eberard,
To rob their virtue of its due regard.
But why neglects my muse a wedded pair,
The gallant Edward and Gildippe fair?
O partners still in every battle try'd,
Not death your gentle union shall divide!
The school of love, which ev'n the fearful warms,
The dame instructed in the trade of arms:
Still by his side her watchful steps attend;
Still on one fortune both their lives depend:
No wound in fight can either singly bear,
For both alike in every anguish share;
And oft one faints to view the other's wound,
This shedding blood, and that in sorrow drown'd!

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest
The young Rinaldo tower'd above the rest:
With martial grace his looks around he cast,
And gazing crowds admir'd him as he pass'd.
Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
As, mix'd with blossoms grows the budding fruit.
When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move;
His face disclos'd, he looks the God of Love!
This youth on Adige's far winding shore,
To great Bertoldo fair Sophia bore.
The infant from the breast Matilda rears,
(The watchful guardian of his tender years)
And, while beneath her care the youth remains,
His ripening age to regal virtue trains;
Till the loud trumpet, from the distant east,
With early thirst of glory fir'd his breast.
Then (fifteen springs scarce changing o'er his head)
Guideless, untaught, through ways unknown he fled;
Th' Egean sea he cross'd and Grecian lands,
And reach'd, in climes remote, the Christian bands.
Three years the warrior in the camp had seen,
Yet scarce the down began to shade his chin.
Now all the horse were past: in order led,
Next came the foot, and Raymond at their head:
Thoulouse he governs, and collects his train
Between the Pyreneans and the main:
Four thousand, arm'd in proof, well us'd to bear
Th' inclement seasons, and the toils of war:
A band approv'd, in every battle try'd;
Nor could the band an abler leader guide.

Next Stephen of Amboise conducts his power:
From Tours and Blois he brings five thousand more:
No hardy nation this, inur'd to fight,
Though fenc'd in shining steel, a martial sight!
Soft is their soil, and of a gentle kind,
And, like their soil, th' inhabitants inclin'd;
Impetuous first they run to meet the foe,
But soon, repuls'd, their forces languid grow.
Alcastus was the third, with threatening mien;
(So Capeneus of old at Thebes was seen)
Six thousand warriors, in Helvetia bred,
Plebeians fierce, from Alpine heights he led:
Their rural tools, that wont the earth to tear,
They turn'd to nobler instruments of war:
And with those hands, accustom'd herds to guide,
They boldly now the might of kings defy'd.
 Lo! rais'd in air the standard proudly shown,
In which appear the keys and papal crown:
Sev'n thousand foot there good Camillus leads,
In heavy arms that gleam across the meads:
O'erjoy'd he seems, decreed his name to grace,
And add new honours to his ancient race;
Whate'er the Latian discipline may claim,
In glorious deeds to boast an equal fame.
 Now every squadron rang'd in order due,
Had pass'd before the chief in fair review;
When Godfrey strait the peers assembled holds,
And thus the purport of his mind unfolds.
 Soon as the morning lifts her early head,
Let all the forces from the camp be led,

With speedy course to reach the sacred town,
Ere yet their purpose, or their march is known.
Prepare then for the way, for fight prepare,
Nor doubt, my friends! of conquest in the war!
These words, from such a chieftain's lips, inspire
Each kindling breast, and wake the slumbering fire:
Already for th' expected fight they burn,
And pant impatient for the day's return.
Yet still some fears their careful chief oppress'd,
But these he smother'd in his thoughtful breast:
By certain tidings brought, he lately heard,
That Egypt's king his course for Gaza steer'd:
(A frontier town that all the realm commands,
And a strong barrier to the Syrian lands)
Full well he knows the monarch's restless mind,
Nor doubts in him a cruel foe to find.
Aside the pious leader Henry took,
And thus his faithful messenger bespoke.
Attend my words, some speedy bark ascend,
And to the Grecian shore thy voyage bend:
A youth will there arrive of regal name,
Who comes to share our arms and share our fame;
Prince of the Danes; who brings from distant lands,
Beneath the frozen pole, his valiant bands:
The Grecian monarch, vers'd in fraud, may try
His arts on him, and every means employ
To stop the youthful warrior in his course,
And rob our hopes of this auxiliar force.
My faithful nunciate thou, the Dane invite,
With every thought the gallant prince excite,

Both for his fame and mine, to speed his way,
Nor taint his glory with ill-tim'd delay.
Thou with the sovereign of the Greeks remain,
To claim the succours promis'd oft in vain.
He said; and having thus reveal'd his mind,
And due credentials to his charge consign'd,
The trusty messenger his vessel sought,
And Godfrey calm'd awhile his troubled thought.
Soon as the rising morn, with splendor drest,
Unlocks the portals of the roseate east,
The noise of drums and trumpets fills the air,
And bids the warriors for their march prepare.
Not half so grateful to the longing swain
The low'ring thunder that presages rain,
As to these eager bands the shrill alarms
Of martial clangors and the sound of arms.
At once they rose, with generous ardour press'd,
At once their limbs in radiant armour dress'd:
And rang'd in martial pomp (a dreadful band)
Beneath their numerous chiefs in order stand.
Now, man to man, the thick battalions join'd,
Unfurl their banners to the sportive wind;
And in th' imperial standard rais'd on high,
The Cross triumphant blazes to the sky.
Meantime the sun, above th' horizon gains
The rising circuit of th' ethereal plains:
The polish'd steel reflects the dazzling light,
And strikes with flashing rays the aking sight.
Thick and more thick the sparkling gleams aspire,
Till all the champaign seems to glow with fire;

While mingled clamours echo through the meads,
The clash of arms, the neigh of trampling steeds!
A chosen troop of horse, dispatch'd before,
In armour light, the country round explore,
Lest foes in ambush should their march prevent;
While other bands the cautious leader sent
The dikes to level, clear the rugged way,
And free each pass that might their speed delay.
No troops of Pagans could withstand their force;
No walls of strength could stop their rapid course:
In vain oppos'd the craggy mountain stood,
The rapid torrent and perplexing wood.
So when the king of floods in angry pride,
With added waters swells his foamy tide,
With dreadful ruin o'er the banks he flows,
And nought appears that can his rage oppose.
The king of Tripoly had power alone,
(Well furnish'd in a strongly guarded town,
With arms and men) to check the troops' advance,
But durst not meet in fight the host of France.
T' appease the Christian chief, the heralds bring
Pacific presents from the Pagan king;
Who such conditions for the peace receives,
As pious Godfrey, in his wisdom, gives.
There from mount Seir, that near to eastward stands,
And from above the subject town commands,
The faithful pour in numbers to the plain;
(Each sex and every age, a various train!)
Their gifts before the Christian leader bear,
With joy they view him, and with transport hear;

Gaze on the foreign garb with wondering eye,
And with unfailing guides the host supply.
Now Godfrey with the camp pursues his way,
Along the borders of the neighbouring sea:
For station'd there his friendly vessels ride,
From which the army's wants are well supply'd:
For him alone each Grecian isle is till'd,
For him their vintage Crete and Scios yield.
The numerous ships the shaded ocean hide,
Loud groans beneath the weight the burthen'd tide.
The vessels thus their watchful post maintain,
And guard from Saracens the midland main.
Beside the ships with ready numbers mann'd,
From wealthy Venice and Liguria's strand;
England and Holland send a naval pow'r,
And fertile Sicily and Gallia's shore.
These, all united, brought from every coast
Provisions needful for the landed host;
While on their march impatient they proceed,
(From all defence the hostile frontiers freed)
And urge their haste the hallow'd soil to gain
Where CHRIST endur'd the stings of mortal pain.
But Fame with winged speed before 'em flies
(Alike the messenger of truth and lies)
She paints the camp in one united band,
Beneath one leader, moving o'er the land,
By none oppos'd: their nations, numbers tells;
The name and actions of each chief reveals;
Displays their purpose, sets the war to view,
And terrifies with doubts th' usurping crew:

More dreadful to their anxious mind appears
The distant prospect, and augments their fears:
To every light report their ears they bend,
Watch every rumour, every tale attend;
From man to man the murmurs, swelling still,
The country round and mournful city fill.
Their aged monarch, thus with danger prest,
Revolves dire fancies in his doubtful breast:
His name was Aladine; who scarce maintain'd,
With fears beset, his seat so lately gain'd:
By nature still to cruel deeds inclin'd,
Though years had sometime chang'd his savage mind.
When now he saw the Latian troops prepare,
Against his city walls to turn the war;
Suspicions, join'd with former fears, arose;
Alike he fear'd his subjects and his foes;
Together in one town he saw reside
Two people, whom their different faiths divide.
While part the purer laws of CHRIST believe,
More numerous those who Macon's laws receive.
When first the monarch conquer'd Sion's town,
And sought securely there to fix his throne;
He freed his Pagans from the tax of state,
But on the Christians laid the heavier weight.
These thoughts inflam'd and rouz'd his native rage,
(Now chill'd and tardy with the frost of age:)
So turns in summer's heat the venom'd snake,
That slept the winter harmless in the brake:
So the tame lion, urg'd to wrath again,
Resumes his fury, and erects his mane.

Then to himself: On every face I view
The marks of joy in that perfidious crew:
In general grief their jovial days they keep,
And laugh and revel when the public weep:
Ev'n now, perhaps, the dreadful scheme is plann'd
Against our life to lift a murderous hand;
Or to their monarch's foes betray the state,
And to their Christian friends unbar the gate.
But soon our justice will their crimes prevent,
And swift wing'd vengeance on their heads be sent;
Example dreadful! death shall seize on all:
Their infants at the mothers' breast shall fall:
The flames shall o'er their domes and temples spread,
Such be the funeral piles to grace their dead!
But midst their votive gifts, to sate our ire,
The priests shall first upon the tomb expire.
So threats the tyrant; but his threats are vain;
Though pity moves not, coward fears restrain;
Rage prompts his soul their guiltless blood to spill,
But trembling doubts oppose his savage will.
He fears the Christians, shrinks at future harms,
Nor dares provoke too far the victor's arms;
This purpose curb'd, to other parts he turns
The rage that in his restless bosom burns:
With fire he wastes the fertile country round,
And lays the houses level with the ground:
He leaves no place entire, that may receive
The Christian army, or their march relieve;
Pollutes the springs and rivers in their beds,
And poison in the wholesome water sheds;

Cautious with cruelty! meantime his care
Had reinforc'd Jerusalem for war.
Three parts for siege were strongly fortify'd,
Though less securely fenc'd the northern side.
But there, when first the threaten'd storm was heard,
New ramparts, for defence, in haste he rear'd;
Collecting in the town, from different lands,
Auxiliar forces to his subject bands.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALADINE transports an image of the Virgin from the temple of the Christians, into the mosque, by the advice of Ismeno, who proposes thereby to form a spell to secure the city. In the night the image is secretly stolen away. The king, unable to discover the author of the theft, and incensed against the Christians, prepares for a general massacre Sophronia, a Christian virgin, accuses herself to the king. Olindo, her lover, takes the fact upon himself. Aladine, in a rage, orders both to be burned. Clorinda arrives, intercedes for them, and obtains their pardon. In the mean time Godfrey, with his army, reaches Emmaus. He receives Argantes and Alethes, ambassadors from Egypt. The latter, in an artful speech, endeavours to dissuade Godfrey from attacking Jerusalem. His proposals are rejected, and Argantes declares war in the name of the king of Egypt.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

WHILE thus the Pagan king prepar'd for fight,
The fam'd Ismeno came before his sight;
Ismeno, he whose power the tomb invades,
And calls again to life departed shades:
Whose magic verse can pierce the world beneath,
And startle Pluto in the realms of death;
The subject demons at his will restrain,
And faster bind or loose their servile chain.
Ismeno once the Christian faith avow'd,
But now at Macon's impious worship bow'd:
Yet still his former rites the wretch retain'd
And oft, with Pagan mix'd, their use prophan'd.
Now from the caverns, where, retir'd alone
From vulgar eyes, he studied arts unknown,
He came assistance to his lord to bring:
An ill adviser to a tyrant king!

Then thus he spoke: O king! behold at hand
That conquering host, the terror of the land!
But let us act as fits the noble mind:
The bold from earth and heaven will succour find.
As king and leader well thy cares preside,
And with foreseeing thought for all provide.
If all, like thee, their several parts dispose,
This land will prove the burial of thy foes.
Lo! here I come with thee the toils to bear,
T' assist thy labours, and thy danger share.
Accept the counsel cautious years impart,
And join to this the powers of magic art:
Those angels, exil'd from th' ethereal plains,
My potent charms shall force to share our pains.
Attend the scheme, revolving in my breast,
The first enchantment that my thoughts suggest.
An altar by the Christians stands immur'd
Deep under ground, from vulgar eyes secur'd:
The statue of their goddess there is show'd,
The mother of their human, buried God!
Before the image burns continual light;
A flowing veil conceals her from the sight.
On every side are tablets there display'd,
And votive gifts by superstition paid.
Haste! snatch their idol from that impious race,
And in thy mosque the boasted figure place.
Then will I raise such spells of wond'rous pow'r,
This fated pledge (while there detain'd secure)
Shall prove the guardian of thy city's gate;
And walls of adamant shall fence thy state.

He said, and ceas'd: his words persuasion wrought,
And swift the king the hidden temple sought:
Furious he drove the trembling priests away,
And seiz'd with daring hands, the hallow'd prey:
Then to the mosque in haste the prize he bore;
(Where rites profane offend th' Almighty Power)
There, o'er the sacred form, with impious zeal,
The foul magician mutter'd many a spell:
But soon as morning streak'd the east of heaven,
The watch, to whom the temple's guard was given,
No longer in its place the image found,
And search'd with fruitless care the dome around.
Then to the king the strange report he bears;
The king, inflam'd with wrath, the tiding hears:
His thoughts suggest some Christian's secret hand
Has thence purloin'd the guardian of the land:
But whether Christian zeal from thence convey'd
The hallow'd form; or Heaven its power display'd,
To snatch from impious fanes, and roofs unclean,
The glorious semblance of their virgin Queen,
Doubtful the fame; nor can we dare assign
The deed to human art, or hands divine.
The king each temple sought and secret place,
And vow'd with costly gifts the man to grace,
Who brought the image, or the thief reveal'd;
But threaten'd those whose lips the deed conceal'd.
The wily sorc'rer every art apply'd
T' explore the truth: in vain his arts he try'd:
For whether wrought by Heaven, or earth alone,
Heaven kept it, spite of all his charms, unknown.

But when the king perceiv'd his search was vain,
To find th' offender of the Christian train:
On all at once his fierce resentment turn'd;
On all at once his savage fury burn'd:
No bounds, no laws, his purpose could control,
But blood alone could sate his vengeful soul.
Our wrath shall not be lost (aloud he cries)
The thief amidst the general slaughter dies.
Guilty and innocent, they perish all!
Let the just perish, so the guilty fall.—
Yet wherefore just? when none our pity claim;
Not one but hates our rites, and hates our name.
Rise, rise, my friends! the fire and sword employ,
Lay waste their dwellings, and their race destroy.

So spoke the tyrant to the listening crew;
Among the faithful soon the tidings flew.
With horror chill'd, the dismal sound they heard,
While ghastly death on every face appear'd.
None think of flight or for defence prepare,
Or seek to deprecate their fate with prayer:
But lo! when least they hope, the timorous bands
Their safety owe to unexpected hands.

A maid there was among the Christian kind,
In prime of years, and of exalted mind:
Beauteous her form, but beauty she despis'd,
Or beauty grac'd with virtue only priz'd.
From flattering tongues the modest fair withdrew,
And liv'd secluded from the public view:
But vain her cares to hide her beauty prov'd,
Her beauty worthy to be seen and lov'd.

Nor Love consents, but soon reveals her charms,
And with their power a youthful lover warms:
That Love who now conceals his piercing eyes,
And now, like Argus, every thing descries;
Who brings to view each grace that shuns the light,
And midst a thousand guards directs the lover's sight!
 Sophronia she, Olindo was his name;
The same their city, and their faith the same.
The youth as modest as the maid was fair,
But little hop'd, nor durst his love declare:
He knew not how, or fear'd to tell his pain,
She saw it not, or view'd it with disdain:
Thus to this hour in silent grief he mourn'd,
His thoughts unnoted, or his passion scorn'd.
 Meantime the tidings spread from place to place,
Of death impending o'er the Christian race:
Soon in Sophronia's noble mind arose
A generous plan t' avert her people's woes:
Zeal first inspir'd, but bashful shame ensu'd,
And modesty awhile the thought withstood:
Yet soon her fortitude each doubt suppress'd,
And arm'd with confidence her tender breast.
Through gazing throngs alone the virgin goes,
Nor strives to hide her beauties, nor disclose:
O'er her fair face a decent veil is seen,
Her eyes declin'd with modest graceful mien:
An artless negligence compos'd her dress,
And Nature's genuine grace her charms confess.
Admir'd by all, regardless went the dame,
Till to the presence of the king she came:

While yet he rav'd, she dar'd to meet his view,
Nor from his threatening looks her steps withdrew.
O king! (she thus began) awhile contain
Thy anger, and thy people's rage restrain:
I come to show, and to your vengeance yield
Th' offender from your fruitless search conceal'd.
She said, and ceas'd: the king in wonder gaz'd,
(Struck with her courage, with her looks amaz'd)
Her sudden charms at once his soul engage,
He calms his passion, and forgets his rage.
If milder she, or he of softer frame,
His heart had felt the power of beauty's flame:
But haughty charms can ne'er the haughty move;
For smiles and graces are the food of love.
Though love could not affect his savage mind,
He yet appear'd to gentle thoughts inclin'd.
Disclose the truth at large (he thus reply'd)
No harm shall to thy Christian friends betide.
Then she: Before thy sight the guilty stands:
The theft, O king! committed by these hands.
In me the thief who stole the image view;
To me the punishment decreed is due.
Thus, fill'd with public zeal, the generous dame
A victim for her people's ransom came.
O great deceit! O lye divinely fair!
What truth with such a falsehood can compare?
In deep suspence her words the tyrant heard,
No sign of anger in his looks appear'd.
Declare (thus mildly to the maid he spoke)
Who gave thee counsel and the deed partook.

The deed alone was mine (reply'd the fair)
I suffer'd none with me the fame to share;
Mine was the counsel, mine the first design,
And the last acting of the deed was mine.
Then only thou (he cry'd) must bear the pain
Our anger now and just revenge ordain.
'Tis just, since all the glory mine (she cry'd)
That none with me the punishment divide.
With kindling ire the Pagan thus replies:
Say, where conceal'd the Christian image lies.
'Tis not conceal'd (rejoin'd the dauntless dame)
I gave the hallow'd statue to the flame;
So could no impious hands again profane
The sacred image, and her beauty stain.
Then seek no more what never can be thine,
But lo! the thief I to thy hands resign;
If theft it may be call'd to seize our right,
Unjustly torn away by lawless might.
  At this the king in threatening words return'd;
With wrath ungovern'd all his bosom burn'd:
Ah! hope no more thy pardon here to find,
O glorious virgin! O exalted mind!
In vain, against the Tyrant's fury held,
Love for defence opposes Beauty's shield.
  Now doom'd to death, and sentenc'd to the flame,
With cruel hands they seize the beauteous dame.
Her veil and mantle rent bestrow the ground,
With rugged cords her tender arms are bound.
Silent she stands, no marks of fear express'd,
Yet soft commotions gently heave her breast;

Her modest cheeks a transient blush disclose;
Where lillies soon succeed the fading rose.
Meanwhile the people throng (the rumour spread)
And with the rest Olindo there was led:
The tale he knew, but not the victim's name,
Till near the tragic scene of fate he came:
Soon as the youth the prisoner's face survey'd,
And saw, condemn'd to death, his lovely maid;
While the stern guards their cruel task pursue,
Through the thick press with headlong speed he flew.
She's guiltless! (to the king aloud he cries)
She's guiltless of the offence for which she dies!
She could not—durst not—such a work demands
Far other than a woman's feeble hands:
What arts to lull the keeper could she prove?
And how the sacred image thence remove?
She fondly boasts the deed, unthinking maid!
'Twas I the statue from the mosque convey'd:
Where the high dome receives the air and light,
I found a passage, favour'd by the night:
The glory mine, the death for me remains,
Nor let her thus usurp my rightful pains:
The punishment be mine; her chains I claim;
Mine is the pile prepar'd, and mine the kindled flame!

At this her head Sophronia gently rais'd,
And on the youth with looks of pity gaz'd.
Unhappy man! what brings thee guiltless here?
What frenzy guides thee, or what rash despair?
Say, cannot I, without thy aid, engage
The utmost threatening of a mortal's rage?

This breast undaunted can resign its breath,
Nor asks a partner in the hour of death.
She spoke; but wrought not on her lover's mind,
Who, firm, retain'd his purpose first design'd.
O glorious struggle for a fatal prize!
When love with fortitude for conquest vies,
Where death is the reward the victor bears,
And safety is the ill the vanquish'd fears!
While thus they both contend the deed to claim,
The monarch's fury burns with fiercer flame:
He rag'd to find his power so lightly priz'd,
And all the torments he prepar'd despis'd.
Let both (he cry'd) their wish'd design obtain:
And both enjoy the prize they seek to gain!
The tyrant said, and strait the signal made
To bind the youth; the ready guards obey'd.
With face averted to one stake confin'd,
With cruel cords the hapless pair they bind.
Now round their limbs they place the rising pyre;
And now with breath awake the slumbering fire;
When thus the lover, in a moving strain,
Bespeaks the lov'd companion of his pain:
Are these the bands with which I hop'd to join,
In happier times, my future days to thine?
And are we doom'd, alas! this fire to prove,
Instead of kindly flames of mutual love?
Love promis'd gentler flames and softer ties;
But cruel fate far other now supplies!
Too long from thee I mourn'd my life disjoin'd,
And now in death a hapless meeting find!

Yet I am blest since thou the pains must bear,
If not thy bed, at least thy pile to share.
Thy death I mourn, but not my own lament,
Since dying by thy side I die content,
Could yet my prayer one further bliss obtain,
How sweet, how envy'd then were every pain!
O could I press my faithful breast to thine,
And on thy lips my fleeting soul resign!
So might we, fainting in the pangs of death,
Together mix our sighs and parting breath!
In words like these unblest Olindo mourn'd;
To him her counsel thus the maid return'd:
O youth! far other thoughts, and pure desires,
Far other sorrows now the time requires!
Dost thou forget thy sins? nor call to mind
What God has for the righteous souls assign'd?
Endure for him, and sweet the pains will prove;
Aspire with joy to happier seats above;
Yon glittering skies and golden sun survey,
That call us hence to realms of endless day.
Here, mov'd with pity, loud the Pagans groan:
But more conceal'd the Christians vent their moan.
The king himself, with thoughts unusual press'd,
Felt his fierce heart suspended in his breast:
But, scorning to relent, he turn'd his view
From the dire prospect, and in haste withdrew.
Yet thou, Sophronia, bear'st the general woe,
And, wept by all, thy tears disdain to flow!
While thus they stand, behold a knight is seen,
(For such he seem'd) of fierce and noble mein!

Whose foreign arms and strange attire proclaim
An alien from a distant land he came.
The sculptur'd tigress on his helmet high,
(A well known crest!) attracts each gazer's eye.
This sign Clorinda in the field display'd,
All see and own by this the warrior maid.
She, from a child, beheld with scornful eyes
Her sex's arts, despising female toys:
Arachne's labours ne'er her hours divide,
Her noble hands nor looms nor spindle guide;
From ease inglorious and from sloth she fled,
And mix'd in camps, a life unsully'd led:
With rigour pleas'd, her lovely face she arm'd
With haughty looks, yet ev'n in fierceness charm'd:
In early years her tender hand restrain'd
The fiery courser, and his courage rein'd:
She pois'd the spear and sword: her growing force
She try'd in wrestling and the dusty course;
Then through the mountain paths and lonely wood
The bear and shaggy lion's tracks pursu'd:
In war, the dread of men the virgin shin'd:
In woods, the terror of the savage kind!
From Persia, jealous of the Christian fame,
T' oppose the victor host Clorinda came:
And, oft before, in fight her daring hand
Had fatten'd with their blood the thirsty land.

When near the fatal place the virgin drew,
And the dire scene appear'd before her view;
She spurr'd her steed t' observe the victims nigh,
And learn th' unhappy cause for which they die.

The yielding crowd gave way: the curious maid
With stedfast eyes the pair in bonds survey'd.
One mourn'd aloud, and one in silence stood;
The weaker sex the greater firmness show'd:
Yet seem'd Olindo like a man to moan
Who wept another's sufferings, not his own;
While silent she, and fix'd on heaven her eyes,
Already seem'd to claim her kindred skies.
Clorinda view'd their state with tender woe,
And down her cheeks the tears began to flow:
Yet most she griev'd for her who grief disdain'd;
And silence, more than plaints, her pity gain'd;
Then to an aged sire who stood beside,
Say, who are those to death devote (she cry'd;)
Declare what brought them to this woeful state,
Some secret crime, or blind decree of fate?
Thus she: The reverend sire in brief display'd
Their mournful story to the listening maid:
She heard, surpriz'd such matchless worth to find,
And both acquitted in her equal mind.
Already now resolv'd, by force or prayer,
To save from threaten'd death th' unhappy pair,
She ran, she stopp'd the flame with eager haste,
(Already kindling) and the guards address'd:
None in this cruel office dare to move,
Till to the monarch I my suit approve:
My power, believe me, shall protect your stay,
Nor shall your sovereign chide your short delay.
She said: th' attendants at her word obey'd
Mov'd with the presence of the royal maid;

Then, turning swift, she met the king, who came
To welcome to his court the warrior dame.
To whom she thus: Behold Clorinda here!
Clorinda's name, perchance, has reach'd your ear.
I come, O monarch! thus in arms, prepar'd
Thy kingdom and our common faith to guard:
Command me now what tasks I must sustain,
Nor high attempts I fear, nor low disdain:
Or let my force in open field be shown;
Or here detain me tó defend the town.
  To whom the king: What land so distant lies
From where the sun enlightens Asia's skies,
(O glorious virgin!) but resounds thy name,
Whose actions fill the sounding trump of fame?
Now to my aid thy conquering sword is join'd,
I give my fears and scruples to the wind:
Nor could I greater hopes of conquest boast,
Though join'd by numbers, succour'd by an host!
Methinks I seem to chide the lingering foe,
And Godfrey, to my wish, appears too slow!
Thou ask'st what labours I thy arm decree;
I deem the greatest only worthy thee:
To thee the rule of all our warrior band
I here submit; be thine the high command.
  Thus said the king. The maid, with grateful look,
Her thanks return'd, and thus again she spoke:
  'Tis sure, O prince! a thing unusual heard,
Before the service done, to claim reward:
Yet (by thy goodness bold) I make my prayer,
And beg thy mercy you condemn'd to spare:

Grant it for all my deeds in future time;
'Tis hard to suffer for a doubtful crime:
But this I wave, nor here the reasons plead
That speak them guiltless of th' imputed deed:
'Tis said some Christian hand the theft has wrought;
But here I differ from the public thought:
The spell Ismeno fram'd t' assist our cause,
I deem an outrage on our sacred laws:
Nor fits it idols in our fanes to place,
Much less the idols of this impious race.
Methinks with joy the hand of Heaven I view,
To Macon's power the miracle is due;
Who thus forbids his hallow'd rites to stain
With new religions in his awful fane.
Ismeno leave to spells and magic charms,
Since these to him supply the place of arms;
While warriors we our foes in battle face,
Our swords our arts, in these our hopes we place.
She ceas'd; and, though the king could scarcely bend
His haughty soul, or ears to pity lend,
He yields his fury to the gentle maid;
Her reasons move him, and her words persuade.
Let both have life and freedom (he reply'd)
To such a pleader nothing is deny'd!
If innocent, by justice let them live:
If criminal, I here their crime forgive.
Thus were they freed; and lo! what blissful fate,
What turns of fortune on Olindo wait!
His virtuous love at length awakes a flame
In the soft bosom of the generous dame.

Strait from the pile to Hymen's rites he goes,
Made of a wretch condemn'd, a joyful spouse:
Since death with her he sought, the grateful fair
Consents with him the gift of life to share.
The Pagan monarch, whose suspicious mind
Beheld with fear such wondrous virtue join'd,
Sent both in exile, by severe command,
Beyond the limits of Judæa's land.
Then many others (as his fury sway'd)
Were banish'd thence, or deep in dungeons laid.
But the fierce tyrant those remov'd alone,
Of strength approv'd, and daring spirits known:
The tender sex and children he retain'd,
With helpless age, as pledges in his hand.
Thus, wretched wanderers, some were doom'd to roam
From parents, children, wives, and native home:
Part rove from land to land with doubtful course;
And part against him turn their vengeful force.
These to the band of Franks unite their fate,
And meet their army ent'ring Emmaus' gate.
  The town of Emmaus near to Sion lay,
Not half the journey of an easy day.
The pleasing thought each Christian soul inspires,
And adds new ardour to their zealous fires!
But since the sun had past his middle race,
The leader there commands the tents to place.
The host were now encamp'd; the setting sun
With milder lustre from the ocean shone;
When, drawing near, two mighty chiefs were seen,
In garb unknown, and of a foreign mein;

Their acts pacific, and their looks, proclaim
That to the Christian chief as friends they came:
From Egypt's king dispatch'd, their way they bend,
And menial servants on their steps attend.
  Alethes one; his birth obscure he ow'd
To the base refuse of th' ignoble crowd;
Rais'd to the highest state the realm affords,
By plausive speech, and eloquence of words:
His subtle genius every taste could meet;
In fiction prompt, and skilful in deceit:
Master of calumny such various ways,
He most accuses when he seems to praise.
  The other chief from fair Circassia came
To Egypt's court, Argantes was his name:
Exalted midst the princes of the land,
And first in rank of all the martial band:
Impatient, fiery, and of rage unquell'd,
In arms unconquer'd, matchless in the field;
Whose impious soul contempt of Heaven avow'd
His sword his law, his own right hand his God!
  Now these an audience of the leader sought,
And now to Godfrey's awful sight were brought.
There lowly seated, with his peers around,
In modest garb the glorious chief they found.
True valour, unadorn'd, attracts the sight,
And shines conspicuous by his native light.
To him a slight respect Argentes paid,
As one who little place or honours weigh'd.
But low Alethes bow'd in thought profound,
And fix'd his humble eyes upon the ground;

His better hand his pensive bosom press'd,
With all the adoration of the east:
And while attention on his accents hung,
These words, like honey, melted from his tongue:
O worthy thou alone! to whose command
Submit the heroes of this glorious band!
To thee their laurels and their crowns they owe,
Thy conduct brings them victors from the foe:
Nor stops thy fame within Alcides' bounds,
To distant Egypt Godfrey's name resounds!
Fame through our spacious realm thy glory bears,
And speaks thy valour to our listening ears.
But on thy deeds our sovereign chiefly dwells,
With pleasure hears them, and with pleasure tells:
In thee, what others fear or hate, he loves;
Thy virtue fires him, and thy valour moves:
Fain would he join with thee in friendly bands,
And mutual peace and amity demands.
Since different faiths their sanction here deny,
Let mutual virtue knit the sacred tye.
But as he hears thy troops their marches bend
To expel from Sion's walls his ancient friend;
He now (to avoid those evils yet behind)
By us unfolds the counsels of his mind.
Then thus he says: Thy first design forbear,
Content with what thou now hast gain'd in war:
Nor on Judæa's realm thy forces bring,
Nor vex the lands protected by our king:
So will he, join'd with thee, thy power ensure,
And fix thy yet uncertain state ſecure:

United both; their conquest to regain,
The Turks and Persians shall attempt in vain.
Much hast thou done, O chief! in little space,
Which length of ages never can deface.
What cities won! what armies overthrown!
What dangerous marches, and what ways unknown!
The neighbouring states with terror own thy fame:
And distant regions tremble at thy name.
Your glory at the height, with heedful care
Avoid the chances of a doubtful war:
Increase of realm your further toils may crown,
But conquest ne'er can heighten your renown:
And should your arms be now in battle crost,
Lost is your empire, and your glory lost!
Insensate he who risks a certain state,
For distant prospects of uncertain fate,
Yet our advice perchance will lightly weigh,
And urge thy purpose, nor thy march delay;
While uncontrol'd success thy soul inspires;
While glows thy bosom with ambition's fires:
That glorious frailty of the noble mind,
To conquer nations, and subdue mankind!
For this you fly from proffer'd peace afar,
With more distaste than others shun the war:
These motives bid thee still the path pursue,
Which fate has open'd largely to thy view:
Nor in the sheath return that dreaded sword,
(Of every conquest in the field assur'd)
Till in oblivion Macon's laws are laid,
And Asia, by thy arms, a desert made!

Alluring sounds, and grateful to the ear;
But O what dangers lurk beneath the snare!
Then, if no cloud of passion dims thy sight,
And casts a veil before thy reason's light;
Well may'st thou see what little hopes appear,
From every prospect of the lengthen'd war.
Reflect how soon the gifts of fortune turn;
Those who rejoice to-day, to-morrow mourn:
And he who soars an unexpected flight,
Oft falls as sudden from his towering height.
Say, to thy harm, should Egypt take the field
In arms, in treasure rich, in council skill'd;
And add to these (the war again begun)
The Turks, the Persians, and Cassano's son;
What forces could'st thou to their power oppose;
And how escape from such an host of foes!
Or do'st thou in the Grecian king confide,
By sacred union to thy cause ally'd?
To whom is not the Grecian faith display'd?
What snares for thee the guileful race have laid!
Will those, who once your common march withstood,
Now risk for you their lives in fields of blood?
But thou perhaps (secure amidst thy foes)
Do'st in these squadrons all thy hopes repose;
And deem'st the scatter'd bands thy force o'erthrew
As easy, when united, to subdue;
Though toilsome marches have your troops annoy'd,
Your strength enfeebled, and your men destroy'd,
Though unexpected nations should combine,
And Egypt with the Turks and Persians join.

Yet grant that fate so strongly arms thy band,
No sword can conquer, and no foe withstand:
Lo! Famine comes, with all her ghastly train;
What further subterfuge, what hopes remain?
Then draw the falchion, and the javelin wield;
Then dream of conquest in the boasted field.
Behold th' inhabitants have wasted wide
The fertile country, and the fields destroy'd;
And safely lodg'd in towers their ripen'd grain:
What hopes are left thy numbers to sustain?
Thy ships, thou say'st, will due provision send:
Does then thy safety on the winds depend?
Perhaps thy fortune can the winds restrain;
Thy voice appease the roaring of the main.
Yet think; should once our nation rise in fight,
And with the Persians and the Turks unite,
Could we not then oppose a numerous fleet,
On equal terms, thy naval power to meet?
If here, O chief! thou seek'st to gain renown,
A double conquest must thy labours crown:
One loss may sully every former deed;
One loss may unexpected dangers breed:
Before our vessels should thy navy fly,
Thy forces here, opprest by famine, die:
Or should'st thou lose the battle here, in vain
Thy fleet would ride victorious on the main.
Then if thy soul reject the peace we bring,
And scorn the friendship of th' Egyptian king:
This conduct (undisguis'd the truth I tell)
Nor suits thy virtue, nor thy wisdom well.

But if thy purpose seem to war inclin'd,
Heaven change, to gentle peace, thy better mind:
So Asia may at length from troubles cease,
And thou enjoy thy conquer'd lands in peace.
And you, ye leaders, who his dangers share,
Fellows in arms, and partners of the war!
Ah, let not Fortune's smiles your souls excite,
To tempt again the doubtful chance of fight.
But as the pilot, 'scap'd the treacherous deep,
Rests in the welcome port his weary ship:
Now furl your sails with pleasure near the shore,
And trust the perils of the sea no more.

Here ceas'd Alethes; and the heroes round,
With looks displeas'd, return'd a murmuring sound:
With deep disdain the terms propos'd they heard,
While diſcontent in every face appear'd.
Then thrice the chief his eyes around him threw,
And cast on every one his piercing view;
Next to Alethes turn'd his careful look,
Who waited his reply, and thus he spoke:

Ambassador! with threats and praises join'd,
Full wisely hast thou told thy sovereign's mind:
If he esteem us, and our worth approve,
With grateful pleasure we receive his love.
But where thy words a threaten'd storm disclose
Of Pagan armies, and confederate foes;
To this I speak; to this my answer hear;
An open purpose cloath'd in words sincere.
Know first the cause for which we have sustain'd
Such various hazards both by sea and land;

By day and night such pious toils have known :—
To free the passage to yon hallow'd town;
To merit favour from the King of heaven,
By freedom to the suffering Christians given.
Nor shall we fear, for such a glorious end,
Our kingdom, lives, and worldly fame to spend.
No thirst of riches has our bosoms fir'd;
No lust of empire our attempt inspir'd:
If any thoughts like these our souls infest,
Th' Eternal drive such poison from the breast!
Still may his mercy o'er our steps preside,
His hand defend us, and his wisdom guide!
His breath inspir'd; his pow'r has brought us far
Through every danger of the various war:
By this are mountains past, and rivers crost;
This tempers summer's heat, and winter's frost:
This can the rage of furious tempests bind,
And loosen or restrain th' obedient wind:
Hence lofty walls are burnt and tumbled down;
Hence martial bands are slain and overthrown:
Hence springs the hope and confidence we boast;
Not from the forces of a mortal host:
Not from our vessels; nor from Grecian lands
With numbers swarming; nor the Gallic bands.
And if we still th' Almighty's care partake,
Let nations, at their will, our cause forsake!
Who knows the succour of his powerful hands,
No other aid, in time of need, demands.
But should he, for our sins, his help withdraw,
(As who can fathom Heaven's eternal law!)

Lives there a man who would not find his tomb,
Where hallow'd earth did once his GOD inhume?
So shall we die, nor envy those who live;
Nor unreveng'd shall we our death receive;
Nor Asia shall rejoice to view our state;
Nor we submit with sorrow to our fate!
Yet think not that our wayward minds prefer,
To gentle peace, the horrid scenes of war:
Nor think we ill your monarch's love return;
Or with contempt his friendly union scorn.
But wherefore do his cares on Sion bend?
And wherefore thus another's realms defend?
Then let him not require our arms to cease;
So may he rule his native lands in peace!

Thus answer'd Godfrey: and with fury swell'd
The fierce Argantes, nor his wrath repell'd:
The boiling passion from his bosom broke;
Before the chief he stood, and thus he spoke:

Let him, who will not proffer'd peace receive,
Be sated with the plagues that war can give!
And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
If now thy soul reject our friendship shown.

This said, his mantle in his hand he took,
And folding round before th' assembly shook,
Then thus again with threatening accent spoke:

O thou! who every peril would'st despise,
Lo! peace or war within this mantle lies!
See here th' election offer'd to thy voice;
No more delay—but now declare thy choice!

His speech and haughty mien each leader fir'd,
And with a noble rage their souls inspir'd:
War! war! aloud with general voice they cry'd;
Nor waited till their god-like chief reply'd.
At this the Pagan shook his vest in air—
Then take defiance, death, and mortal war!
So fierce he spoke, he seem'd to burst the gates
Of Janus' temple, and disclose the fates:
While from his mantle, which aside he threw,
Insensate rage and horrid discord flew:
Alecto's torch supply'd her hellish flame,
And from his eyes the flashing sparkles came.
So look'd the chief of old, whose impious pride,
With mortal works, the King of Heaven defy'd;
So stood, when Babel rear'd her front on high,
To threaten battle 'gainst the starry sky.
Then Godfrey—To thy king the tidings bear;
And tell him we accept the threaten'd war;
Go, bid bim hasten here to prove our might,
Or on the bank of Nile expect the fight.
This said; the leader honour'd either guest,
And due respect, by different gifts, express'd.
Alethes first he gave a helm of price;
A prize among the spoils of conquer'd Nice.
A costly sword Argantes next obtain'd,
Well wrought and fashion'd by the workman's hand:
Matchless the work, and glorious to behold,
The hilt with jewels blaz'd, and flam'd with gold.
With joy the Pagan chief the gift survey'd,
Admir'd the rich design and temper'd blade:

Then thus to Godfrey: When we meet in field,
Behold how well our hands thy present wield!
  Now, parting from the camp, their leave they took,
And thus Argantes to Alethes spoke.
  Lo! to Jerusalem my course I take;
To Egypt thou thy purpos'd journey make:
Thou with the early rays of morning light;
But I impatient with the friendly night.
Well may th' Egyptian court my presence spare:
Suffice that thou the Christian's answer bear;
Be mine to mingle in the lov'd alarms
Of noble conflict, and the sound of arms.
  Thus he, ambassador of peace who came,
Departs a foe in action and in name:
Nor heeds the warrior, in his haughty mind,
The ancient laws of nations and mankind:
Nor for Alethes' answer deign'd to stay,
But through surrounding shades pursu'd his way,
And sought the town, impatient of delay.
  Now had the night her drowsy pinions spread!
The winds were hush'd; the weary waves were dead!
The fish repos'd in seas and crystal floods;
The beasts retir'd in covert of the woods;
The painted birds in grateful silence slept;
And o'er the world a sweet oblivion crept.
But not the faithful host, with thought oppress'd,
Nor could their leader taste the gift of rest:
Such ardent wishes in their bosoms burn;
So eager were they for the day's return;

To lead their forces to the hallow'd town,
The soldier's triumph, and the victor's crown!
With longing eyes they wait the morning light,
To chace with early beams the dusk of night.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Christian army arrives before Jerusalem. The alarm is given to the Saracens, who prepare for the reception of the enemy. Clorinda makes the first sally; she encounters and kills Gardo; she meets and engages with Tancred; a short interview ensues between them. In the mean time, Argantes, falling on the Christians with a great slaughter, the action becomes more general. Erminia, from the walls, shows and describes to the king the several commanders of the Christian army. Rinaldo and Tancred perform great actions. Dudon, having signalized himself is killed by Argantes. The Pagans being closely pressed, are at last compelled to retreat to the city. Godfrey causes Dudon to be interred with funeral honours; and sends his workmen to fell timber for making engines to carry on the siege.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Now from the golden east the Zephyrs borne,
Proclaim'd with balmy gales th' approach of morn;
And fair Aurora deck'd her radient head
With roses cropt from Eden's flowery bed;
When from the sounding camp was heard afar
The noise of troops preparing for the war:
To this succeed the trumpet's loud alarms,
And rouze, with shriller notes, the host to arms.
The sage commander o'er their zeal presides,
And with a gentle rein their ardour guides,
Yet easier seem'd it, near Charybdis' caves,
To stay the current of the boiling waves;
Or stop the north, that shakes the mountain's brow,
And whelms the vessels in the seas below.
He rules their order, marshals every band:
Rapid they move, but rapid with command.

With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound;
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the sun ascends th' ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray;
Behold Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim!
To sailors thus, who, wandering o'er the main,
Have long explor'd some distant coast in vain,
In seas unknown and foreign regions lost,
By stormy winds and faithless billows tost,
If chance at length th' expected land appear,
With joyful shouts they hail it from afar;
They point, with rapture, to the wish'd for shore,
And dream of former toils and fears no more.
At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glow'd with full delight;
But deep contrition soon their joy suppress'd,
And holy sorrow sadden'd every breast:
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where, cloth'd in flesh, their dear Redeemer lay:
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave he rose!
Each faltering tongue imperfect speech supplies;
Each labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs;
At once their mingled joys and griefs appear,
And undistinguished murmurs fill the air.
So when the grove the fanning wind receives,
A whispering noise is heard among the leaves:

So, near the craggy rocks or winding shore,
In hollow sounds the broken billows roar.
Each took th' example as their chieftans led,
With naked feet the hallow'd soil they tread:
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
The crested helmets, with their plumy pride:
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend:
Yet each, as if his breast no sorrow mov'd,
In words like these his tardy grief reprov'd:
Here, where thy wounds, O Lord! distill'd a flood,
And dy'd the hallow'd soil with streaming blood,
Shall not these eyes their grateful tribute shower,
In sad memorial of that awful hour?
Ah! wherefore frozen thus my heart appears,
Nor melts in fountains of perpetual tears!
Why does my harden'd heart this temper keep?
Now mourn thy sins, thy Saviour's sufferings weep!
Meantime the watch that in the city stood,
And from a lofty tower the country view'd,
Saw midst the fields a rising dust appear,
That like a thickening cloud obscur'd the air;
From whence, by fits, a flashing splendor came,
And sudden gleams of momentary flame:
Refulgent arms and armour next were seen,
And steeds distinguish'd, and embattled men:
Then thus aloud—What mist obscures the day!
What splendors in yon dusty whirlwind play!
Rise, rise, ye citizens! your gates defend:
Haste, snatch your weapons, and the walls ascend!

Behold the foe at hand!—he said, and ceas'd:
The Pagans heard, and snatch'd their arms in haste.
The helpless children, and the female train,
With feeble age that could not arms sustain,
Pale and affrighted to the mosques repair,
And humbly supplicate the powers with prayer.
But those of limbs robust, and firm of soul,
Already arm'd, impatient of control,
Part line the gates, and part ascend the wall:
The king with care provides, and orders all;
From place to place he marshall'd every crew,
Then to the summit of a tower withdrew,
From whence in prospect lay the subject lands,
From whence he could with ease direct the bands.
And there Erminia by his side he plac'd,
The fair Erminia, who his palace grac'd,
Since Antioch fell before the Christian host,
And her dear sire the hapless virgin lost.
Now had Clorinda with impatient speed,
T' attack the Franks, a chosen squadron led:
But, in a different part, Circassia's knight
Stood at a secret gate prepar'd for fight.
The generous maid with looks intrepid fir'd
Her brave companions, and with words inspir'd.
'Tis ours to found the glorious work, (she cries)
The hope of Asia in our courage lies!
While thus she speaks, she sees a Christian band
With rural spoils advancing o'er the land;
Who sent, as wont, to forage round the plain,
Now seek with flocks and herds the camp again.

Sudden on these she turn'd; their chief beheld
Her threatening force, and met her in the field:
Gardo his name, a man approv'd in fight,
But weak his strength t' oppose Clorinda's might.
Slain in the dreadful shock, on earth he lies,
O'erthrown before the Franks' and Syrians' eyes.
Loud, at the sight, exclaim the Pagan train,
And hail this omen, but their hopes were vain!
Fierce on the rest the warlike virgin flew,
And pierc'd their battle, and their ranks o'erthrew;
And, where her slaughtering sword a passage hew'd,
Her following troops the glorious path pursu'd.
Soon from the spoilers' hands their spoil they take:
The Franks, by slow degrees, the field forsake;
At length the summit of a hill they gain,
And, aided by the height, the foes sustain.
  Now, like a whirlwind rushing from the skies,
Or swift as lightning through the ether flies,
At Godfrey's signal, noble Tancred near
His squadron moves, and shakes his beamy spear.
So firm his hands the ponderous javelin wield,
So fierce the youthful warrior scours the field;
The king, who view'd him from his towery height,
Esteem'd him sure some chief renown'd in fight:
Then to the maid beside him thus he spoke,
(Whose gentle soul with soft emotions shook)
Thou canst, by use, each Christian's name reveal,
Though here disguis'd, and cas'd in shining steel:
Say, who is he, so fierce in combat seen,
Of dauntless semblance, and erected mien?

At this the virgin heav'd a tender sigh,
The silent drops stood trembling in her eye:
But, all she could, the fair her tears suppress'd,
And stopp'd the murmurs of her troubled breast:
Yet on her cheeks the trickling dews appear'd,
And from her lips a broken sigh was heard.
Then artful to the king she thus reply'd;
(And strove with angry words her thoughts to hide)
Ah me! I know him sure, have cause too well,
Among a thousand, that dire chief to tell:
Oft have I seen him strow the purple plain,
And glut his fury with my people slain!
Alas! how sure his blows! the wounds they give,
Nor herbs can heal, nor magic arts relieve:
Tancred his name—O! grant some happier hour
May yield him, living, prisoner to my pow'r!
So might my soul some secret comfort find,
And sweet revenge appease my restless mind!
She said, and ceas'd; the king the damsel heard,
But to a different sense her speech referr'd;
While, mingled with these artful words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.
Meanwhile, her lance in rest, the warrior-dame
With eager haste t' encounter Tancred came.
Their vizors struck, the spears in shivers flew;
The virgin's face was left expos'd to view;
The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;
Hurl'd from her head, it bounded on the plain:
Loose in the wind her golden tresses flow'd,
And now a maid confess'd to all she stood;

Keen flash her eyes, her look with fury glows;
Yet ev'n in rage, each feature lovely shows:
What charms must then her winning smiles disclose?
What thoughts, O Tancred! have thy bosom mov'd?
Do'st thou not see and know that face belov'd?
Lo! there the face that caus'd thy amorous pains;
Ask thy fond heart, for there her form remains:
Behold the features of the lovely dame,
Who for refreshment to the fountain came!
  The knight, who mark'd not first her crest and shield,
Astonish'd now her well known face beheld.
She, o'er her head disarm'd, the buckler threw,
And on her senseless foe with fury flew:
The foe retir'd; on other parts he turn'd
His vengeful steel: yet still her anger burn'd;
And with a threatening voice aloud she cry'd;
And with a two fold death the chief defy'd.
Th' enamour'd warrior ne'er returns a blow,
Nor heeds the weapon of his lovely foe;
But views with eager gaze, her charming eyes,
From whence the shaft of love unerring flies:
Then to himself—In vain the stroke descends;
In vain her angry sword the wound intends;
While from her face unarm'd she sends the dart,
That rives, with surer aim, my bleeding heart!
  At length resolv'd, though hopeless of relief,
No more in silence to suppress his grief;
And that the dame might know her rage pursu'd
A suppliant captive by her charms subdu'd;

O thou! (he cry'd) whose hostile fury glows
On me alone amid this host of foes,
Together let us from the field remove,
And, hand to hand, our mutual valour prove.
The maid his challenge heard, and void of fear,
With head unarm'd rush'd furious to the war:
Her trembling lover's steps in haste pursu'd,
And now, prepar'd, in act of combat stood,
Already aim'd a stroke; when loud he cry'd;
First make conditions ere the strife be try'd.
Awhile her lifted arm the virgin staid,
And thus the youth, by love embolden'd, said:
Ah! since on terms of peace thou wilt not join,
Transfix this heart, this heart no longer mine:
For thee with pleasure I resign my breath;
Receive my life, and triumph in my death.
See unresisting in thy sight I stand;
Then say what cause detains thy lingering hand?
Or shall I from my breast the corslet tear,
And to the stroke my naked bosom bare?
Thus wretched Tancred spoke, and more had said
T' unfold his sorrows to the wondering maid;
But sudden now his troops appear'd at hand,
Who closely press'd the Pagan's yielding band:
Or fear or art impell'd the Syrian race;
One seem'd to fly, while t' other held the chace.
When lo! a soldier, who his foes pursu'd,
And, part expos'd, the fair Clorinda view'd,
Aim'd, as he pass'd behind th' unwary maid,
A sudden stroke at her defenceless head.

Tancred, who sees, exclaims with eager cries,
And with his sword to meet the weapon flies.
Yet not in vain was urg'd the hostile steel,
On her fair neck, beneath her head, it fell:
Slight was the wound; the crimson drops appear,
And tinge the ringlets of her golden hair.
So shines the gold, which skilful artists frame,
And, mix'd with rubies, darts a ruddy flame.
Fir'd at the deed, the prince in anger burn'd,
And, with his falchion, on th' offender turn'd.
This flies, and that pursues with vengeful mind,
Swift as an arrow on the wings of wind!
The musing virgin view'd their course from far,
Then join'd her flying partners of the war.
By turns she flies; by turns she makes a stand;
And boldly oft attacks the Christian band.
So fares a bull, with mighty strength indu'd,
In some wide field by troops of dogs pursu'd;
Oft as he shows his horns, the fearful train
Stop short, but follow when he flies again.
And still Clorinda as she fled the field,
Her head defended with her lifted shield
Now these the battle fly, and those pursue,
Till near the lofty walls appear in view;
When, with a dreadful shout that fills the air,
The Pagans turning swift, renew the war:
Around the plain in circuit wide they bend,
And flank the Christians, and their rear offend.
Then bold Argantes, from the city's height,
Pours, with his squadron, on the front of fight.

Impatient of delay, before his crew,
With furious haste, the fierce Circassian flew.
The first he met his thundering javelin found,
And horse and horseman tumbled to the ground:
And ere the trusty spear in shivers broke,
What numbers more an equal fate partook!
His falchion next he drew, and every blow,
Or slays, or wounds, or overturns the foe!
Clorinda saw, and kindled at the view,
And old Ardelius, fierce in battle, slew:
Robust in age! two sons their father guard;
But nought can now the deadly weapon ward.
Alcander, eldest born, her fury found,
His sire deserting with a ghastly wound;
And Poliphernes, next his place in fight,
Scarce sav'd his life from brave Clorinda's might.
But Tancred, weary'd with the fruitless chace
Of him whose courser fled with swifter pace,
Now turn'd his eyes, and saw his troops from far
Engag'd too boldly in unequal war:
He view'd them by surrounding Pagans press'd,
And spurr'd his courser to their aid in haste.
Nor he alone, but to their rescue came
The band the first in dangers as in fame;
The band by Dudon led, the hero's boast,
The strength and bulwark of the Christian host.
Rinaldo, bravest of the brave confess'd,
Like flashing lightning shone before the rest!
Erminia soon the gallant prince beheld,
Known by the eagle in an azure field.

Then to the king who thither turn'd his eyes:
Behold a chief, unmatch'd in arms! (she cries)
No sword like his in yonder camp is seen,
Yet scare appears the down to shade his chin.
Six champions more, his equals in the field,
Had made already conquer'd Syria yield:
The furthest regions had confess'd their sway,
The distant realms beneath the rising day!
And ev'n the Nile, perhaps, his head unknown
Had vainly then conceal'd, the yoke to shun!
Such is the youth! his name Rinaldo call—
Whose hand with terror shakes the threaten'd wall!
Now turn your eyes, and yonder chief behold,
Array'd in verdant arms and shining gold:
Dudon his name, (the gallant bands he leads,
Adventurers call'd, and first in martial deeds)
Of noble lineage, with experience crown'd,
In age superior, as in worth renown'd.
See where yon leader clad in sable stands,
(Whose brother holds the rule of Norway's lands)
Gernando fierce, of no unwarlike name,
But with his pride he sullies all his fame.
The friendly couple, who, in vesture white,
So close together share the task of fight,
Are Edward and Gildippe, (blameless pair!)
In love unequall'd, and renown'd in war!
While thus she spoke; upon the plain below,
They saw more deep the dreadful carnage grow:
There Tancred and Rinaldo's furious hands
Pierc'd the thick ranks, and broke th' opposing bands.

Next, with his squadron, Dudon rush'd along,
And pour'd impetuous on the hostile throng.
Ev'n fierce Argantes, tumbled to the ground
By brave Rinaldo, scarce his safety found:
Nor had the haughty chief escap'd so well,
But lo! Rinaldo's horse that instant fell,
And chancing on his master's foot to light,
Detain'd awhile the champion from the fight.
The routed Pagans, now oppress'd with dread,
Forsook their ranks, and to the city fled.
Alone Clorinda and Argantes bear
The raging storm that thunders on the rear.
Intrepid these maintain their dangerous post,
And break the fury of the conquering host:
Their daring hands the foremost battle meet,
Bid slaughter pause, and cover the retreat.
Impetuous Dudon chac'd the flying crew,
And fierce Tigranes, with a shock, o'erthrew;
Then through his neck the sword a passage found,
And left the carcase headless on the ground.
In vain his cuirass steel'd Algazor wore;
Corbano's temper'd casque avail'd no more!
This through the nape and face the weapon press'd;
That, through the back, and issu'd at his breast.
Then Amurath and Mahomet he slew;
Their souls reluctant from their bodies flew.
The stern Almanzor next his valour prov'd;
And scarce secure the great Circassian mov'd.
Argantes rav'd, his breast with fury burn'd,
And oft, retreating, on the foe he turn'd;

Till with a sudden stroke the chief he found,
And in his flank impress'd a mortal wound.
Prone falls the leader, stretch'd on earth he lies,
An iron sleep invades his swimming eyes:
And thrice he strives to view the light in vain,
And on his arm his sinking bulk sustain;
Thrice backward falls, and sickens at the sight,
And shuts at length his eyes in endless night:
A chilly sweat o'er all his body streams;
A mortal coldness numbs his stiffening limbs.
The fierce Argantes stay'd not o'er the dead,
But, turning to the Franks, aloud he said:
  Warriors, attend! survey this bloody sword,
But yester's sun the present of your lord!
Mark how this hand has try'd its use to-day:
Haste! to his ears the glad report convey:
What secret pleasure must your leader feel,
To find his glorious gift approv'd so well!
Bid him, to nobler purpose soon address'd,
Expect this weapon bury'd in his breast;
And should he long delay our force to meet,
This hand shall tear him from his dark retreat.
  Boastful he spoke; enrag'd the Christians hear,
And furious round him drive the thickening war;
But he already, with the flying crew,
Safe in the shelter of the town withdrew.
  Now from the wall the close defenders pour
Their stones, like storms of hail, a missile show'r:
Unnumber'd quivers shafts for bows supply;
And clouds of arrows from the ramparts fly!

Awhile they force th' advancing Franks to stand,
Till in the gates retreat the Pagan band;
When lo! Rinaldo came, (who now had freed
His foot encumber'd by his fallen steed)
Eager he rush'd, on proud Argantes' head
To take revenge for hapless Dudon dead:
Through all the ranks, inspiring rage, he flies:
Why stand we lingering here? (the warrior cries)
Lost is the chief who rul'd our band of late,
Why haste we not t' avenge the leader's fate?
When such a cause our vengeful force demands,
Shall these weak ramparts stop our conquering hands?
Did walls of triple steel the town enclose,
Or adamantine bulwarks guard the foes,
Yet vainly there should hope to lurk secure
The fierce Argantes from your watchful power.—
Haste! let us storm the gates.—He said, and flew
With foremost speed before the warring crew:
Dauntless he goes, nor falling stones he fears,
Nor storms of arrows, hissing round his ears:
So fierce he nods his crest, so towers on high,
Such lightning flashes from his angry eye;
The Pagans on the walls, with doubts oppress'd,
Feel sudden terrors rise in every breast.
While thus Rinaldo to the battle moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves;
Behold, dispatch'd by Godfrey's high commands,
The good Sigero stopp'd th' advancing bands:
He, in the leader's name, repress'd their heat,
And bade the Christians from the field retreat.

Return, ye warriors! (thus aloud he cry'd)
Till fitter season lay your arms aside:
This Godfrey wills, and be his will obey'd.—
He said: Rinaldo then his ardor staid,
And stern obedience to the summons paid.
He turn'd; but his disdainful looks reveal'd
The fury in his breast but ill conceal'd.

Now from the walls th' unwilling squadrons go,
Retiring, unmolested by the foe;
Yet leave not Dudon's corse, in battle slain,
Depriv'd of rites, neglected on the plain:
Supported in their arms with pious care,
His faithful friends their honour'd burthen bear.
Meantime aloft their leader Godfrey stood,
And from a rising ground the city view'd.

On two unequal hills the city stands,
A vale between divides the higher lands.
Three sides without impervious to the foes:
The northern side an easy passage shows,
With smooth ascent; but well they guard the part
With lofty walls, and labour'd works of art.
The city lakes and living springs contains,
And cisterns to receive the falling rains:
But bare of herbage is the country round;
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head:
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread;
Save where two leagues remote a wood appears,
Embrown'd with noxious shade, the growth of years!

Where morning gilds the city's eastern side,
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide.
Extended lie, against the setting day,
The sandy borders of the midland sea:
Samaria to the north, and Bethel's wood,
Where to the golden calf the altar stood:
And on the rainy south, the hallow'd earth
Of Bethl'em, where the Lord receiv'd his birth.
While Godfrey thus, above the subject field,
The lofty walls and Sion's strength beheld;
And ponder'd where t' encamp his martial pow'rs,
And where he best might storm the hostile tow'rs;
ull on the chief Erminia cast a look,
Then show'd him to the king, and thus she spoke:
There Godfrey stands, in purple vesture seen,
Of regal presence, and exalted mein.
He seems by nature born to kingly sway,
Vers'd in each art to make mankind obey:
Well skill'd alike in every task of fight;
In whom the soldier and the chief unite:
Nor can the troops of yonder numerous host,
A wiser head or steadier courage boast.
Raymond alone with him the praise can share
Of wisdom in the cool debates of war;
Tancred alone, and great Rinaldo claim
An equal glory in the field of fame.
All tongues (reply'd the king) his worth report;
I saw and knew him at the Gallic court,
When Egypt sent me envoy into France:
Oft in the lists I saw him wield the lance;

A stripling then, for scarce the down began
To clothe his cheeks, the promise of a man!
Yet did his words and early deeds presage,
Too sure, alas! his fame in riper age!
  Sighing he spoke, and hung his pensive head,
Then rais'd his eyes again, and thus he said.
  Say, what is he who stands by Godfrey's side,
His upper garments with vermilion dy'd?
How near his air, his looks how much the same;
Though short his stature, less erect his frame!
'Tis Baldwin, brother to the prince (she cry'd)
In feature like, but more by deeds ally'd.
Now turn thy eyes where, with a reverend mien,
In act to council yonder chief is seen:
Raymond is he, in every conduct sage,
Mature in wisdom of experienc'd age:
None better warlike stratagems can frame,
Of all the Gallic or the Latian name.
Beyond, the British monarch's son behold,
The noble William with the casque of gold.
Next Guelpho, whom his birth and actions raise,
Among the foremost names to equal praise:
Full well I know the chief, to sight confess'd,
By his broad shoulders and his ample chest.
But still, amidst yon numerous troops below,
My eyes explore in vain their deadliest foe;
Bœmond, whose fury all my race pursued,
The stern destroyer of my royal blood!
  Thus commune they; while from the hill descends
The Christian chief, and joins his warlike friends.

The city view'd, he deems th' attempt were vain,
O'er craggy rocks the steepy pass to gain.
Then on the ground, that rose with smooth ascent,
Against the northern gate he pitch'd his tent;
And thence proceeding to the corner tow'r,
Encamp'd in length the remnant of his pow'r;
But could not half the city's wall inclose,
So wide around the spacious bulwarks rose.
  But Godfrey well secures each several way
That might assistance to the town convey;
To seize on every pass his care he bends,
And round with trenches deep the camp defends.
  These works perform'd, his steps the hero turn'd,
Where lay the breathless corse of Dudon mourn'd:
Arriv'd, the lifeless leader prone he found,
With many weeping friends encompass'd round.
High on a stately bier the dead was plac'd,
With funeral pomp and friendly honours grac'd.
When Godfrey enter'd, soon the mournful crowd
Indulg'd their secret woes, and wept aloud;
While, with a face compos'd, the pious chief
Beheld in silence, and suppress'd his grief;
Till, having view'd awhile the warrior dead,
With thoughtful looks intent, at length he said:
  Nor plaints nor sorrow to thy death we owe,
Though call'd so sudden from our world below:
In heav'n thou liv'st again; thy mortal name
Has left behind thee glorious tracks of fame.
Well hast thou kept on earth the Christian laws;
Well hast thou died a warrior in their cause!

Now, happy shade! enjoy thy Maker's sight,
Unfading laurels now thy toils requite!
Hail and be bless'd! we mourn not here thy fate,
But weep the chance of our deserted state.
With thee, so bravely parting from our host,
How strong a sinew of the camp is lost!
But tho' the fate, which snatch'd thee from our eyes,
Thy earthly succour to our cause denies;
Thy soul can yet celestial aids obtain,
Elected one of Heav'n's immortal train.
Oft have we seen thee in th' embattled field,
A mortal then, thy mortal weapons wield;
So hope we still to see thee wield in fight
The fatal arms of Heav'n's resistless might.
O! hear our prayers; our pious vows receive;
With pity all our earthly toils relieve:
Procure us conquest, and our host shall pay
Their thanks to thee on that triumphant day.
Thus spoke the chief: and now the sable night
Had banish'd ev'ry beam of cheerful light;
And, with oblivion sweet of irksome cares,
Impos'd a truce on mortal plaints and tears.
But sleepless Godfrey lay, who saw 'twere vain
T' attempt, without machines, the walls to gain:
What forest might the ample planks provide,
And how to frame the piles, his thoughts employ'd.
Up with the sun he rose, and left his bed
T' attend the funeral rites of Dudon dead.
Near to the camp beneath a hillock, stood
The stately tomb, compos'd of cypress-wood;

Above, a palm-tree spread its verdant shade:
To this the mourning troop the corse convey'd.
With these the holy priests (a reverend train!)
A requiem chanted to the warrior slain.
High on the boughs were hung, display'd to sight,
The various arms and ensigns won in fight;
In happier times the trophies of his hands,
Gain'd from the Syrian and the Persian bands.
The mighty trunk his shining cuirass bore,
And all those arms which once the hero wore.
Then on the sculptur'd tomb these words appear:
" Here Dudon lies—the glorious chief revere!"
Soon as the prince these pious rites had paid,
(The last sad office to the worthy dead)
He sent his workmen to the woods, prepar'd,
And well supported with a numerous guard.
Conceal'd in lowly vales the forest stands,
A Syrian shew'd it to the Christian bands.
To this they march to hew the timbers down,
To shake the ramparts of the hallow'd town.
To fell the trees each other they provoke:
Th' insulted forest groans at ev'ry stroke.
Cut by the biting axe, on earth are laid
The pliant ash, the beech's spreading shade.
The sacred palm, the fun'ral cypress fall;
The broad-leav'd sycamore, the plantane tall.
The married elm his nodding head declines,
Around whose trunk the vine her tendril twines.
Some fell'd the pine; the oak while others hew'd,
Whose leaves a thousand changing springs renew'd;

Whose stately bulk a thousand winters stood,
And scorn'd the winds that rend the lofty wood.
Some on the creaking wheels with labour stow'd
The unctuous fir, and cedar's fragrant load.
Scar'd at the sounding axe, and cries of men,
Birds quit the nest, and beasts forsake the den!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

PLUTO calls a council of the infernal powers. His speech to urge them to employ their machinations against the Christians. Hidraotes, king of Damascus, incited by a demon, sends his niece Armida to the Christian camp. She is introduced to Godfrey; and endeavours, by a feigned story of her misfortunes, to raise his compassion. Many of the chiefs, touched with her pretended sorrows, and inflamed with her beauty, are very pressing with Godfrey to permit them to engage in her cause. He at length yields to their request. Armida, during her residence in the camp, captivates, by her arts, almost all the principal commanders.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

While these intent their vast machines prepare
T' assail the city with decisive war;
The foe of man, whose malice ever burns,
His livid eyes upon the Christians turns:
He sees what mighty works their care engage,
And grinds his teeth, and foams with inward rage;
And, like a wounded bull with pain oppress'd,
Deep groans re-bellow from his hideous breast.
Then bending ev'ry thought his schemes to frame,
For swift destruction on their hated name;
He summon'd in his court, to deep debate,
A horrid council of th' infernal state:
Insensate wretch! as if th' attempt were light
T' oppose Jehovah's will, and dare his might:
Ah! too forgetful how the vengeful hand
Of Heav'n's Eternal hurls the forked brand!

The trumpet now, with hoarse resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death:
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around!
Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;
Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth!
The Gods of hell the awful signal heard,
And, thronging round the lofty gates, appear'd
In various shapes, tremendous to the view!
What terror from their threat'ning eyes they threw!
Some, cloven feet with human faces wear,
And curling snakes compose their dreadful hair;
And from behind is seen, in circles cast,
A serpent's tail voluminous and vast!
A thousand Harpies foul and Centaurs here,
And Gorgons pale, and Sphinxes dire, appear;
Unnumber'd Scyllas barking rend the air;
Unnumber'd Pythons hiss, and Hydras glare!
Chimeras here are found ejecting flame,
Huge Polypheme, and Geryon's triple frame;
And many more of mingled kind were seen,
All monstrous forms unknown to mortal men!
In order seated now, th' infernal band
Inclos'd their grisly king on either hand.
Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate;
His arms sustain'd the massy sceptre's weight.
Nor rock nor mountain lifts its head so high;
Ev'n tow'ring Atlas, that supports the sky,

A hillock, if compar'd with him appears,
When his large front and ample horns he rears!
A horrid majesty his looks express'd,
Which scatter'd terror, and his pride increas'd;
His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,
And, like a comet, cast a dismal glare;
A length of beard descending o'er his breast,
In rugged curls conceals his hairy chest;
And, like a whirlpool in the roaring flood,
Wide gapes his mouth obscene with clotted blood.
As smoky fires from burning Ætna rise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies;
So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came,
With pestilential breath and ruddy flame:
And, while he spoke, fierce Cerberus forbore
His triple bark, and Hydra ceas'd to roar;
Cocytus stay'd his course; th' abysses shook;
When from his lips these thund'ring accents broke:
Tartarean pow'rs! more worthy of a place
Above the sun, whence sprung your glorious race!
Who lost with me, in one disastrous fight,
Yon blissful seats, and realms of endless light!
Too well our former injuries are known,
Our bold attempt against th' Almighty's throne:
See now he rules at will the crystal sphere,
And we the name of rebel angels bear;
And (sad reverse!) exil'd from cloudless days,
The golden sun above, and starry rays,
He shuts us here in dreary glooms immur'd,
Our purpose thwarted, and our fame obscur'd;

And now elects (a thought that stings me more
Than all the pains I e'er endur'd before)
To fill our station, man of abject birth,
A creature fashion'd of the dust of earth!
Nor this suffic'd; his only Son he gave
(T' oppress us more) a victim to the grave;
Who came, and burst th' infernal gates in twain,
And boldly enter'd Pluto's fated reign;
And thence releas'd the souls, by lot our due,
And with his spoils to Heav'n victorious flew:
Triumphant there, our dire disgrace to tell,
He spreads the banners wide of conquer'd Hell!
But wherefore should I thus renew our woe?
And who are those but must our sufferings know?
Was there a time that e'er our foe we saw
The purpose, which his wrath pursued, withdraw?
Then cast each thought of former wrongs behind,
And let the present outrage fill the mind:
See now what arts he practises to gain
The nations round to worship in his fane!
And shall we lie neglectful of our name,
Nor just revenge our kindling breasts inflame?
And tamely thus behold, in Asia's lands,
New vigour added to his faithful bands?
Beneath his yoke shall Sion's city bend,
And further still his envied fame extend?
Shall other tongues be taught to sound his praise?
For him shall others tune their grateful lays?
Shall other monuments his laws proclaim?
New sculptur'd brass and marble bear his name?

Our broken idols cast to earth, and scorn'd?
Our altars to his hated worship turn'd?
To him shall gifts of myrrh and gold be made?
To him alone be vows and incense paid?
Where ev'ry temple once ador'd our pow'r,
Their gates be open to our arts no more?
Such numerous souls no longer tribute pay,
And Pluto here an empty kingdom sway?
Ah! no—our former courage still we boast;
That dauntless spirit which inspir'd our host,
When, girt with flames and steel, in dire alarms
We durst oppose the King of Heav'n in arms!
'Tis true we lost the day (so fate ordain'd)
But still the glory of th' attempt remain'd:
To him was giv'n the conquest of the field;
To us, superior minds that scorn'd to yield—
But wherefore thus your well-known zeal detain?
Go, faithful peers and partners of my reign,
My pride and strength! our hated foes oppress,
And crush their empire ere its pow'r increase:
Haste (ere destruction end Judæa's name)
And quench the fury of this growing flame;
Mix in their councils, fraud and force employ,
With ev'ry art industrious to destroy:
Let what I will be fate; let some be slain,
Some wander exiles from their social train;
Some, sunk the slaves of Love's lascivious pow'r,
An amorous eye or dimpled smile adore.
Against its master turn th' insensate steel,
And teach discordant legions to rebel.

Perish the camp, in final ruin lost,
And perish all remembrance of the host!
Scarce had the tyrant ceas'd, when sudden rose
The raging band of GOD's rebellious foes;
And, eager to review the cheerful light,
They rush'd impatient from the shades of night.
As sounding tempests with impetuous force
Burst from their native caves, with furious course,
To blot the lustre of the gladsome day,
And pour their vengeance on the land and sea:
So these from realm to realm their pinions spread,
And o'er the world their baneful venom shed;
And all their hellish arts and frauds applied,
In various shapes and forms before untried.
Say, Muse! from whence, and how the fiends began
To vent their fury on the Christian train;
For well to thee each secret work is known,
Which Fame to us transmits but faintly down.
O'er wide Damascus and the neighb'ring land,
A fam'd magician, Hidraotes, reign'd;
Who, from his youth, his early studies bent
T' explore the seeds of ev'ry dark event:
But, fruitless still! not all his arts declare
The secret issue of the dubious war:
Nor fix'd nor wandering stars by aspects tell,
Nor truth he finds from oracles of hell.
And yet (O knowledge of presuming man,
Of thought fallacious and of judgment vain!)
He deem'd that Heav'n would sure destruction show'r
To crush the Christians' still unconquer'd pow'r;

His fancy view'd at length their army lost,
And palms and laurels for th' Egyptian host:
Hence sprung a wish his subject bands might share,
With these, the spoils and glory of the war:
But, since the valour of the Franks was known,
He fear'd the conquest would be dearly won.
Now various schemes his wily thoughts employ'd
To sow dissention, and their force divide:
So might his troops, with Egypt's numbers join'd,
An easier field against the Christians find.
While thus he thought, th' apostate angel came,
And added fuel to his impious flame;
And sudden with infernal counsels fir'd
His restless bosom, and his soul inspir'd.
  A damsel for his niece the monarch own'd,
Whose matchless charms were through the East re-
    nown'd;
To her was every art of magic known,
And all the wiles of womankind her own.
To her the king th' important task assign'd;
And thus reveal'd the purpose of his mind.
  O! thou, my best belov'd! whose youthful charms,
(Sweet smiles and graces, Love's resistless arms!)
A manly mind and thoughts mature conceal;
Whose arts in magic even my own excel;
Great schemes I frame, nor shall those schemes be vain,
Assist but thou the labours of my brain.
Then heed my counsel, in the task engage,
And execute the plan of cautious age,

Go, seek the hostile camp: and there improve
Each female artifice that kindles love:
With speaking sorrows bathe thy powerful eyes;
And mix thy tender plaints with broken sighs:
For beauty, by misfortune's hand oppress'd,
Can fashion to her will the hardest breast.
With bashful mien relate the plausive tale;
With shew of truth the secret falsehood veil.
Use every art of words and winning smiles
T' allure the leader Godfrey to thy toils:
That thus, a slave to love and beauty won,
His soul may loath his enterprize begun.
But if the Fates this snare shall render vain,
Inflame the boldest of the warrior train;
And lead them distant from the camp afar,
Ne'er to return and mingle in the war.
All ways are just to guard religion's laws,
All means are lawful in our country's cause!
The great attempt Armida's bosom warms,
(Proud of her bloom and more than mortal charms):
She thence, at evening's close, departs alone
Through solitary paths and ways unknown;
And trusts in female vests, and beauty bright,
To conquer armies unsubdu'd in fight.
But various rumours of her flight, diffus'd
With purpos'd art, the vulgar crowd amus'd.
Few days were past, when near the damsel drew
To where the Christian tents appear'd in view.
Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,
Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.

So mortals, through the midnight fields of air,
Observe the blaze of some unusual star.
Sudden they throng to view th' approaching dame,
Eager to learn her message and her name.
Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast
Could e'er a form or mien so lovely boast.
Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight,
Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light;
And now, unveil'd, in open view they flow'd;
So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,
So from the cloud again redeems his ray,
And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.
In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,
That catch new graces from the sportive air:
Declin'd on earth, her modest look denies
To show the starry lustre of her eyes:
O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red:
Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose;
The native odours of the budding rose!
Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms,
Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms:
Her smooth and swelling breasts are part reveal'd,
And part beneath her envious vest conceal'd;
Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,
No robes oppos'd can amorous thoughts restrain:
The gazer, fir'd with charms already shown,
Explores the wonders of the charms unknown.
As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,
The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light:

So through her vest can daring fancy glide,
And view what modesty attempts to hide;
Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,
And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires!
  Thus pass'd Armida through th' admiring crowd,
(With secret joy her heart exulting glow'd)
She read their thoughts, and various wiles design'd,
And schemes of future conquest fill'd her mind.
While in suspense her cautious eyes explor'd
Some guide to lead her to the Christian lord,
Before her sight the young Eustatius stands,
Great Godfrey's brother, who the host commands:
Her beauty's blaze the warrior's breast alarms,
He stays, and, wondering, gazes on her charms:
At once the flames of love his soul inspire;
As o'er the stubble runs the blazing fire.
Then bold through youth, by amorous passion press'd,
He thus, with courtly words, the dame address'd:
  Say, damsel! (if thou bear'st a mortal name,
For sure thou seem'st not of terrestrial frame!
Since Heaven ne'er gave to one of Adam's race
So large a portion of celestial grace!)
What fortune bids thee to our camp repair?
What fortune sends to us a form so fair?
What art thou? If of heavenly lineage say,
So let me, prostrate, rightful homage pay.
  Too far thy praise extends, (she made reply)
My merits ne'er attain'd a flight so high:
Thy eyes, O chief! a mortal wretch survey,
To pleasure dead, to grief a living prey!

Unhappy fate my footsteps hither led,
A fugitive forlorn, a wandering maid!
Godfrey I seek, on him my hopes depend,
Oppression's scourge, and injur'd virtue's friend!
Then, generous as thou seem'st, indulge my grief,
And grant me audience of thy godlike chief.
  Then he: A brother sure may gain his ear,
May lead thee to him, and thy suit prefer:
Thou hast not chosen ill, O lovely dame!
Some interest in the leader's breast I claim:
Use as thou wilt (nor deem in vain my word)
His powerful sceptre and his brother's sword.
  He ceas'd, and brought her where, retir'd in state,
Encircled by his chiefs, the Hero sate.
With awful reverence at his sight she bow'd,
Then seem'd abash'd with shame, and silent stood.
With gentle words the leader strove to chear
Her drooping spirits, and dispel her fear:
Till thus she fram'd her tale with fraudful art,
In accents sweet, that won the yielding heart.
  Unconquer'd prince! whose far-resounding name
With every virtue fills the mouth of fame!
Whom kings themselves, subdu'd, with pride obey,
While vanquish'd nations glory in thy sway!
Known is thy valour, and thy worth approv'd,
By all esteem'd, and by thy foes belov'd!
Ev'n those confide in him they fear'd before,
And, when distress'd, thy saving hand implore.
I, who a different faith from thine profess;
A faith obnoxious, which thy arms oppress;

Yet hope, by thee, t' ascend my rightful throne,
Where once my sires, in regal lustre, shone.
If, from their kindred, others aid demand,
T' oppose the fury of a foreign band;
I, since my friends no ties of pity feel,
Against my blood invoke the hostile steel.
On thee I call; in thee my hopes I place:
'Tis thine alone my abject state to raise.
No less a glory shall thy labours crown,
T' exalt the low, than pull the mighty down:
An equal praise the name of mercy yields
With routed squadrons in triumphant fields.
Oft hast thou snatch'd from kings the sovereign power:
Win now a like renown, and mine restore.
O! may thy pitying grace my cause sustain,
Nor let me on thy help rely in vain!
Witness that Power, to all an equal God!
Thy aid was ne'er in juster cause bestow'd.
But hear me first my hapless fortune show,
And speak the treachery of a kindred foe.
  In me the child of Arbilan survey,
Who o'er Damascus once maintain'd the sway:
He, sprung of humbler race, in marriage gain'd
Fair Chariclea, and the crown obtain'd:
But she, who rais'd him to the sovereign state,
Ere I was born, receiv'd the stroke of fate.
One fatal day my mother snatch'd from earth;
The same, alas! beheld my hapless birth!
Five annual suns had scarce their influence shed,
Since from the world my dearest parent fled,

When, yielding to the fate of all mankind,
My sire in Heaven his faithful consort join'd.
The monarch, to a brother's guardian care,
Consign'd his sceptre and his infant heir:
In whom he deem'd he justly might confide,
If ever virtue did in man reside.
The kingdom's rule he seiz'd, but still he show'd
A zeal for me, and for my country's good;
While all his actions seem'd th' effects to prove
Of faith untainted and paternal love.
But thus, perchance, with shows of anxious zeal,
He sought his traiterous purpose to conceal:
Or else, sincere, t' effect his deep design,
My hand in marriage with his son to join.
I grew in years, and with me grew his son;
In whom no knightly virtues ever shone:
Rude was his aspect, ruder was his soul,
Rapacious, proud, impatient of control;
Such was the man my guardian had decreed
To share my kingdom and my nuptial bed.
In vain to win me to his will he try'd;
I heard in silence, or his suit deny'd.
One day he left me, when his looks confess'd
Some fatal treason lurking in his breast;
Alas! methought I then could clearly trace
My future fortune in the tyrant's face:
From thence what visions did my soul affright,
Distract my sleep, and skim before my sight!
O'er all my spirits hung a mournful gloom,
A sure presage of every woe to come!

Oft to my view appear'd my mother's ghost,
A bloodless form, in tears and sorrows lost!
Ah me! far distant from her former look!
Fly, fly, my daughter! (thus the phantom spoke)
For thee the murderous steel the tyrant bears:
For thee his rage th' envenom'd bowl prepares!
But what avail'd these bodings of my mind?
Why was I warn'd to shun the ills design'd?
Could I, an helpless maid, resolve to roam,
A willing exile from my native home?
A milder choice it seem'd to close my sight
In that dear place where first I saw the light.
Yet death I fear'd, and fear'd from death to fly;
Nor knew on whom for counsel to rely.
To none I durst my secret thoughts relate,
But liv'd in dread suspense, uncertain of my fate!
Like one, who, every moment, thinks to feel
On his defenceless head th' impending steel.
But (whether fortune now was kinder grown,
Or Heaven reserv'd me yet for woes unknown)
A faithful courtier, who, with anxious cares,
Had bred my father from his infant years,
Touch'd with compassion for my death decreed,
Reveal'd the tyrant's meditated deed;
And own'd himself th' elected minister
That day the poison to my hand to bear.
He bade me fly, if still I wish'd to live,
And proffer'd every aid his power could give:
With soothing words against my fears he wrought;
And soon confirm'd my undetermin'd thought:

With him I then resolv'd, at parting light,
To fly, and trust my safety to my flight.
'Twas now the hour that silence reign'd around,
And welcome darkness hover'd o'er the ground;
When, unperceiv'd, I pass'd the palace gate;
(Two faithful maids companions of my fate)
Yet, with a tearful eye, and heavy mind,
I left my dear paternal ſeat behind;
While, as my tardy feet their course pursu'd,
With longing looks, my lov'd, lost home I view'd.
So seems a ship by sudden tempests tost,
And torn, unwilling, from its friendly coast.
All night, and all th' ensuing day, we pass'd
Through pathless deserts, and a dreary waste:
Till, seated on the borders of the land,
A castle's safe retreat at length we gain'd.
Here dwelt Arontes, who, with pious truth,
Preserv'd my life, the guardian of my youth.
But when the traitor saw his treason vain,
And found me thus escap'd his deathful train,
He, with inveterate rage and fraudful mind,
Accus'd us of a crime himself design'd.
My bribes (he said) had false Arontes wrought
To mingle deadly poison in his draught;
That, when he could no more my will restrain,
To loose desires my soul might give the rein.
Ah! first let lightning on my head descend,
Ere, sacred virtue! I thy laws offend!
With grief the tyrant on my throne I view'd,
And saw him thirsting still to shed my blood;

But, more than all, I mourn'd my virgin name
Traduc'd, dishonour'd, made the sport of fame!
The wretch, who fear'd the vulgar herd enrag'd,
With plausive tales the public ear engag'd;
That, dubious of the truth, in deep suspense,
The city rose not in their queen's defence.
Thus, while he feigns a zeal t' efface the shame
My crimes have brought upon the regal name,
He seeks my ruin, which he knows alone
Can fix the basis of his tottering throne.
And, ah, the wretch too sure success will find
In the dire purpose of his ruthless mind!
Since tears are vain, my blood must quench his rage,
Unless thy mercy in my cause engage.
To thee, O mighty chief! I fly for aid,
An ill starr'd orphan, and an helpless maid!
O! let these tears, that have thy feet bedew'd,
Prevent th' effusion of my guiltless blood!
O! by those feet that tread the proud in dust!
By that right-hand that ever helps the just!
By all the laurels that thy arms have won!
By every temple in yon hallow'd town!
In pity grant what thou alone canst give;
Restore my crown, in safety bid me live!—
But what from pity can I hope to prove,
If piety and justice fail to move!
Thou, to whom Heaven and fate decree to will
Whate'er is just, and what thou will'st, fulfil;
O! stretch thy hand, my threaten'd life retrieve,
And, in return, my kingdom's crown receive.

Among the numbers that thy arms attend,
Let ten selected chiefs my cause befriend;
These, with my people and paternal train,
May well suffice my ancient seat to gain:
For he, to whom is given the portals' care,
Will, at my word, by night the gates unbar;
By his advice t' implore thy aid I came:
Thy least of succours will his hopes inflame;
So much his soul reveres thy arms and name.
She said; and ceasing, waited his reply
With silent eloquence and downcast eye.
But various thoughts revolv'd in Godfrey's mind,
Now here, now there, his dubious heart inclin'd:
He fear'd the hostile guiles; for well he knew
How little trust to Pagan faith was due:
But tender pity still his soul confess'd,
Pity, that sleeps not in a noble breast:
Nor this alone within his bosom wrought;
The common good employ'd his careful thought:
He saw th' advantage that his arms might gain,
Should fair Armida o'er Damascus reign:
Who thence, her state dependent on his hands,
Might furnish every aid the time demands,
Against th' Egyptians and auxiliar bands.
While thus he paus'd, the dame attentive stood,
Dwelt on his face, and every gesture view'd;
But when she found his speech so long delay'd,
Her frequent sighs her doubts and fears betray'd.
At length the leader her request denies;
Yet thus with mild and gracious words replies:

If God, whose holy service arms our band,
Did not, ev'n now, our pious swords demand:
Well might thy hopes expect the wish'd success,
Nor find our pity only, but redress.
But, while yon city walls and chosen flock
We seek to free from proud oppression's yoke;
It ill befits to turn aside our force,
And stop our conquests in the middle course.
Yet here to thee my solemn faith I give,
And in that pledge do thou securely live;
If e'er, indulgent to our arms, 'tis given
To free those holy walls, belov'd of Heaven!
Then will we place thee in thy native lands,
As justice bids, and piety commands:
But piety, like this, must impious show,
If first we pay not what to God we owe.

At this unwelcome speech the damsel turn'd
Her eyes awhile to earth, and silent mourn'd;
Then rais'd them slow, with pearly drops bedew'd,
And thus, with pleading looks, her plaint renew'd.

Ah, wretch! did ever Heav'n on one bestow
A life so fix'd in never-ending woe;
That others even their nature shall forget,
Ere I subdue the rigour of my fate!
Why should I weep, since hopes no more remain,
And prayers assail the human breast in vain?
Or will my savage foe his ears incline
To griefs, that fail to move a mind like thine?
Yet think not that my words thy heart accuse,
Whose firm resolves so small an aid refuse:

Heaven I accuse; from thence my sorrows flow:
Heaven steels thy heart against a virgin's woe!
Not thou, O chief! but Fate this aid denies.—
Then let me view no more the hated skies.—
Suffic'd it not (by unrelenting doom)
To lose my parents in their early bloom!
But, exil'd, must I lead a wandering life,
Or fall a victim to the murderer's knife?
Since the chaste laws, by which our sex is ty'd,
Amidst your camp forbid me to reside,
Where shall I fly? what friendly powers engage?
How save my person from the tyrant's rage?
No forts but open to his fury lie——
Then wherefore hesitates my soul to die?
And, since 'tis vain with fortune to contend,
This hand at once my life and woes shall end.
She ceas'd; and turn'd aside with regal grace:
A generous anger kindling in her face;
Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,
While from her eyes the copious tears descend,
And, trickling, down her lovely visage run,
Like lucid pearls transparent to the sun!
O'er her fair cheeks the crystal moisture flows,
Where lilies mingle with the neighbouring rose.
So, wet with dew, the flowers at dawning day,
To balmy gales their opening sweets display:
Aurora views, and gathers from the mead
A vary'd garland for her radiant head.
Thus sweet in woe appears the weeping dame,
Her falling tears a thousand hearts enflame.

O! wondrous force of Love's mysterious fire,
That lights in tears the flames of soft desire!
Almighty Love the world in triumph leads,
But now, by her inspir'd, himself exceeds!
Her seeming grief bids real sorrows flow,
And melts the heart with sympathetic woe;
While each apart, with indignation, cries:
" If Godfrey still his pitying ear denies,
" His infant years some hungry tigress fed,
" Some horrid rock on Alpine mountains bred;
" Or waves produc'd him 'midst the howling main,
" Who sees such beauty mourn, and mourn in vain!
But young Eustatius, by his zeal inspir'd,
Whom most the torch of love and pity fir'd,
(When others murmur'd, or their words repress'd)
Stood forth, and boldly thus the chief address'd:
O prince and brother! whose unshaken mind
Too firmly holds its purpose first design'd,
If still unpitying thou refuse to hear
The sense of all, their universal prayer,
I ask not that the chiefs whose care presides
O'er subject kingdoms, and their actions guides,
Should from the hallow'd city's walls recede,
Neglectful of their task, by Heaven decreed;
But from our band, that independent came,
Adventurous warriors to the field of fame,
Ten champions yield, selected from the rest,
To cherish virtue, and relieve th' oppress'd:
Nor does the man forsake the cause of Heaven
Whose succour to a helpless maid is given:

For sure I deem a tyrant's death must prove
A grateful tribute to the powers above.
And should I wave th' advantage here in view,
That must undoubted to our cause ensue;
Yet duty would alone my arms excite;
By knighthood sworn to guard a virgin's right.
Forbid it Heaven! that ever France should hear,
Or any land where courteous acts are dear;
That dangers or fatigues our souls dismay'd,
When piety and justice claim'd our aid.
No longer let me then this helmet wear,
No longer wield the sword, or corslet bear;
No more in steed or glittering arms, delight;
No more usurp the honour'd name of knight!
  Thus spoke the youth: his brave companions, mov'd
To open murmurs, all his words approv'd;
With earnest suit around their leaders press'd,
And urg'd the justness of the knight's request.
  Then Godfrey thus: Be what ye ask fulfill'd:
To such united prayers my will I yield:
Her aid requested let the dame receive;
Whom not my counsels, but your own relieve.
Yet, if my words can such desires control,
Subdue these warm emotions of the soul.
  No more he said: nor needed more reply,
All heard his grant, and heard with eager joy,
What cannot beauty, join'd with sorrow, move,
And tender accents from the lips of love?
Each rosy mouth supplies a golden chain
To bind the fancy, and the heart constrain!

Eustatius then the weeping fair address'd:
O lovely maid! be now thy grief suppress'd:
Soon shalt thou find the succour from our hands,
Such as thy merit, or thy fear demands.
At this Armida clears her clouded brow;
With rising joy her blooming features glow;
While, with her veil, she wipes the tears away,
And adds new lustre to the face of day!
Then thus—For what your pitying grace bestows,
Accept the thanks a grateful virgin owes;
The world due honour to your worth shall give,
And in my heart your names shall ever live!
She said; and what it seem'd her tongue deny'd,
Her looks, with softer eloquence supply'd!
While outward smiles conceald', with fraudful art,
The mighty mischief lurking in her heart.
Soon as she saw how far her power had won,
And fortune favouring what her wiles begun,
She seiz'd th' occasion, and her schemes revolv'd,
To finish all her impious thoughts resolv'd,
With female beauty every breast to quell,
And Circe or Medæa's charms excel;
And, like a Syren, with her soothing strain,
To lull the firmest of the warrior train.
Each vary'd art to win the soul she tries:
To this, to that, a different mien applies;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance:
She these repels, and those incites to love,
As various passions various bosoms move.

And when some youth appears, who doubts to name
His hidden thoughts, or struggles with his flame;
Soon on his face a cheerful smile she bends,
And from her eye a melting sweetness sends;
Revives his hopes, inflames his slow desire,
And thaws the frost of fear with amorous fire.
From him, who, urg'd by fiercer passion, roves
Beyond the bound that modesty approves,
The wily fair her gentle look withdraws,
And with rebukes and frowns his rashness awes:
Yet, 'midst the anger rising in her face,
A ray of pity blends the softening grace:
The lover, while he fears, pursues the dame,
And in her pride finds fuel to his flame.

With arts like these a thousand souls she gains,
From every eye the tender tear constrains:
In pity's flame she tempers Cupid's dart,
To pierce the warrior's unresisting heart.

Ah! cruel love! thou bane of every joy,
Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy:
Still equal woes from thee mankind endure,
Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure!

While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,
And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
Exulting in those ills her power could raise.
Oft when some lover trembling wooes the fair,
She seems to lend an unexperienc'd ear;
Or, while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
With coyness feign'd, she downward bends her eyes;

While shame and wrath, with mingled grace, adorn
Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn!
But when she sees a youth prepare to tell
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell;
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies;
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs!
Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
Then slips, delusive, from his hope away;
And leaves him like a hunter in the chace,
When night conceals the beast's uncertain trace!
With arms like these she made a thousand yield,
A thousand chiefs unconquer'd in the field.
What wonder then, if love Achilles mov'd;
His power if Hercules or Theseus prov'd;
When those, who drew the sword in JESUS' cause,
Submissive bent beneath his impious laws?

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

GERNANDO, aspiring to the command of the adventurers, is jealous lest Rinaldo should succeed to that honour. By his calumnies, he draws on himself the indignation of that hero, who kills him in the face of the whole army. Godfrey, incensed at this action of Rinaldo, resolves to bring him to a public trial: the latter disdaining to submit to this, quits the camp, and goes into voluntary exile. Armida presses Godfrey for the promised succours: ten warriors are chosen by lot, with whom she leaves the camp. In the night, many others depart by stealth to accompany her. Godfrey receives ill advices from the fleet.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

WHILE thus her snares the false Armida spread,
And in the guileful toils the warriors led;
Nor hop'd alone the promis'd aid to gain,
But other chiefs, by further arts, obtain;
The careful Godfrey ponder'd in his mind,
To whom the doubtful charge should be consign'd:
The worth and number of th' adventurer-band,
Their various hopes his wavering thoughts detain'd.
At length, by caution urg'd, the chief decreed
Themselves should fix on one their band to lead,
Whose merit well might Dudon's loss supply;
On whom th' election of the ten should lie:
Thus, while to them he left the important choice,
No knight, displeas'd, could blame his partial voice.
 The warriors then he call'd, and thus address'd:
Full well ye know the counsels of my breast:

I would not succours to the dame deny;
But at a fitter time our aid supply.
What once I spoke, I now propose anew;
Still may your better thoughts th' advice pursue:
For here, in this unstable world, we find
We oft must change our purpose first design'd.
Yet if your souls, with generous ardour press'd,
Disdain the judgments of a cooler breast;
I would not here unwilling arms detain,
Nor, what I gave so lately, render vain.
Still let me mildly rule each faithful band,
And sway the sceptre with a gentle hand.
Then go, or stay; no longer I contend;
And on your pleasure let the choice depend.
But first elect, amid your martial train,
A chief who may succeed to Dudon slain:
To name the damsel's champions be his care;
Ten warriors only shall th' adventure share:
In this the sovereign power I still retain;
In this alone his conduct I restrain!
Thus Godfrey spoke: nor long his brother stay'd
But, with his friends' consent, this answer made.
With thee full well, O prudent chief! agrees
The cooler thought that each event foresees:
But strength of hand, and hearts of martial fire,
Are due from us, and what our years require:
And that which bears in others wisdom's name,
In us were baseness and reproachful shame.
Then since so light the risk we may sustain,
When justly weigh'd against th' expected gain;

Th' elected ten shall go (by thee dismiss'd)
And in this righteous cause a helpless maid assist.
He said; and thus with show of public zeal,
His words th' emotions of his heart conceal;
While all profess in honour's name to move,
And with that specious title veil their love.
But young Eustatius, by his passion sway'd,
With jealous eyes Sophia's son survey'd;
His envious mind those virtues could not bear
That shone more brightly in a form so fair.
He fear'd with him Rinaldo should be join'd,
And 'gainst his fears a cautious scheme design'd.
The rival warrior then aside he took,
And plausive thus, with wily words bespoke:
O thou, still greater than thy glorious sire,
Whom, yet a youth in arms, the world admire!
Say, who shall now our valiant squadron lead?
Who next to slaughter'd Dudon can succeed?
I scarcely could the hero's rule obey.
And to his years alone resign'd the sway.
Who now o'er Godfrey's brother shall command?
Thou, thou alone of all our martial band:
Thy glorious race can match the noblest line;
Thy warlike deeds superior far to mine.
Ev'n Godfrey's self would own inferior might,
And yield to thee in arduous fields of fight.
Thee, mighty warrior! thee our chief I claim,
Whose soul disdains t' attend the Syrian dame;
And slights the trivial honour which proceeds
From dark atchievements and insidious deeds.

Here will thy valour find an ampler field;
This camp to thee a nobler prospect yield.
Accept, brave youth! to guide th' adventurer band;
Myself will frame their minds to thy command.
Thou, in return, attend my sole request;
(Since doubtful thoughts as yet divide my breast)
Whate'er I purpose, let my will be free,
T' assist Armida, or remain with thee.
He ceas'd; and as these artful words he said,
A sudden blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread.
Rinaldo, smiling, saw, with heedful eyes,
His secret passion thro' the thin disguise.
But he, whom less the darts of love had found,
Whose bosom scarcely felt the gentle wound,
With unconcern regards a rival's name,
Nor frames a wish t' attend the Pagan dame.
On Dudon's hapless fate his thoughts he turn'd;
For Dudon's death the generous hero mourn'd.
He deem'd his former glories would be lost
If long Argantes liv'd the deed to boast:
With pleasure yet Eustatius' words he heard,
That to the rank deserv'd his youth preferr'd:
His conscious heart exulted in the praise;
Pleas'd with the tribute truth to virtue pays.
Far rather would I chuse (he thus replies)
To merit honours, than to honours rise.
Let virtuous actions dignify my name,
I envy not the great, nor sceptres claim.
Yet if thou think'st so far my merits weigh,
I shall not then reject the proffer'd sway;

But prize (with gratitude and pleasure mov'd)
So fair a token of my worth approv'd.
I seek not, nor refuse the chief command;
But should the power be yielded to my hand,
Thou shalt be one amongst th' elected band.
  Thus he: Eustatius speeds his peers to find,
And fashion to his will each warrior's mind.
But that pre-eminence Gernando claims;
And though at him her darts Armida aims;
Yet not the power of beauty can control
The thirst of honour in his haughty soul.
From Norway's powerful kings this chief descends,
Whose rule o'er many a province wide extends:
The crowns and sceptres which his fathers held
From ancient times, with pride his bosom swell'd.
Rinaldo in himself his glory plac'd,
More than in distant deeds of ages past;
Though long his sires with every fame were crown'd,
In war illustrious, and in peace renown'd,
  The barbarous prince, whose pride no worth allows,
Save what from treasure or dominion flows;
And every virtue deems an empty name,
Unless ennobled by a regal claim;
Indignant sees a private warrior dare
With him in merit and in praise compare:
No bound, no law, his fiery temper knows;
With rage he kindles, and with shame he glows.
  The fiend of hell, who sees his tortur'd mind
Expos'd to what her subtle arts design'd,

Unseen through all his troubled bosom glides,
There rules at will, and o'er his thoughts presides;
His hate increases, and inflames his ire,
And rouzes in his heart infernal fire;
While every moment, from within, he hears
This hollow voice resounding in his ears:
  Shall thus, oppos'd to thee, Rinaldo dare
His boasted ancestors with thine compare?
First let him count, whose pride thy equal stands,
His subject realms and tributary lands?
His sceptres show, and (whence his glory springs)
Mate his dead heroes with thy living kings.
Shall such a chief exalt his worthless head,
A servile warrior in Italia bred?
To him let fortune loss or gain decree,
He gains a conquest who contends with thee;
The world shall say (and great the fame will prove)
"Lo! this is he, who with Gernando strove."
The place that once experienc'd Dudon fill'd,
New honours to thy former state may yield.
But he no less with thee in glory vies,
Who boldly dares demand so vast a prize.
If human passions touch the blest above,
What holy wrath must aged Dudon move,
When, from his heaven, he sees this haughty knight,
(A stripling warrior in the field of fight)
Aspire so high; while some his counsels join,
And (shame eternal!) second his design.
If Godfrey such injustice tamely view,
And suffer him t' usurp thy honours due;

It rests on thee t' assert thy rightful claim,
Declare thy power, and vindicate thy name.
  Fir'd at these words, more fell his fury grows,
Within his heart the torch of discord glows:
His raging passion, now to madness stung,
Flames in his eye, and points his haughty tongue.
Whate'er his envious speech can turn to blame,
He boldly charges on Rinaldo's fame:
And every virtue that the youth adorns,
To foul reproach, with artful malice, turns:
He paints him proud and turbulent of mind,
And calls his valour headstrong, rash, and blind.
He scatters falsehood in the public ears,
Till even the rival knight the rumour hears.
But still th' insensate wretch pursues his hate,
Nor curbs the rage that hurries on his fate:
While the dire demon all his soul possess'd,
Rav'd from his lips, and madden'd in his breast.
  Amid the camp appear'd a level space;
And warriors oft resorted to the place,
In tournaments, in wrestling, and the course,
Their limbs to supple, and improve their force.
Here, midst the throng (for so his doom requir'd)
He vented all his vengeful spleen inspir'd;
And 'gainst Rinaldo turn'd his impious tongue,
On which the venom of Avernus hung.
  His contumelious speech Rinaldo hears,
And now no more his dreadful wrath forbears:
At once the base insulter he defies,
Unsheaths his falchion, and to vengeance flies:

His voice like thunder echoes from afar,
His threatning steel like lightning gleams in air.
Gernando sees, nor hopes t' escape by flight,
For instant death appears before his sight.
Meanwhile, to all the wondering army's view,
A show of valour o'er his fears he threw:
He grasps his sword, he waits his mighty foe;
And stands prepar'd to meet the coming blow.
Now sudden, drawn from many warriors' thighs,
A thousand weapons flash against the skies.
In throngs around the gathering people press;
The tumult thickens, and the crowds increase.
Discordant murmurs rise, and echo round,
And mingled clamours to the clouds resound.
So near the ocean on the rocky shore,
With broken noise the wind and billows roar.
But not their cries, nor murmurs could detain
Th' offended warrior, or his wrath restrain:
He scorns the force that dares his fury stay;
He whirls his sword with unresisting sway:
The throng divides; alone his arm prevails,
And, midst a thousand friends, the prince assails.
Then from his hand, that well his rage obey'd,
A thousand blows th' astonish'd foe invade.
Now here, now there, the rapid weapon flies,
Confounds his senses, and distracts his eyes.
At length the cruel steel, with strength impress'd,
Rinaldo buries in his panting breast.
Prone fell the wretch, and sinking on the ground,
His blood and spirit issu'd through the wound.

The victor o'er the dead no longer stay'd,
But in the sheath return'd the reeking blade:
And, thence departing, to his tent, retir'd,
His vengeance sated, and his wrath expir'd.
Now near the tumult pious Godfrey drew,
When the dire scene was open to his view.
Gernando pale with lifeless looks appear'd,
His hair and vest with sordid blood besmear'd.
He saw the tears his friends in pity shed,
And heard their plaints and sorrows o'er the dead:
Surpris'd, he ask'd what hand had wrought the deed,
And whence could such destructive rage proceed?
Arnaldo, dearest to the slaughter'd prince,
The tale relates, and aggravates th' offence;
That, urg'd by slender cause to impious strife,
Rinaldo's hand had robb'd the chief of life;
And turn'd that weapon, which for CHRIST he bore,
Against the champions of the Christian power;
And show'd how little he his leader priz'd,
How much his mandates, and his sway despis'd:
That public justice to th' offence was due,
And death the bold offender should pursue.
Such acts must hateful be at every time;
But, doubly here, the place enhanc'd the crime.
That should he pass absolv'd, the fatal deed
A dire example through the host might spread!
And all that own'd the murder'd warrior's side,
Would take that vengeance which the law deny'd:
From whence might contest spring and mutual rage,
As would the camp in civil broils engage.

He call'd to mind the merits of the slain,
All that could waken wrath or pity gain.
T' acquit his friend the noble Tancred tries,
And fearless for the knight accus'd replies:
While Godfrey hears, and with a brow severe,
But little gives to hope, and much to fear.
Then Tancred thus: O prudent leader! view
What to Rinaldo and his worth is due:
Think from himself what honours he may claim,
What from his glorious race and Guelpho's name.
Not those who rule exalted o'er mankind,
Should equal punishment for errors find:
In different stations crimes are different found,
By vulgar laws the great can ne'er be bound.
To him the leader thus: In every state,
The vulgar learn obedience from the great:
Ill Tancred, dost thou judge, and ill conceive,
That we the mighty should unpunish'd leave:
What is our empire and our vain command,
If only ruler o'er the ignoble band?
If such my sceptre and imperfect reign,
I here resign the worthless gift again.
But freely, from your choice, the power I hold,
Nor shall the privilege be now control'd:
And well I know to vary from my hand
Rewards and punishments, as times demand;
And when, preserving all in equal state,
T' include alike the vulgar and the great.
Thus Godfrey said; and Tancred nought reply'd,
But, struck with awe, stood silent at his side.

Raymond, a lover of the laws severe
Of ancient times, exults his speech to hear.
While thus (he cries) a ruler holds the sway,
With reverence due the subjects will obey.
In government what discipline is found,
Where pardons more than punishments abound;
Ev'n clemency destructive must appear,
And kingdoms fall, unless maintain'd by fear.
Thus they; while Tancred every sentence weigh'd,
Then, swift departing, seiz'd his rapid steed,
And with impatience to Rinaldo fled:
Him in his tent he finds, and there relates
The words of Godfrey, and the past debates.
Then thus pursues: though outward looks we find
Uncertain tokens of the secret mind!
Since far too deep, conceal'd from prying eyes
Within the breast the thought of mortals lies;
Thus far methinks the chief's design I see;
(In this his speeches and his looks agree)
Thou must submit, and by the laws be try'd,
When public justice shall thy cause decide.
At this a scornful smile Rinaldo show'd,
Where noble pride and indignation glow'd.
Let those (he cried) in bonds their cause maintain,
By nature slaves, and worthy of the chain:
Free was I born, in freedom will I live,
And sooner die than shameful bonds receive.
This hand is us'd the glorious sword to wield,
To palms of conquest, and disdains to yield
To base constraint: if thus we meet regard,
If Godfrey thus our merits would reward;

And thinks to drag me hence, a wretch confin'd
To common prisons, like th' ignoble kind;
Then let him come—I here shall firm abide,
And arms and fate between us shall decide:
Soon shall our strife in sanguine torrents flow,
A prospect grateful to the gazing foe!
This said, he call'd for arms; and soon around
His manly limbs the temper'd harness bound:
Then to his arm the ponderous shield apply'd,
And hung the fatal falchion at his side:
Now sheath'd in polish'd mail (a martial sight)
He shone terrific in a blaze of light.
He seem'd like Mars, descending from his sphere,
When rage and terror by his side appear!
Tancred, meanwhile, essays each soothing art
To calm the passions in his swelling heart.
Unconquer'd youth! (he cries) thy worth is known,
And victory in every field thy own:
Secure from ill, thy godlike virtue goes
Through toils and dangers midst embattled foes:
But Heaven forbid that e'er thy friends should feel
The cruel fury of thy vengeful steel!
What would'st thou do? Say, what thy rage demands,
In civil war to stain thy glorious hands?
Thus, with the slaughter of the Christian name,
Transfixing CHRIST, in whom a part I claim.
Shall worldly glory (impotent and vain,
That fluctuates like the billows of the main!)
Shall this with more respect thy bosom move
Than zeal for crowns, that never fade above?

Avert it, Heaven! be here thy rage resign'd,
Religion claims this conquest o'er thy mind.
If early youth, like mine, may plead the right
To bring examples past before thy sight:
I once was injured, yet my wrath suppress'd,
Nor with the faithful would the cause contest.
My arms a conquest of Cilicia made,
And there the banner'd sign of CHRIST display'd
When Baldwin came, and seiz'd, with covert wiles
My rightful prize, and triumph'd in my spoils:
His seeming friendship won my artless mind,
Nor saw I what his greedy thoughts design'd.
Yet not with arms I strove my right to gain,
Though haply arms had not been tried in vain.
But if thy soul disdains a prisoner's name,
And fears th' ignoble breath of vulgar fame:
Be mine the friendly care thy cause to plead,
To Antioch thou, and strait to Bœmond speed:
Thou must not now before the chief appear,
And the first impulse of his anger bear.
But should th' Egyptian arms our force oppose,
Or other squadrons of the Pagan foes,
Then will thy valour shine with double fame,
And absence add new lustre to thy name:
Th' united camp shall mourn thy virtues lost,
A mangled body and a lifeless host!
  Here Guelpho came, and joining his request,
With speed to leave the camp Rinaldo press'd.
And now the noble youth his ear inclin'd,
And to their purpose bent his lofty mind.

A crowd of friends around the hero wait;
All seek alike t' attend and share his fate:
Their zeal he thanks; and now his steed he takes,
And, with two faithful squires, the camp forsakes.
A thirst of virtuous fame his soul inspires,
That fills the noble heart with great desires:
He mighty actions in his mind revolves,
And deeds, unheard before, in thought resolves:
T' assail the foe, and death or laurels gain,
While still his arms the Christian faith maintain;
Egypt t' o'er-run; and bend his daring course
To where the Nile forsakes his hidden source.
  Rinaldo parting thence; without delay,
To Godfrey's presence Guelpho took his way;
Him drawing near the pious chief espy'd:
Thou com'st in happy time (aloud he cry'd)
Ev'n now the heralds through the camp I sent,
To seek, and bring thee, Guelpho, to our tent.
  Then having first dismiss'd th' attending train,
He thus, with low and awful words, began:
Too far, O Guelpho! does thy nephew stray,
As passion o'er his heart usurps the sway:
And ill, I deem his reason can suffice
To clear the stain that on his honour lies:
Yet happy shall I prove if this befal:
For Godfrey is an equal judge of all.
The right he will defend, and guard the laws,
And with impartial voice award the cause.
But if, as some alledge, Rinaldo's hand,
Unwilling, err'd against our high command;

Then let the fiery youth, submissive, bend
To our decision, and the deed defend:
Free let him come; no chains he shall receive;
(Lo! what I can I to his merits give.)
But if his lofty spirit scorn to bow,
(As well his high unconquer'd pride we know)
The care be thine to teach him to obey,
Nor dare provoke too far our lenient sway;
And force our hand with rigour to maintain
Our slighted laws, and violated reign.
 Thus ſaid the chief; and Guelpho made reply:
A generous soul, disdaining infamy,
Can ne'er endure, without a brave return,
The lies of envy, and the taunts of scorn:
And should th' offender in his wrath be slain,
What man can just revenge in bounds restrain?
What mind so govern'd, while resentment glows,
To measure what th' offence to justice owes!
'Tis thy command the youth shall humbly come,
And yield himself beneath thy sovereign doom;
But this (with grief I speak) his flight denies:
A willing exile from the camp he flies.
Yet with this sword I offer to maintain,
'Gainst him who dares my nephew's honour stain,
That justly punished fierce Gernando dy'd,
A victim due to calumny and pride.
In this alone (with sorrow I agree)
He rashly err'd, to break thy late decree.
Thus he; when Godfrey—Let him wander far,
And strife and rage to other regions bear?

But vex not thou with new debates the peace;
Here end contention, here let anger cease.
 Meantime, Armida, midst the warrior-train,
Us'd all her power th' expected aid to gain:
In tears and moving prayers the day employ'd,
And every charm of wit and beauty try'd.
But when the night had spread her sable vest,
And clos'd the sinking day-light in the west,
Betwixt two knights and dames, from public view,
The damsel to her lofty tent withdrew.
 Though well the fair was vers'd in every art
By words and looks to steal th' unguarded heart;
Though in her form celestial beauty ſhin'd,
And left the fairest of her sex behind;
Though in her strong, yet pleasing, charms compell'd,
The greatest heroes of the camp she held;
In vain she strove, with soft bewitching care,
To lure the pious Godfrey to her snare:
In vain she sought his zealous breast to move,
With earthly pleasures, and delights of love:
For, sated with the world, his thoughts despise
These empty joys, and soar above the skies.
His steadfast soul, defended from her charms,
Contemns love's weak essays, and all his feeble arms.
No mortal bait can turn his steps aside,
His sacred faith his guard, and God his guide.
A thousand forms the false Armida tries,
And proves, like Proteus, every new disguise.
Her looks and actions every heart might move,
And warm the coldest bosom to her love:

But here, so Heaven and grace divine ordain,
Her schemes, her labours, and her wiles were vain.
  Not less impervious to her fraudful art,
The gallant Tancred kept his youthful heart:
His earlier passion every thought possess'd,
Nor gave another entrance to his breast.
As poison oft the force of poison quells,
So former love the second love repels.
Her charms these two alone beheld secure;
While others own'd resistless beauty's pow'r.
Sore was she troubled in her guileful mind,
That all succeeded not her wiles design'd:
Yet, 'midst her grief, the dame, exulting, view'd
The numerous warriors whom her smiles subdu'd:
Now, with her prey, ſhe purpos'd to depart,
Ere chance disclos'd her deep-designing art;
Far from the camp her captives to detain,
In other bonds than love's too gentle chain.
  'Twas now the time appointed by the chief
To give th' afflicted damsel his relief:
Him ſhe approach'd, and lowly thus begun:
The day prefixed, O prince! its course has run:
And should the tyrant learn (by doubtful fame,
Or certain spies) that to the camp I came
T' implore thy succour, his preventive care
Would all his forces for defence prepare.
But ere such tidings shall his ears attain,
O! let my prayer some friendly succours gain:
If Heaven beholds not with regardless eyes
The deeds of men, or hears the orphan cries,

My realms I shall retrieve, whose subject-sway
To thee in peace or war, shall tribute pay.
She said; the leader to her suit agreed;
(Nor could he from his former grant recede)
Yet since her swift departure thence she press'd,
He saw th' election on himself would rest:
While all, with emulative zeal, demand
To fill the number of th' elected band.
Th' insidious damsel fans the rivals' fires,
And envious fear and jealous doubt inspires,
To rouze the soul; for love, full well she knows,
Without these aids remiss and languid grows:
So runs the courser with a slacken'd pace,
When none contend, his partners in the race.
Now this, now that, the soothing fair beguiles
With gentle speech, soft looks, and winning smiles;
That each his fellow views with envious eyes,
Till mingled passions ev'n to frenzy rise:
Around their chief they press, unaw'd by shame,
And Godfrey would in vain their rage reclaim.
The leader gladly, in his equal mind,
Would all content, alike to all inclin'd;
(Yet oft was filled with just disdain to view
Th' ungovern'd rashness of the headlong crew)
At length his better thoughts the means supply'd,
To stay contention, and the strife decide.
To chance (he cry'd) your several names commend;
Let lots decide it, and the contest end.
Sudden the rival knights their names dispos'd,
And in a slender urn the lots enclos'd:

The vase then shaken; first to view, the name
Of Pembroke's earl, Artemidorus, came:
Then Gerrard; Vincilaüs next was found,
An aged chief for counsel once renown'd,
A hoary lover now, in beauty's fetters bound!
These happy three with sudden joys were fill'd;
The rest, by signs, their anxious fears reveal'd,
And hung upon his lips, with fix'd regard,
Who, drawing forth the lots, the names declar'd.
The fourth was Guasco; then Ridolphus' name;
And next Ridolphus, Olderico came.
Rousillon then was read; and next appear'd
Henry the Frank; Bavarian Eberard:
Rambaldo last, who left the Christian laws,
And girt his weapon in the Pagan cause:
So far the tyrant love his vassal draws!
But those, excluded from the list, exclaim
On fickle fortune as a partial dame;
Love they accuse, who suffer'd her to guide
His sacred empire, and his laws decide;
Yet many purpos'd to pursue the maid,
When parting light should yield to sable shade;
In fortune's spight, her person to attend,
And, with their lives, from every chance defend.
With gentle sighs and speeches half disclos'd,
Their willing minds to this ſhe more dispos'd:
To every knight alike she framed her art,
And seemed to leave him with dejected heart.
Now, clad in shining arms, th' allotted band
Dismission from their prudent chief demand.

The hero then admonished each aside,
How ill they could in Pagan faith confide;
So frail a pledge enjoin'd 'em to beware,
And guard their souls from every hidden snare.
But all his words were lost in empty wind;
Love takes not counsel from a wholesome mind.

The knights dismiss'd, the dame no longer stay'd,
Nor 'till th' ensuing morn her course delay'd.
Elate with conquest, from the camp she pass'd,
(The rival knights, like slaves, her triumph grac'd)
While rack'd with jealousy's tormenting pain,
She left the remnant of the suitor-train.
But soon as night with silent wings arose,
The minister of dreams and soft repose;
In secret many more her steps pursue:
But first Eustatius from the tents withdrew;
Scarce rose the friendly shade, when swift he fled,
Through darkness blind, by blind affection led.
He roves uncertain all the dewy night,
But soon as morning streaks the skies with light,
Armida's camp salutes his eager sight.

Fir'd at the view, th' impatient lover flies;
Him, by his arms, Rambaldo knows, and cries—
What seek'st thou here, or whither dost thou bend?
I come (he said) Armida to defend:
In me, no less than others, shall she find
A ready succour and a constant mind.
Who dares (the knight replies) that choice approve,
And make such honour thine? He answer'd—Love.

From fortune thou, from love my right I claim:
Say, whose the greatest boast and noblest name?
Rambaldo then—Thy empty titles fail,
Such fond delusive arts shall ne'er prevail.
Think not to join with us thy lawless aid,
With us the champions of the royal maid.
Who shall oppose my will? (the youth reply'd)
In me behold the man! (Rambaldo cry'd)
Swift at the word he rush'd; with equal rage
Eustatius sprung his rival to engage.
But here the lovely tyrant of their breast
Advanc'd between them, and their rage suppress'd.
Ah! cease, (to that she cry'd) nor more complain,
That thou a partner, I a champion gain:
Canst thou my welfare or my safety prize,
Yet thus deprive me of my new allies?
In happy time (to this began the dame)
Thou com'st, defender of my life and fame:
Reason forbids, that e'er it shall be said,
Armida scorn'd so fair an offer'd aid.
  Thus she: while some new champion every hour
Pursu'd her standard, and increas'd her power.
Some wandering here, some there, the damsel join'd,
Though each concealing what his thoughts design'd,
Now scowl'd with jealous looks his rivals there to find.
She seem'd on all to cast a gracious eye,
And every one receiv'd with equal joy.
  Scarce had the day dispell'd the shades of night,
When heedful Godfrey knew his warriors' flight;

And while his mind revolved their shameful doom,
He seem'd to mourn some threaten'd ills to come.
As thus he mus'd, a messenger appear'd,
Breathless and pale, with dust and sweat besmear'd.
His brow was deep impress'd with careful thought,
And seem'd to speak th' unwelcome news he brought.
Then thus—O chief! th' Egyptians soon will hide
Beneath their numerous fleet the briny tide;
William, whose rule Liguria's ships obey,
By me dispatch'd these tidings from the sea.
To this he adds; that, sending from the ſhore
The due provisions for the landed power,
The steeds and camels, bending with their load,
Were intercepted in the midmost road;
Assail'd with dreadful rage on every hand,
Deep in a valley, by the Arabian band:
Nor guards nor drivers could their posts maintain,
The stores were pillag'd, and the men were slain.
To such a height was grown the Arabs' force,
As ask'd some power t' obstruct their daring course;
To guard the coast, and keep the passage free,
Betwixt the Christian camp and Syrian sea.
At once from man to man the rumour fled,
And growing fears among the soldiers spread:
The threatening evils filled them with affright,
And ghastly famine rose before their sight.
The chief, who saw the terrors of the host,
Their former courage sunk, their firmness lost;
With looks serene, and chearful speeches strove
To raise their ardor and their fears remove.

O friends! with me in various regions thrown,
Amidst a thousand woes and dangers known;
God's sacred champions! born t' assert his cause,
And cleanse from stain the holy Christian laws!
Who wintry climes and stormy seas have view'd,
And Persian arms and Grecian frauds subdu'd;
Who could the rage of thirst and hunger bear—
Will you resign your souls to abject fear?
Shall not th' Eternal Power (our sovereign guide,
And oft in more disastrous fortune try'd)
Revive our hopes?—deem not his favour lost,
Or pitying ear averted from our host:
A day will come with pleasure to disclose
These sorrows past, and pay to God your vows.
Endure and conquer then your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for happier fate.
He said; but yet a thousand cares, suppress'd,
The hero bury'd in his thoughtful breast:
What means to nourish such a numerous train,
And midst defeat or famine to sustain:
How on the seas t' oppose th' Egyptian force;
And stop the plundering Arabs in the course.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes sends a challenge to the Christians. Tancred is chosen to oppose him; but while he is upon the point of entering the list, is detained by the appearance of Clorinda. Otho, in the mean time, meets Argantes, is vanquished, and made prisoner. Tancred and Argantes then engage: they are parted by the heralds. Erminia, distressed with her fears for Tancred, resolves to visit that hero. She disguises herself in Clorinda's armour, and leaves the city by night; but, falling in with an advanced guard of the Christians, is assaulted, and flies.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

But, in the town besieg'd, the Pagan crew
With better thoughts their cheerful hopes renew:
Besides provisions which their roofs contain'd,
Supplies, of various kinds, by night they gain'd:
They raise new fences for the northern side,
And warlike engines for the walls provide.
With strength increas'd the lofty bulwarks show,
And seem to scorn the battering-rams below.
Now here, now there, the king directs his powers,
The walls to thicken, or to raise the towers:
By day, or sable eve, the works they ply,
Or when the moon enlightens all the sky.
Th' artificers, with sweat and ceaseless care,
New arms and armour for the field prepare:
Meanwhile, impatient of inglorious rest,
Argantes came and thus the king address'd.

How long, inactive, must we here remain
Coop'd in these gates, a base and heartless train?
From anvils huge I hear the strokes rebound,
I hear the helm, the shield, the cuirass sound:
Say, to what use, while yon rapacious bands
O'er-run the plains, and ravage all the lands?
And not a chief shall meet these haughty foes,
And not a trumpet break their soft repose?
In genial feasts the cheerful days they waste,
And undisturb'd enjoy each calm repast:
By day at ease, by night at rest they lie;
Alike securely all their moments fly.
But you at length, with pining want distress'd,
Must sink beneath the victor's force oppress'd;
Or basely fall to death an easy prey,
If Egypt should her succours long delay.
For me, no shameful fate shall end my days,
And with oblivion veil my former praise:
Nor shall the morning sun, to sight expos'd,
Behold me longer in these walls enclos'd.
I stand prepar'd my lot unknown to prove,
Decreed already by the Fates above.
Ne'er be it said, the trusty sword untry'd,
Inglorious, unreveng'd, Argantes dy'd.
Yet if the seeds of valour, once confess'd,
Are not extinguish'd in thy generous breast:
Not only hope in fight to fall with praise,
But your high thoughts to life and conquest raise.
Then rush we forth united from the gate,
Attack the foe, and prove our utmost fate!

Beset with dangers, and with toils oppress'd,
The boldest counsels oft are prov'd the best,
But if thy prudence now refuse to yield,
To hazard all thy force in open field;
At least procure two champions to decide
Th' important strife, in single combat try'd:
And that the leader of the Christian race
With readier mind our challenge may embrace,
Th' advantage all be his the arms to name,
And at his will the full conditions frame.
For were the foe endu'd with twofold might,
With heart undaunted in the day of fight;
Think no misfortune can thy cause attend,
Which I have sworn in combat to defend.
This better hand can fate itself supply;
This hand can give thee ample victory:
Behold I give it as a pledge secure;
In this confide, I here thy reign ensure.
He ceas'd: Intrepid chief! (the king reply'd)
Though creeping age has damp'd my youthful pride;
Deem not this hand so slow the sword to wield,
Nor deem this soul so basely fears the field,
That rather would I tamely lose my breath,
Than fall ennobled by a glorious death;
If aught I fear'd, if aught my thoughts foretold
Of want or famine which thy words unfold;
Forbid it, Heaven!—Then hear me now reveal
What from the rest, with caution, I conceal.
Lo! Solyman of Nice, whose restless mind
Has vengeance for his former wrongs design'd,

Collects, beneath his care, from different lands,
The scatter'd numbers of Arabia's bands;
With these will soon by night the foes invade,
And hopes to give the town supplies and aid.
Then grieve not thou to see our realms o'er-run,
Nor heed our plunder'd towns, and castles won;
While here the sceptre still remains my own;
While here I hold my state and regal throne.
But, thou, meantime, thy forward zeal assuage,
And calm awhile the heat of youthful rage;
With patience yet attend the hour of fate,
Due to thy glory, and my injur'd state.
  Now swell'd with high disdain Argantes' breast,
A rival long to Solyman profess'd:
Inly he griev'd, and saw, with jealous eye,
The king so firmly on his aid rely.
  'Tis thine, (he cry'd) O monarch! to declare
(Thine is th' undoubted power) or peace or war:
I urge no more—here Solyman attend,
Let him, who lost his own, thy realm defend!
Let him, a welcome messenger from Heaven,
To free the Pagans from their fears be given:
I safety from myself alone require:
And freedom only from this arm desire.
Now, while these walls the rest in sloth detain,
Let me descend to combat on the plain:
Give me to dare the Franks to single fight,
Not as thy champion, but a private knight.
  The king reply'd: Though future times demand
Thy nobler courage, and more needful hand;

Yet to thy wish I shall not this deny:
Then, at thy will, some hostile chief defy.
Thus he. Th' impatient youth no longer stay'd,
But, turning to the herald, thus he said.
Haste to the leader of the Franks, and there,
Before th' united host, this message bear:
Say, that a champion, whose superior mind
Scorns in these narrow walls to be confin'd,
Desires to prove, in either army's sight,
With spear and shield his utmost force in fight;
And comes prepar'd his challenge to maintain,
Betwixt the tents and city, on the plain;
A gallant proof of arms! and now defies
The boldest Frank that on his strength relies.
Nor one alone amid the hostile band;
The boldest five that dare his force withstand,
Of noble lineage, or of vulgar race,
Unterrify'd he stands in field to face:
The vanquish'd to the victor's power shall yield,
So wills the law of arms and custom of the field.
Argantes thus. The herald strait withdrew,
His vary'd surcoat o'er his shoulders threw,
And thence to Godfrey's regal presence went,
By mighty chiefs surrounded in his tent.
O prince! (he cry'd) may here a herald dare,
Without offence, his embassy declare?
To him the chief: Without constraint or fear,
In freedom speak, what we as freely hear.
The herald then the challenge fierce disclos'd,
In boastful words and haughty terms compos'd.

Fir'd at his speech the martial bands appear'd,
And with disdain the stern defiance heard.
Then thus in answer pious Godfrey speaks:
A mighty task your warrior undertakes:
And well I trust, whate'er his boasted might,
One champion may suffice his arms in fight.
But let him come; I to his will agree;
I give him open field, and conduct free:
And swear some warrior, from our Christian band,
On equal terms shall meet him hand to hand.
He ceased; the king at arms without delay,
Impatient, measur'd back his former way:
From thence, with hasty steps the city sought,
And to the Pagan knight their answer brought.
Arm! valiant chief! (he cried) for fight prepare,
The Christian powers accept thy proffer'd war:
Not leaders fam'd alone demand the fight,
The meanest warriors burn to prove their might.
I saw a thousand threatening looks appear,
A thousand hands prepar'd the sword to rear:
The chief to thee a list secure will yield.
He ended: When, impatient for the field,
Argantes call'd for arms with furious haste,
And round his limbs the steely burthen cast.
The wary king Clorinda then enjoin'd:
While he departs, remain not thou behind;
But, with a thousand arm'd, attend the knight;
Yet foremost let him march to equal fight;
The care be thine to keep thy troops in sight.

The monarch spoke; and now the martial train
Forsook the walls and issu'd to the plain.
Advanc'd before the band, Argantes press'd
His foaming steed, in radiant armour dress'd.
Between the city and the camp was found
An ample space of level champaign ground;
That seem'd a list selected, by design,
For valiant chiefs in deeds of arms to join.
To this the bold Argantes singly goes,
And there, descending, stands before the foes:
Proud in his might, with giant-strength indu'd,
With threatening looks the distant camp he view'd:
So fierce Enceladus in Phlegra show'd;
So in the vale the huge Philistine stood.
Yet many, void of fear, the knight beheld,
Nor knew how far his force in arms excell'd.
Still Godfrey doubted, midst his valiant host,
What knight should quell the Pagan's haughty boast.
To Tancred's arm (the bravest of the brave)
The great attempt the public favour gave.
With looks, with whispers, all declar'd their choice;
The chief, by signs, approv'd the general voice.
Each warrior now his rival claim withdrew,
When each the will of mighty Godfrey knew.
The field is thine! (to Tancred then he cried)
Go! meet yon Pagan, and chastise his pride.
The glorious charge with joy the champion heard,
A dauntless ardour in his looks appear'd;
His shield and helmet from his squire he took,
And, follow'd by a crowd, the vale forsook.

But ere he reach'd the appointed list of fight,
The martial damsel met his eager sight:
A flowing vest was o'er her armour spread,
White as the snows that veil the mountain's head:
Her beaver rear'd, her lovely faced disclos'd;
And on a hill she stood at full expos'd.
No longer Tancred now the foe espies,
(Who rears his haughty visage to the skies)
But slowly moves his steed, and bends his sight
Where stands the virgin on a neighbouring height:
The lover to a lifeless statue turns;
With cold he freezes, and with heat he burns:
Fix'd in a stupid gaze, unmov'd he stands,
And now no more the promis'd fight demands!
Meantime Argantes looks around in vain,
No chief appears the combat to maintain.
Behold I come (he cried) to prove my might,
Who dares approach, and meet my arms in fight?
While Tancred lost in deepest thought appear'd,
Nor saw the Pagan, nor his challenge heard,
Impetuous Otho spurr'd his foaming horse,
And enter'd first the list with eager course.
This knight, before, by thirst of glory fir'd,
With other warriors to the fight aspir'd;
And yielding then to Tancred's nobler claim,
Mix'd with the throng that to attend him came:
But when he thus th' enamour'd youth beheld
All motionless, neglectful of the field,
Eager he starts t' attempt the glorious deed;
Less swift the tiger's or the panther's speed!

Against the mighty Saracen he press'd,
Who sudden plac'd his ponderous spear in rest.
  But Tancred now, recovering from his trance,
Saw fearless Otho to the fight advance:
Forbear! the field is mine! (aloud he cries)—
In vain he calls, the knight regardless flies.
Th' indignant prince beheld, with rage and shame;
He blush'd another should defraud his name,
And reap th' expected harvest of his fame.
  And now Argantes, from his valiant foe,
Full on his helm receiv'd the mighty blow.
With greater force the Pagan's javelin struck;
The pointed steel thro' shield and corslet broke:
Prone fell the Christian thundering on the sand;
Unmov'd the Saracen his seat maintain'd;
And, from on high, inflam'd with lofty pride,
Thus to the prostrate knight insulting cried:
Yield to my arms! suffice the glory thine
To dare with me in equal combat join.
Not so (cried Otho) are we fram'd to yield,
Nor is so soon the Christian courage quell'd:
Let others with excuses hide my shame,
'Tis mine to perish, or avenge my fame!
  Then like Alecto, terrible to view,
Or like Medusa, the Circassian grew,
While from his eyes the flashing lightning flew!
Now prove our utmost force (enrag'd he cries)
Since thus thou dar'st our offer'd grace despise.
This said; he spurr'd his steed, nor heeded more
Th' establish'd laws of arms, and knightly lore,

The Frank, retiring, disappoints the foe,
And, as Argantes pass'd, directs a blow,
That to the right descending, pierc'd his side;
The smoking steel returns with crimson dyed:
But what avails it, when the wound inspires
New force and fury to the Pagan's fires?
Argantes, wheeling round with sudden speed,
Direct on Otho urg'd his fiery steed:
Th' unguarded foe the dreadful shock receiv'd;
All pale he fell, at once of sense bereav'd:
Stretch'd on the earth his quivering limbs were spread,
And clouds of darkness hover'd o'er his head!
  With brutal wrath the haughty victor glow'd,
And o'er the vanquish'd knight in triumph rode.
Thus ev'ry insolent shall fall (he cries)
As he who now beneath my courser lies!
  But valiant Tancred now no longer stay'd,
Who with disdain the cruel act survey'd;
Resolv'd to veil the fallen warrior's shame,
And with his arms retrieve the Christian name;
He flew, and cried—O thou of impious kind!
In conquest base, and infamous of mind!
From deeds like these what glory canst thou gain?
What praises from the courteous heart obtain?
Thy manners sure were fram'd in savage lands,
Among th' Arabian thieves, or barb'rous bands!
Hence! shun the light; to woods and wilds confin'd,
Among thy brethren of the brutal kind.
He ceas'd. Impatience swell'd the Pagan's breast,
But eager rage his struggling words suppress'd:

He foam'd like beasts that haunt the gloomy wood;
At length, releas'd, his anger roar'd aloud,
Like thunder bursting from a distant cloud.
Now for the field th' impetuous chiefs prepare,
And wheel around their coursers for the war.
O sacred Muse! inflame my voice with fire,
And ardour equal to the fight inspire:
So may my verse be worthy of th' alarms,
And catch new vigour from the din of arms!
The warriors place their beamy spears in rest;
Each points his weapon at the adverse crest.
Less swiftly to the goal a racer flies;
Less swift a bird on pinions cleaves the skies.
No chiefs for fury could with these compare;
Here Tancred pour'd along, Argantes there!
The spears against the helms in shivers broke;
A thousand sparks flew diverse from the stroke.
The mighty conflict shook the solid ground,
The distant hills re-echo'd to the sound;
But firmly seated, moveless as a rock,
Each hardy champion bore the dreadful shock:
While either courser tumbled on the plain,
Nor from the field with speed arose again.
The warriors then unsheath'd their falchions bright,
And left their steeds, on foot to wage the fight.
Now ev'ry pass with wary hands they prove;
With watchful eyes and nimble feet they move,
In ev'ry form their pliant limbs they show;
Now wheel, now press, now seem to shun the foe:

Now here, now there, the glancing steel they bend,
And where they threaten least, the strokes descend.
Sometimes they offer some defenceless part,
Attempting thus to baffle art with art.
Tancred, unguarded by his sword or shield,
His naked side before the Pagan held:
To seize th' advantage swift Argantes clos'd,
And left himself to Tancred's sword expos'd;
The Christian dash'd the hostile steel aside,
And deep in Pagan gore his weapon dyed;
Then sudden on his guard collected stood:
The foe, who found his limbs bedew'd with blood,
Groan'd with unwonted rage, and rais'd on high
His weighty falchion, with a dreadful cry:
But, ere he strikes, another wound alights
Where to the shoulder-bone the arm unites.
As the wild boar that haunts the woods and hills,
When in his side the biting spear he feels,
To fury rous'd, against the hunter flies,
And every peril scorns, and death defies:
So fares the Saracen, with wrath on flame;
Wound follows wound, and shame succeeds to shame:
And, burning for revenge, without regard
He scorns his danger, and forgets to ward.
He raves, he rushes headlong on the foe,
With all his strength impelling every blow.
Scarce has the Christian time his sword to wield,
Or breathe awhile, or lift his fencing shield;
And all his art can scarce the knight secure
From the dire thunder of Argantes' pow'r.

Tancred, who waits to see the tempest cease,
And the first fury of his foe decrease,
Now wards the blows, now circles o'er the plain;
But when he sees the Pagan's force remain
Untir'd with toil, he gives his wrath the rein:
He whirls his falchion; art and judgment yield,
And now to rage alone resign the field.
No strokes, enforc'd from either champion, fail;
The weapons pierce or sever plate and mail.
With arms and blood the earth is cover'd o'er,
And streaming sweat is mixed with purple gore:
The swords, like lightning, dart quick flaſhes round;
And fall, like thunderbolts, with horrid sound.
On either hand the gazing people wait,
And watch the dreadful fight's uncertain fate:
No motion in th' attentive host appear'd;
No voice, no whisper, from the troops was heard:
'Twixt hope and fear they stand, and nicely weigh
The various turns and fortune of the day.

Thus stood the war: and now each weary knight
Had undetermin'd left the chance of fight;
When rising eve her sable veil display'd,
And wrapt each object in surrounding shade.
From either side a herald bent his way,
To part the warriors and suspend the fray.
The one a Frank, Arideus was his name;
Pindorus one, rever'd for wisdom's fame,
Who with the challenge to the Christians came.
Intrepid these before the chiefs appear'd,
And 'twixt their swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;

Secur'd by all the privilege they find
From ancient rights and customs of mankind.
Ye warriors brave! (Pindorus thus begun)
Whose deeds of valour equal praise have won;
Here cease, nor with untimely strife profane
The sacred laws of night's all peaceful reign.
The sun our labour claims; with toil oppress,
Each creature gives the night to needful rest;
And gen'rous souls disdain the conquest made
In sullen silence, and nocturnal shade.
To him Argantes: With regret I yield
To quit th' unfinish'd contest of the field;
Yet would I chuse the day our deeds might view:
Then swear, my foe, the combat to renew.
To whom the Christian: Thou thy promise plight;
Here to return, and bring thy captive knight;
Else shall no cause induce me to delay
Our present conflict to a future day.
This said; they swore. The heralds then decreed
The day that should decide th' important deed;
And, time allow'd to heal each wounded knight;
Nam'd the sixth morning to renew the fight.
The dreadful combat long remain'd imprest
In every Saracen and Christian breast:
Each tongue the skill of either warrior tells;
Each thought, with wonder, on their valour dwells;
Yet who the prize ſhould gain, on either side
The vulgar vary, and in parts divide:
If fury ſhall from virtue win the field,
Or brutal rage to manly courage yield.

But fair Erminia, mov'd above the rest,
With growing fears torments her tender breast;
She sees the dearest object of her care
Expos'd to hazards of uncertain war.
Of princely lineage came this hapless maid,
From him who Antioch's pow'rful sceptre sway'd:
But, when her state by chance of war was lost,
She fell a captive to the Christian host.
Then gallant Tancred gave her woes relief,
And, 'midst her country's ruin, calm'd her grief:
He gave her freedom, gave her all the store
Of regal treasure she possess'd before,
And claim'd no tribute of a victor's pow'r.
The grateful fair the hero's worth confess'd;
Love found admittance in her gentle breast:
His early virtues rais'd her first desire;
His manly beauty fann'd the blameless fire.
In vain her outward liberty she gain'd,
When, lost in servitude, her soul remain'd!
She quits her conqueror with a heavy mind,
And with regret her prison leaves behind.
But honour chides her stay (for spotless fame
Is ever dear to ev'ry virtuous dame),
And with her aged mother thence constrain'd
Her banish'd steps to seek a friendly land;
Till at Jerusalem her course she stay'd,
Where Aladine receiv'd the wand'ring maid.
Here, soon again by adverse fortune crost,
With tears the virgin mourn'd a mother lost.

Yet not the sorrow for her parent's fate,
Nor all the troubles of her exil'd state,
Could from her heart her am'rous pains remove,
Or quench the smallest spark of mighty love:
She loves, and burns!—Alas, unhappy maid!
No soothing hopes afford her torments aid:
She bears within the flames of fond desire;
Vain fruitless wishes all her thoughts inspire;
And, while she strives to hide, she feeds the stifled fire.
Now Tancred near the walls of Sion drew,
And, by his presence, rais'd her hopes anew.
The rest with terror see the num'rous train
Of foes unconquer'd on the dusty plain;
She clears her brow, her dewy sorrow dries,
And views the warlike bands with cheerful eyes:
From rank to rank her looks incessant rove,
And oft she seeks in vain her warrior love;
And oft, distinguish'd 'midst the field of fight,
She singles Tancred to her eager sight.
Join'd with the palace, to the ramparts nigh,
A stately castle rises in the sky,
Whose lofty head the prospect wide commands,
The plain, the mountain, and the Christian bands:
There, from the early beams of morning light,
Till deepening shades obscure the world in night,
She sits, and fixing on the camp her eyes,
She communes with her thoughts, and vents her sighs.
From thence she view'd the fight with beating heart,
And saw expos'd her soul's far dearer part;

There, fill'd with terror and distracting care,
She watch'd the various progress of the war;
And, when the Pagan rais'd aloft his steel,
She seem'd herself the threat'ning stroke to feel.
When now the virgin heard some future day
Was destin'd to decide th' unfinish'd fray,
Cold fear in all her veins congeal'd the blood,
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with sorrow flow'd;
And o'er her face a pallid hue was spread,
While ev'ry sense was lost in anxious dread.
A thousand horrid thoughts her soul divin'd;
In sleep a thousand phantoms fill'd her mind:
Oft, in her dreams, the much-lov'd warrior lies
All gash'd and bleeding; oft, with feeble cries,
Invokes her aid; then starting from her rest,
Tears bathe her cheeks, and trickle down her breast.
Nor fears alone of future evils fill
Her careful heart, she fears the present ill.
The wounds her Tancred late receiv'd in fight
Distract her mind with anguish and affright.
Fallacious rumours, that around are blown,
Increase with added lyes the truth unknown.
Taught by her mother's skill, the virgin knew
The secret pow'r of ev'ry herb that grew;
She knew the force of every mystic strain,
To close the wound, and ease the throbbing pain;
(In such repute the healing arts were held,
In these the daughters of the kings excell'd.)
Fain would she now her cares to Tancred show;
But fate condemns her to relieve his foe.

Now was she tempted noxious plants to chuse,
And poison in Argantes' wounds infuse;
But soon her pious thoughts the deed disclaim,
And scorn with treach'ry to pollute her fame.
Yet oft she wish'd that ev'ry herb applied
Might lose its wonted pow'r, and virtue tried.
She fear'd not (by such various troubles tost)
Alone to travel through the adverse host;
Accustom'd wars and slaughter to survey,
And all the perils of the wanderer's way:
Thus use to daring had inur'd her mind,
Beyond the nature of the softer kind;
But mighty love, superior to the rest,
Had quell'd each female terror in her breast:
Thus arm'd, she durst the sands of Afric trace,
Amidst the fury of the savage race.
Though danger still and death her soul despis'd,
Her virtue, and her better fame, she priz'd.
And now her heart conflicting passions rend;
There love and honour (pow'rful foes!) contend.
Thus honour seem'd to say: O thou! whose mind
Has still been pure, within my laws confin'd;
Whom, when a captive 'midst yon hostile train,
I kept in thought and person clear from stain;
Wilt thou, now freed, the virgin boast forego,
So well preserv'd when prisoner to the foe?
Ah! what can raise such fancies in thy breast?
Say what thy purpose, what thy hopes suggest,
Alone to wander 'midst a foreign race,
And with nocturnal love thy sex disgrace?

Justly the victor shall reproach thy name,
And deem thee lost to virtue, as to shame;
With scorn shall bid thee from his sight remove,
And bear to vulgar souls thy proffer'd love.
  But gentler counsels, on a different part,
Thus seem'd to whisper to her wavering heart:
  Thou wert not surely of a savage born,
Nor from a mountain's frozen entrails torn;
No adamant and steel compose thy frame;
Despise not then love's pleasing dart and flame,
And blush not to confess a lover's name.
Go, and obey the dictates of thy mind—
But wherefore shouldst thou feign thy knight unkind?
Like thine his sighs may heave, his tears may flow;
And wilt not thou thy tender aid bestow?
Lo! Tancred's life (ungrateful) runs to waste,
While on another all thy cares are plac'd!
To cure Argantes then thy skill apply,
So by his arm may thy deliverer die!
Is this the service to his merits due?
And canst thou such a hateful task pursue?
O think what transports must thy bosom feel,
Thy Tancred's wounds, with lenient hand, to heal.
Think, when thy pious care his health retrieves,
Life's welcome gift from thee the youth receives!
Thou shalt with him in ev'ry virtue share,
With him divide his future fame in war;
Then shall he clasp thee to his grateful breast,
And nuptial ties shall make thee ever blest:

Thou shalt be shown to all, and happy nam'd,
Among the Latian wives and matrons fam'd;
In that fair land where martial valour reigns,
And where religion her pure seat maintains.
  With hopes like these deceiv'd, th' unthinking maid
A flatt'ring scene of future bliss had laid:
But still a thousand doubts perplexing rise,
What means for her departure to devise.
The guards, incessant, near the palace stand,
And watch the portals, and the walls command;
Nor dare, amid the hazards of the war,
Without ſome weighty cause the gates unbar.
  Full oft Erminia, to beguile her cares,
The time in converse with Clorinda shares:
With her each western sun beheld the maid,
Each rising morn the friendly pair survey'd;
And when in gloomy shade the day was clos'd,
Both in one bed their weary limbs repos'd.
One secret only, treasur'd in her breast,
The fond Erminia from her friend suppress'd;
With cautious fear her love she still conceal'd;
But when her plaints her inward pains reveal'd,
She to a different cause assign'd her woe,
And for her ruin'd state her sorrows seem'd to flow.
  Through every chamber of the martial maid,
By friendship privileg'd, Erminia stray'd.
One day it chanc'd, intent on many a thought,
The royal fair her friend's apartment sought;
Clorinda absent, there her anxious mind
Revolv'd the means t' effect the flight design'd.

While various doubts, by turns, the dame distress'd,
Aloft she mark'd Clorinda's arms and vest:
Then to herself, with heavy sighs, she said:
How blest above her sex the warrior maid!
How does her state, alas! my envy raise!
Yet not for female boast, or beauty's praise.
No length of sweeping vest her step restrains;
No envious cell her dauntless soul detains:
But, cloth'd in shining steel, at will she roves;
Nor fear with-holds, nor conscious shame reproves.
Why did not Heaven with equal vigour frame
My softer limbs, and fire my heart to fame?
So might I turn the female robe and veil
To the bright helmet and the jointed mail:
My love would change of heat and cold despise,
And all the seasons of inclement skies,
In arms alone, or with my martial train,
By day or night to range on yonder plain.
Thy will, Argantes, then thou hadst not gain'd,
And with my lord the combat first maintain'd:
This hand had met, and ah! that happy hour
Perchance had made him prisoner to my power:
So from his loving foe he should sustain
A gentle servitude and easy chain:
So might my soul awhile forget to grieve,
And Tancred's bonds Erminia's bonds relieve.
Else had his hand this panting bosom gor'd,
And through my heart impell'd the ruthless sword,
Thus had my dearest foe my peace restor'd!

Then had these eyes in lasting sleep been laid,
While the dear victor o'er the senseless dead,
Perchance, with pitying tears, had mourn'd my doom,
And given these limbs the honours of a tomb!
But ah! I wander, lost in fond desire,
And fruitless wishes fruitless thoughts inspire;
Then shall I still reside with anguish here,
In abject state, the slave of female fear?
O no!—confide, my soul, resolve and dare:
Can I not once the warrior's armour bear?
Yes—Love shall give the strength th' attempt requires;
Love, that the weakest with his force inspires;
That ev'n to dare impels the timorous hind—
But 'tis no martial thought that fills my mind:
I seek, beneath Clorinda's arms conceal'd,
To pass the gates unquestion'd to the field.
O love! the fraud, thyself inspir'd, attend!
And fortune with propitious smiles befriend!
'Tis now the hour for flight—(what then detains?)
While with the king Clorinda still remains.
  Thus fix'd in her resolves, th' impatient maid,
By amorous passion led, no longer stay'd;
But to her near apartment thence repairs,
And with her all the shining armour bears.
No prying eyes were there her deeds to view;
For when she came the menial train withdrew;
While night, that theft and love alike befriends,
T' assist the deed her sable veil extends.
  Soon as the virgin saw the stars arise,
That faintly glimmer'd through the dusky skies,

She call'd, in secret, her design to aid,
A squire of faith approv'd, and favour'd maid:
To these in part her purpose she reveal'd,
But, with feign'd tales, the cause of flight conceal'd.
The trusty squire prepar'd, with ready care,
Whate'er was needful for the wandering fair.
Meantime Erminia had her robes unbound,
That, to her feet descending, swept the ground.
Now, in her vest, the lovely damsel shin'd
With charms superior to the female kind.
In stubborn steel her tender limbs she dress'd,
The massy helm her golden ringlets press'd:
Next in her feeble hand she grasp'd the shield,
A weight too mighty for her strength to weild.
Thus, clad in arms, she darts a radiant light
With all the dire magnificence of sight!
Love present laugh'd, as when he view'd of old
The female weeds Alcides' bulk enfold.
Heavy and slow, she moves along with pain;
And scarce her feet th' unwonted load sustain.
The faithful damsel by her side attends,
And with assisting arm her step befriends.
But love her spirits and her hopes renews,
And every trembling limb with strength indues.
Till, having reach'd the squire, without delay
They mount their ready steeds, and take their way.
Disguis'd they pass'd amid the gloomy night,
And sought the silent paths obscur'd from sight;
Yet scatter'd soldiers here and there they spy'd,
And saw the gleam of arms on every side.

But none attempt the virgin to molest;
All know her armour, ev'n by night confess'd,
The snow-white mantle and the dreadful crest.
Erminia, though her doubts were partly eas'd,
Yet found not all her troubled thoughts appeas'd;
She fear'd discovery, but her fears suppress'd;
And reach'd the gates, and thus the guard address'd:
Set wide the portal, nor my steps detain,
Commission'd by the king, I seek the plain.
Her martial garb deceiv'd the soldiers' eyes;
Her female accents favour'd the disguise.
The guards obey'd; and through the gate, in haste,
The princess, with her two attendants, pass'd;
Thence from the city-walls, with caution, went
Obliquely winding down the hill's descent.
Now safe at distance in a lonely place,
Erminia check'd awhile her courser's pace.
Escap'd the former perils of the night,
No guards, no ramparts now t' obstruct her flight;
With thought mature she ran her purpose o'er,
And weigh'd the dangers lightly weigh'd before.
More arduous far she saw th' attempt would prove
Than first appear'd to her desiring love:
Too rash it seem'd, amidst a warlike foe,
In search of peace, with hostile arms to go:
For still she purpos'd to conceal her name,
Till to the presence of her knight she came.
To him she wish'd to stand reveal'd alone,
A secret lover, and a friend unknown!

Then stopp'd the fair, and now, more heedful made,
Thus to her squire, with better counsel, said.
'Tis thou, my friend! who must, with speed and care,
To yonder tents my destin'd way prepare.
Go—let some guide direct thy doubtful eyes,
And bring thee where the wounded Tancred lies.
To him declare, there comes a friendly maid,
Who peace demands, and brings him healing aid;
Peace—(for the war of love now fills my mind)
Whence he may health, and I may comfort find.
Say, that, with him secure from scorn or shame,
A virgin to his faith commits her fame.
In secret this—If more the knight require,
Relate no further, but with speed retire.
Here will I safely wait.—So spoke the maid;
Her messenger at once the charge obey'd;
He spurr'd his courser, and the trenches gain'd,
And friendly entrance from the guard obtain'd.
Conducted then, the wounded chief he sought,
Who heard, with joy, the pleasing message brought.
The squire now leaves the knight to doubts resign'd,
(A thousand thoughts revolving in his mind)
To bring the welcome tidings to the fair,
That she, conceal'd, may to the camp repair.
Meanwhile the dame, impatient of his stay,
Whose eager wishes fear the least delay,
Counts every step, and measures oft in vain
The fancy'd distance 'twixt the camp and plain:
And oft her thoughts the messenger reprove,
Too slow for the desires of ardent love!

At length, advancing to a neighbouring height,
The foremost tents salute her longing sight.
  Now was the night in starry lustre seen,
And not a cloud obscur'd the blue serene:
The rising morn her silver beams display'd,
And deck'd with pearly dew the dusky glade.
With anxious soul, th' enamour'd virgin strays
From thought to thought, in love's perplexing maze;
And vents her tender plaints, and breathes her sighs
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.
  Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said:
Ye Latian tents, by me with joy survey'd!
From you, methinks, the gales more gently blow,
And seem already to relieve my woe!
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate!
As 'tis from you I seek t' assuage my care,
And hope alone for peace in scenes of war!
Receive me then!—and may my wishes find
That bliss, which love has promis'd to my mind;
Which ev'n my worst of fortune could afford,
When made the captive of my dearest lord!
I seek not now, inspir'd with fancies vain,
By you my regal honours to regain:
Ah no!—Be this my happiness and pride,
Within your shelter humbly to reside!
  So spoke the hapless fair, who little knew
How near her sudden change of fortune drew;
For, pensive while she stood, the cloudless moon
Full on th' unheedful maid with splendor shone;

Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam;
Her polish'd arms return'd a trembling gleam;
And on her lofty crest, the tigress rais'd,
With all the terrors of Clorinda blaz'd.
When lo! (so will'd her fate) a numerous band
Of Christian scouts were ambush'd near at hand;
Dispatch'd t' impede the passage, o'er the plain,
Of sheep and oxen to the Pagan train.
These Polyphernes and Alcander guide,
Two Latian brethren, who the task divide.
Young Polyphernes, who had seen his sire
Beneath Clorinda's thundering arm expire,
Soon as his eyes the dazzling vest survey'd,
Confess'd the semblance of the martial maid;
He fir'd his crew; and heedless of control,
Gave loose to all the fury of his soul;
Take this! and perish, by my weapon slain—
He said; and hurl'd his lance, but hurl'd in vain.
As when a hind, oppress'd with toil and heat,
To some clear spring directs her weary feet;
If, as she thinks to ease her fainting limbs
In the cool shade, and drink the crystal streams,
The fatal hounds arrive; she takes her flight,
And all her thirst is lost in wild affright.
Thus she, who hop'd some kind relief to prove,
And sought t' allay the burning thirst of love,
Soon as the warriors, clad in steel, appear,
Forgets her former thoughts in sudden fear:
She flies, nor dares th' approaching danger meet;
The plain re-echoes with her courser's feet.

With her th' attendant flies; the raging knight,
First of the band, pursues the virgin's flight.
Now from the tents the faithful squire repairs,
And to the dame his tardy tidings bears;
Struck with like fear, he gives his steed the rein,
And all are scatter'd diverse o'er the plain.
Alcander still, by cooler prudence sway'd,
Fix'd at his station, all the field survey'd:
A message to the camp he sent with speed,
That not the lowing ox, nor woolly breed,
Nor prey like these was seen; but, smit with fear,
The fierce Clorinda fled his brother's spear.
Nor could he think that she, no private knight,
But one who bore the chief command in fight;
At such a time would issue from the gate,
Without some public weighty cause of state:
But Godfrey's wisdom must th' adventure weigh,
And what he bade Alcander should obey.
  Soon to the camp the flying tidings came,
But first the Latian tents receiv'd the fame.
Tancred, whose soul the former message mov'd,
Now felt new terrors for the maid he lov'd.
To me (he cry'd) she came, with pious care,
Alas! for me this danger threats the fair!
Then of his heavy arms a part he takes,
He mounts his courser, and the tent forsakes
With silent haste; and, where the track he 'spies,
With furious course along the champaign flies.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Erminia, flying from the Christian guard, is received by a shepherd. Tancred, who pursued her, supposing her to be Clorinda, falls into Armida's snare, and is made prisoner in her castle. In the mean time Argantes, on the appointed day, enters the list to finish the combat with Tancred. Tancred being absent, none of the warriors have the courage to supply his place. Godfrey reproaches their pusillanimity, and resolves himself to meet Argantes. Raymond dissuades him. Many others then, filled with emulation, are desirous to engage. They cast lots; and the lot falls on Raymond. He enters the list, and, assisted by his guardian angel, has the advantage of Argantes; when Beelzebub incites Oradine to wound Raymond, and thus breaks off the combat. A general battle ensues. The Pagans are almost defeated; but the infernal powers raising a storm, the fortune of the day is changed. Godfrey, with his army, retires to his entrenchments.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

MEANWHILE the courser with Erminia stray'd
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade:
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths her steed pursu'd his flight,
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.
As, after long and toilsome chace in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal'd in shelter of the favouring wood:
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in every visage burn.
Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.
All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day,
Her tears and sighs companions of her way:

But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos'd his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,
To sacred Jordan's crystal flood she came;
There stay'd her course, and rested near his stream.
No nourishment her fainting strength renew'd,
Her woes and tears supply'd the place of food.
But sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals' eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle tribute brings,
And o'er the virgin spreads her downy wings:
Yet love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
She sleeps, till, joyful at the day's return,
The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn;
Till rising zephyrs whisper through the bowers,
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The shepherds' cots amid the sylvan ground:
When, 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears.
But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
Mix'd with the rural pipes of village swains:
She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
An aged sire that ozier baskets wove:
His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,
Three boys, beside him, tun'd their rustic song.
  Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
The harmlesss band were seiz'd with sudden fright,
But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears;
From her bright face the shining helm she rears;
And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.

Pursue your gentle tasks with dread unmov'd,
O happy race! (she cry'd) of Heav'n belov'd!
Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear,
Or check your tuneful notes with sounds of war.
Then thus—O father! 'midst these rude alarms,
When all the country burns with horrid arms,
What power can here your blissful seats insure,
And keep you from the soldiers' rage secure?
  To whom the swain: No dangers here, my son,
As yet my kindred or my flock have known:
And these abodes, remov'd to distance far,
Have ne'er been startled with the din of war.
Or whether Heaven, with more peculiar grace,
Defends the shepherd's inoffensive race:
Or, as the thunder scorns the vale below,
And spends its fury on the mountain's brow;
So falls alone the rage of foreign swords
On scepter'd princes and on mighty lords.
No greedy soldiers here for plunder wait,
Lur'd by our poverty and abject state:
To others abject; but to me so dear,
Nor regal power, nor wealth is worth my care.
No vain ambitious thoughts my soul molest,
No av'rice harbours in my quiet breast.
From limpid streams my draught is well supply'd;
I fear no poison in the wholesome tide.
My little garden and my flock afford
Salubrious viands for my homely board.
How little, justly weigh'd, our life requires!
For simple nature owns but few desires.

Lo! there my sons (no menial slaves I keep)
The faithful guardians of their father's sheep.
Thus in the groves I pass my hours away,
And see the goats and stags around me play;
The fishes through the crystal waters glide,
And the plum'd race the yielding air divide.
There was a time (when early youth inspires
The mind of erring man with vain desires)
I scorn'd in lowly vales my flock to feed,
And from my native soil and country fled.
At Memphis once I liv'd; and, highly grac'd,
Among the monarch's houshold train was plac'd:
And, though the gardens claim'd my cares alone,
To me the wicked arts of courts were known.
There long I stay'd, and irksome life endur'd,
Still by ambition's empty hopes allur'd:
But when, with flowery prime, those hopes were fled,
And all my passions with my youth were dead;
Once more I wish'd to live an humble swain,
And sigh'd for my forsaken peace again;
Then bade adieu to courts; and, free from strife,
Have since in woods enjoy'd a blissful life.
While thus he spoke, Erminia silent hung
In fix'd attention on his pleasing tongue:
His sage discourses, on her heart impress'd,
Assuag'd the tempest of her troubled breast:
Till, after various thoughts, the princely maid
Resolv'd to dwell beneath the lonely shade;
At least, so long sequester'd to reside,
Till fortune should for her return provide.

Then to the hoary swain her speech she mov'd:
O happy man! in fortune's frowns approv'd:
If Heav'n unenvying view thy peaceful state,
Let pity touch thee for my hapless fate:
Ah! deign to take me to your pleasing seat;
To me how grateful were this kind retreat!
Perhaps these lonely groves may ease in part
The mournful burthen of my swelling heart.
If gold or jewels can allure thy mind,
(Those idols so ador'd by human kind!)
From me thy soul may all its wishes find.
  Then, while her lovely eyes with sorrows flow,
She half reveals the story of her woe:
The gentle swain her tale with pity hears,
Sighs back her grief, and answers tears with tears:
With kindly words consoles th' afflicted fair,
At once receives her with a father's care,
And thence conducts her to his ancient wife,
The faithful partner of his humble life.
  And now (her mail unbrac'd) the royal maid
In rustic weeds her graceful limbs array'd;
But, in her courtly looks and beauteous mien,
Appear'd no tenant of the sylvan scene.
No dress could veil the lustre of her eyes,
No outward form her princely air disguise:
A secret charm, and dignity innate
Each act exalted of her lowly state.
She drives the flock to pasture on the plain,
And, with her crook, conducts to fold again:

From the rough teat she drew the milky stream,
And prest in circling vats the curdled cream.
Oft, when beneath some shady grove's retreat
The flocks are shelter'd from meridian heat,
On the smooth beechen rind the pensive dame
Carves in a thousand forms her Tancred's name;
Oft on a thousand plants inscribes her state,
Her dire distress, and love's disastrous fate:
And, while her eyes her own sad lines peruse,
A shower of tears her lovely face bedews.
Then thus she cries—Ye friendly trees! retain
My story'd sorrows, and declare my pain:
Should e'er, beneath your grateful shade, reside
Some love-sick youth in true affection try'd;
His heart may learn with friendly grief to glow,
Touch'd by my sad variety of woe;
So may he Love and Fortune's rigour blame,
That thus reward a virgin's constant flame.
If e'er indulgent Heav'n vouchsafe to hear
The tender wishes of a lover's prayer:
Ev'n he may haply to these dwellings rove,
Who heeds not now forlorn Erminia's love;
And, casting on the ground his pitying eyes,
Where clos'd in earth this breathless body lies;
May to my sufferings yield a late return,
And with a pious tear my fortune mourn.
Thus, if my life was never doom'd to rest,
At least in death my spirit shall be blest;
And my cold ashes shall the bliss receive,
Which here relentless Fate refus'd to give!

Thus to the senseless trunks her pains she told,
While down her cheek the copious sorrows roll'd.
Tancred, meantime, the damsel's flight pursu'd,
And, guided by the track, had reach'd the wood:
But there the trees so thick a gloom display'd,
He rov'd uncertain through the dusky shade.
And now he listens with attentive ear,
The noise of steeds or sound of arms to hear.
Each bird or beast that rustles in the brakes,
Each whispering breeze his amorous hope awakes.
At length he leaves the wood: the favouring moon
Directs his wandering steps through paths unknown.
A sudden noise at distance seems to rise,
And thither strait th' impatient warrior flies.
And now he comes where from a rock distils
A plenteous stream that falls in lucid rills;
Then down the steep th' united waters flow,
And murmur in the verdant banks below.
Here Tancred call'd aloud: in vain he cry'd;
No sound, save echo, to his voice reply'd.
Meanwhile he saw the gay Aurora rise,
And rosy blushes kindling in the skies:
Inly he groan'd, accusing Heav'n, that held
The flying damsel from his search conceal'd;
And vow'd his vengeance on the head to bend
Whose rashness should the much-lov'd maid offend.
At length the knight, though doubtful of the way,
Resolv'd to seek the camp without delay;
For near at hand the destin'd morning drew,
That with Argantes must his fight renew.

When, issuing from a narrow vale, he spy'd
A messenger, that seem'd on speed to ride,
His crooked horn depending at his side.
Tancred from him demands the ready way
To where encamp'd the Christian army lay.
Then he—Thou soon from me the path may'st know,
Dispatch'd by Bœmond to the camp I go.
Th' unwary knight the guileful words believ'd,
And follow'd, by his uncle's name deceiv'd.
And now they came to where, amidst a flood
Obscene with filth, a stately castle stood;
What time the sun withdrew his cheerful light,
And sought the sable caverns of the night.
At once the courier blew a sounding blast,
And sudden o'er the moat the bridge was cast.
Here, if a Latian (said the wily guide)
Thou may'st at ease till morning dawn reside:
Three days are past since from the Pagan band
Cosenza's valiant earl this castle gain'd.
He ceas'd: The warrior all the fort survey'd,
Impregnable by art and nature made;
Awhile he paus'd, suspecting in his mind
In such a place some secret fraud to find:
But, long to dangers and to toils inur'd,
He stood undaunted, in himself secur'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er or choice or chance procure,
His own right arm his safety should insure.
But now another task his sword demands,
And from each new attempt restrains his hands.

Before the castle, close beside the flood,
In deep suspense awhile the hero stood;
Nor o'er the stream the doubtful passage try'd,
Though oft invited by his treacherous guide.
When sudden on the bridge a knight was seen
All sheath'd in arms, of fierce and haughty mien;
His naked falchion, held aloft, he shook,
And thus in loud and threatening accents spoke.
O thou! who thus hast reach'd Armida's land,
Or led by choice, or by thy fate constrain'd,
Hope not to fly—be here thy sword resign'd,
And let thy hands ignoble fetters bind;
This castle enter, and the laws receive,
The laws our sovereign mistress deigns to give:
And ne'er expect, for length of rolling yeats,
To view the light of heaven or golden stars,
Unless thou swear, with her associate train,
To war on all that JESUS' faith maintain.
He said; and, while his voice betray'd the knight,
On the known armour Tancred fix'd his sight.
Rambaldo this, who with Armida came,
Who, for her sake, embrac'd the Pagan name;
And now was seen in arms t' assert her cause,
The bold defender of her impious laws.
With holy zeal th' indignant warrior burn'd,
And to the foe this answer soon return'd.
Lo! impious wretch! that Tancred now appears,
Who still for CHRIST his faithful weapon wears;
His champion! taught by him the foes to quell,
That dare against his sacred word rebel.

Soon shalt thou find in me thy scourge is given,
And own this hand the minister of Heav'n.
Confounded at his name th' apostate stood;
Swift vanish'd from his cheek the frighted blood:
Yet thus, with courage feign'd, he made reply:
Why com'st thou, wretch! predestin'd here to die?
Here shall thy lifeless limbs on earth be spread,
And, sever'd from the trunk, thy worthless head
Soon to the leader of the Franks I'll send,
If fortune, as of old, my arms befriend.
While thus he spoke, the day its beams withdrew,
And deeper shades obscur'd the doubtful view:
When strait a thousand lamps resplendent blaze,
And all the castle shines with starry rays.
Armida plac'd aloft (herself conceal'd)
Heard all the contest, and the knights beheld.
Th' undaunted hero for the fight prepares,
Collects his courage and his falchion bares;
Nor kept his steed, but leaping from his seat,
Approach'd on equal terms the foe to meet.
The foe advanc'd on foot, and held before
His fencing shield; his head the helmet wore;
In act to strike the naked steel he bore.
To him with dauntless pace the prince drew nigh,
Rage in his voice, and lightning in his eye.
The wary Pagan wheels his steps afar,
Now seems to strike, and now to shun the war.
Tancred, though weak with many a former wound,
Though lately spent with toil, maintain'd his ground;

And, where Rambaldo shrunk, his steps he press'd,
And oft the sword before his face address'd
With threatening point; but chiefly bent his art,
To aim the wounds at every vital part.
His dreadful voice he rais'd at every blow,
And pour'd a furious tempest on the foe:
Now here, now there, the foe deceives his eyes,
With sword and shield to ward the danger tries,
And from th' impending steel elusive flies.
Yet not so swift the Pagan can defend,
But swifter far the Christian's strokes descend.
Rambaldo's arms were now with blood bedew'd,
His shield was broken, and his helmet hew'd:
While in his heart contending passions strove,
Remorse, and fear, and shame, revenge and love.
At length, impell'd by fury and despair,
To prove the utmost fortune of the war,
His buckler cast aside, with either hand
He grasp'd his falchion, yet with blood unstain'd;
Then, instant closing, urg'd the vengeful steel:
On Tancred's thigh the furious weapon fell,
And through the mail infix'd a ghastly wound;
His helmet next the Pagan's falchion found;
The helmet, struck, return'd a ringing sound.
The casque sustain'd the stroke, with temper steel'd
Beneath the force the staggering warrior reel'd;
But, soon recovering, gnash'd his teeth with ire,
While from his eye-balls flash'd avenging fire!
And now Rambaldo durst no longer wage
The doubtful fight with Tancred's rising rage:

His startled ear the hissing sword confess'd;
He deem'd the point already in his breast:
He sees, he flies the blow: th' impetuous steel
With erring force against a column fell
Beside the flood; beneath the furious stroke
The marble in a thousand shivers broke.
Swift to the bridge th' affrighted traitor flies;
In swiftness all his hope of safety lies:
Him Tancred chac'd, and step by step impell'd;
Now o'er his back the threatening sword he held:
When lo! (the trembling Pagan's flight to shield)
A sudden darkness cover'd all the field:
At once the lamps were vanish'd from the sight;
At once the moon and stars withdrew their light.
No more the victor could his foe pursue,
In gloom of friendly night conceal'd from view.
His eyes in vain explor'd the magic shade,
While unsecure with doubtful feet he stray'd.
Unconscious where he pass'd, with luckless tread
He enter'd at a gate, as fortune led;
But sudden heard the portal clos'd behind,
And found himself in prison drear confin'd.
So the mute race from troubled waves retreat,
To seek in peaceful bays a milder seat,
And heedless enter in the fatal snare,
Where fishers place their nets with guileful care.
The gallant Tancred prisoner thus remain'd,
By strange enchantment in the fort detain'd;
In vain to force the gate his strength he try'd,
The stronger gate his utmost pains defy'd:

And soon a voice was heard—" Attempt no more,
" Armida's captive now, t' escape her pow'r!
" Here live; nor fear that death should prove thy doom,
" Here living sentenc'd to a doleful tomb!"
Th' indignant knight his rising grief suppress'd,
Yet groan'd full deeply from his inmost breast;
Accusing love, from whence his errors rose,
Himself, his fortune, and his treach'rous foes.
Thus oft in whispers to himself he mourns:
To me no more the cheerful sun returns!
Yet that were little—these unhappy eyes
Must view no more the sun of beauty rise!
No more behold Clorinda's charms again,
Whose power alone can ease a lover's pain!
The destin'd combat then his mind assail'd;
Too much (he cry'd) my honour here has fail'd:
Well may Argantes now despise my name;
O stain to glory! O eternal shame!
While thoughts like these distracted Tancred's breast,
Argantes scorn'd the downy plumes of rest:
Discord and strife his cruel soul employ;
Fame all his wish, and slaughter all his joy:
And ere his wounds are heal'd, he burns to view
Th' appointed day, the combat to renew.
The night before the morn for fight design'd,
The Pagan scarce to sleep his eyes inclin'd:
While yet the skies their sable mantle spread,
Ere yet a beam disclos'd the mountain's head,
He rose, and call'd for arms; his squire prepares,
And to his lord the radiant armour bears;

Not that he wont to wear; a nobler load,
A costly gift, the monarch this bestow'd.
Eager he seiz'd, nor gaz'd the present o'er,
His limbs, with ease, the massy burthen bore.
He girt the trusty falchion to his side;
Full well in many a dangerous combat try'd.
As shaking terrors from his blazing hair,
A sanguine comet gleams through dusky air,
To ruin states, and dire diseases spread,
And baleful light on purple tyrants shed:
So flam'd the chief in arms, and sparkling ire,
He roll'd his eyes suffus'd with blood and fire:
His dreadful threats the firmest hearts control'd,
And with a look he wither'd all the bold:
With horrid shout he shook his naked blade,
And smote th' impassive air and empty shade.
Soon shall the Christian chief (aloud he cries)
Who dares with me in fight dispute the prize,
Vanquish'd and bleeding, press the ensanguin'd land,
And soil his flowing tresses in the sand!
Spite of his God, he living shall survey
This hand, unpitying, rend his spoils away.
Then shall his prayers in vain a grave implore,
The dogs his mangled carcase shall devour!
So fares a bull whom jealous fires engage,
Loudly he roars, and calls up all his rage;
Against a tree his sharpen'd horns he tries,
To battle vain the passing wind defies;
He spurns the yellow sands, and from afar
His mortal rival dares to deadly war.

These passions swelling in Argantes' breast,
The herald straight he call'd, and thus address'd:
Haste to the camp, and there the fight proclaim
With yonder champion of the Christian name.
This said, he seiz'd his steed, nor longer stay'd,
But from the walls the captive knight convey'd.
He left the city, and impetuous went
With eager speed along the hill's descent.
Impatient then his sounding horn he blew,
And wide around the horrid echo flew;
The noise, like thunder, struck th' astonish'd ears,
And every heart was fill'd with sudden fears.
The Christian princes, now conven'd, enclose
Their prudent chief; to these the herald goes,
And Tancred first to combat due demands,
Then dares each leader of the faithful bands.
Now Godfrey casts around his heedful sight,
No champion offers equal to the fight.
The flower of all his warlike train is lost;
No news of Tancred yet has reach'd the host:
Bœmond afar; and exil'd from the field,
Th' unconquer'd youth who proud Gernando kill'd.
Beside the ten, by lot of fortune nam'd,
The heroes of the camp, for valour fam'd,
Pursu'd the false Armida's guileful flight,
Conceal'd in covert of the friendly night.
The rest, less firm of soul or brave of hand,
Around their chief unmov'd and silent stand;
Not one in such a risk would seek for fame;
In fear of ill was lost the sense of shame.

Well, by their silence and their looks display'd,
Their secret fears the General soon survey'd,
And, fill'd with noble warmth and high disdain,
He started from his seat, and thus began.
Ah! how unworthy were this breast of life,
If now I shun t' attempt the glorious strife;
Or let yon Pagan foe our name disgrace,
And tread in dust the glory of our race.
Here let my camp secure, inactive, lie,
And view my danger with a distant eye:
Haste, bring my arms!—Then, swift as winged thought,
His ponderous armour to the chief was brought.
But Raymond (in experienc'd wisdom known,
Whose courage with the first in peril shone;
Whose vigorous age the fire of youth confess'd)
Turn'd to the leader, and these words address'd.
Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er the Christian state,
Thus in their chief should hazard all their fate!
On thee our empire and our faith depend,
By thee must Babel's impious kingdom bend.
'Tis thine to rule debates, the sceptre wield;
Let others boldly prove the sword in field.
Ev'n I, though bending with the weight of age,
Refuse not here the danger to engage.
Let others shun the force of yonder knight,
No thoughts shall keep me from so brave a fight.
O! could I boast an equal strength of years
With you who stand dismay'd with heartless fears,
(Whom neither shame nor indignation moves,
While yonder foe your dastard train reproves)

Such as I was, when all Germania view'd
Stern Leopold beneath my arms subdu'd!
At mighty Conrade's court my weapon tore
The warrior's breast, and drank his vital gore.
Such was the deed! more noble far to bear
The spoils of such a chief renown'd in war,
Than singly here, unarm'd, in flight to chace
A numerous band of this inglorious race.
Had I the vigour now I then possess'd,
This arm had soon the Pagan's pride suppress'd.
But, as I am, this heart undaunted glows,
No coward fear this aged bosom knows;
And, should I breathless press the hostile plain,
No easy conquest shall the foe obtain.
Behold, I arm!—this day, with added praise,
Shall crown the lustre of my former days.
  So spoke the hoary chief; his words inspir'd
Each kindling soul, and sleeping virtue fir'd.
And those whose silence first their fear confess'd,
With voice embolden'd to the combat press'd.
No more a knight is sought; a generous band,
By emulation urg'd, the fight demand.
That task Rogero, Guelpho, Baldwin fam'd,
Stephen, Gernier, and either Guido claim'd;
Pyrrhus, whose art the walls of Antioch won,
And gave to Bœmond's hand the conquer'd town.
Brave Eberard the glorious trial warms;
Ridolphus and Rosmondo, known in arms:
And, with like thirst to gain a deathless name,
The conflict Edward and Gildippe claim.

But first the venerable warrior stands,
And with superior zeal the fight demands.
Already arm'd he darts resplendent fires,
And now his burnish'd helm alone requires:
Him Godfrey thus bespoke—O glorious sage!
Thou lively mirror of a warlike age!
From thee our leaders catch the god-like flame,
Thine is the art of war and martial fame!
O! could I now in youthful prowess find
Ten champions more to match thy dauntless mind,
Soon should I conquer Babel's haughty towers,
And spread the Cross from Ind to Thule's shores.
But here forbear: reserve for counsel sage
The nobler glory of thy virtuous age.
And let the rest their rival names enclose
Within a vase, and chance the lots dispose;
Or rather God dispose, whose sovereign will,
Fortune and Fate, his ministers, fulfill.
He said; but Raymond still asserts his claim,
And fearlesss with the rest includes his name,
Then pious Godfrey in his helmet threw
The lots, and shaking round, the first he drew,
Thoulouse's valiant earl appear'd in view.
With cheerful shouts the Christians hail the name,
Nor dares a tongue the lot of Fortune blame.
The hero's looks a sudden vigour warms,
And a new youth his stiffen'd limbs informs.
So the fierce snake, with spoils renew'd, appears,
And to the sun his golden circles rears.

But Godfrey most extoll'd the hoary knight,
And promis'd fame and conquest in the fight;
Then from his side his trusty falchion took,
To Raymond this he gave, and thus he spoke:
See here the sword which, drawn in many a field,
The rebel Saxon once was wont to wield;
This from his hand I won in glorious strife,
And forc'd a passage for his hated life:
This sword, that ever did my arm befriend,
Receive, and equal fortune thine attend!
Thus they: The haughty foe impatient stay'd,
And with loud threats provok'd the strife delay'd:
Unconquer'd nations! Europe's martial bands!
Behold a single chief the war demands!
Why comes not Tancred, once so fam'd in fight,
If still he dare to trust his boasted might?
Or, does he chuse, in downy slumber laid,
To wait again the night's auxiliar shade?
If thus he fears, let others prove their force;
Come all, united powers of foot and horse!
Since not your thousands can a warrior yield
Who dares oppose my might in single field.
Lo! there the sepulchre of Mary's son—
Approach, and pay your offering at the stone.
Behold the way! what cause detains your band?
Or does some greater deed your swords demand?
These bitter taunts each Christian's rage provoke,
But chiefly Raymond kindled as he spoke:
Indignant shame his swelling breast inspires,
And noble wrath his dauntless courage fires.

He vaults on Aquiline, of matchless speed;
The banks of Tagus bred this generous steed:
There the fair mother of the warrior-brood
(Soon as the kindly spring had fir'd her blood)
With open mouth, against the breezes held,
Receiv'd the gales with warmth prolific fill'd:
And (strange to tell!) inspir'd with genial seed,
Her swelling womb produc'd this wondrous steed.
Along the sand with rapid feet he flies,
No eye his traces in the dust descries;
To right, to left, obedient to the rein,
He winds the mazes of th' embattled plain.
On this the valiant ear to combat press'd,
And thus to Heaven his pious prayer address'd:
O thou! that 'gainst Goliath's impious head
The youthful arms in Terebinthus sped,
When the proud foe, who scoff'd at Israel's band,
Fell by the weapon of a stripling's hand:
With like example now thy cause maintain,
And stretch yon Pagan breathless on the plain:
Let feeble age subdue the mighty's pride,
Which feeble childhood once so well defy'd!
So pray'd the earl; and straight his zealous prayers
Flew, wing'd with faith, to reach the heavenly spheres,
As flames ascend. Th' Eternal Father heard,
And call'd an angel from th' ethereal guard,
Whose watchful aid the aged chief might shield,
And safe return him from the glorious field.
Th' angelic power, to whom, decreed by Heaven,
The care of Raymond from his birth was given,

Soon as he heard anew his Lord's command,
Obey'd the charge entrusted to his hand:
He mounts the sacred tower, where, rang'd on high,
The arms of all th' immortal legions lie.
There shines the spear, by which the serpent driven
Lies pierc'd with wounds; the fiery bolts of heaven;
The viewless arrows that in tainted air,
Disease and plagues to frighted mortals bear.
There, hung aloft, the trident huge is seen,
The deadliest terror to the race of men,
What time the solid earth's foundations move,
And tottering cities tremble from above.
But o'er the rest, on piles of armour, flam'd
A shield immense, of blazing di'mond fram'd,
Whose orb could all the realms and lands contain
That reach, from Caucasus, th' Atlantic main!
This buckler guards the righteous prince's head;
O'er holy kingdoms this defence is spread:
With this the angel from his seat descends,
And near his Raymond, unperceiv'd, attends.

Meantime the walls with various throngs were fill'd;
And now Clorinda (so the tyrant will'd
Led from the city's gate an armed band,
And halted on the hill; the Christians stand
In rank of battle on a different hand.
Before the camp, in either army's sight,
An ample list lay open for the fight.
Argantes seeks his foe, but seeks in vain;
A knight unknown appears upon the plain.

Then Raymond thus—The chief thy eyes would find,
Thy better fate has from our host disjoin'd.
Yet let not this thy empty pride excite,
Behold me here prepar'd to prove thy might.
For him I dare with thee the war maintain:
Nor think me meanest of the Christian train.
The Pagan smil'd, and scornful thus reply'd:
Say, in what part does Tancred then reside?
He first with boastful threats all Heaven defies,
Then trembling on his coward feet relies!
But let him fly, and veil his fears in vain
Beneath the central earth, or boundless main:
Not earth profound, nor ocean's whelming wave,
Shall from my hand the recreant warrior save!
Falsely thou say'st (the Christian thus replies)
That he, thy better far, the combat flies.
To whom the foe incens'd—Then swift prepare,
I shall not here refuse thy proffer'd war:
Soon shall we prove, on this contended plain,
How well thy deeds thy senseless boast maintain.
This said, the champions to the combat press'd,
And 'gainst the helm their threatening spears address'd.
True to his aim, good Raymond reach'd the foe,
Who, in his seat unmov'd, sustain'd the blow.
No less in vain was fierce Argantes' might;
The heavenly guardian, watchful o'er the fight,
The stroke averted from the Christian knight.
The Pagan gnaw'd his lips, with rage he shook,
And 'gainst the plain his lance, blaspheming, broke;

Then drew his sword, and swift at Raymond flew,
On closer terms the combat to renew.
Against him full he drove his furious steed;
So butting rams encounter head to head.
But Raymond to the right eludes the shock;
And on his front the passing Pagan struck.
Again the stern Circassian seeks the foe:
Again the Christian disappoints the blow;
And every turn observ'd with heedful eyes;
He fear'd Argantes' strength and giant size;
By fits he seem'd to fight, by fits to yield,
And round the list in flying circles wheel'd.
As when some chief a tower beleaguers round,
With fens enclos'd, or on a hilly ground;
A thousand ways, a thousand arts he proves:
Thus o'er the field the wary Christian moves.
In vain he strives the Pagan's scales to rend,
That well his ample breast and head defend;
But where the jointed plates an entrance show'd,
Thrice with his sword he drew the purple flood,
And stain'd the hostile arms with streaming blood.
His own, secure, the adverse weapon brav'd;
Untouch'd the plumage o'er his helmet wav'd.
At length, amidst a thousand vainly spent,
A well-aim'd stroke the raging Pagan sent;
Then, Aquiline! thy speed had prov'd in vain,
The fatal blow had aged Raymond slain;
But here he fail'd not heavenly aid to prove;
The guard invisible, from realms above,
To meet the steel th' ethereal buckler held,
Whose blazing orb the powerful stroke repell'd.

The sword broke short, nor could the force withstand;
(No earthly temper of a mortal hand
Could arms divine, infrangible, sustain)
The brittle weapon shiver'd on the plain.
The Pagan scarce believes; with wondering eye,
He sees on earth the glittering fragments lie:
And still he deem'd against the Christian's shield
His falchion broken strew'd the dusty field:
Good Raymond deem'd no less; nor knew, from Heav'n
What powerful guardian to his life was given.
But when disarm'd the hostile band he view'd,
Awhile suspended in himself he stood;
He fear'd such palms would little fame bestow,
With such advantage ravish'd from the foe.
Go, seek a sword—the chief begins to say,
But different thoughts his generous purpose stay.
He fears alike to win the shield with shame;
He fears alike to risk the general fame.
While doubtful thus he stands, with rage anew
The hilt Argantes at his helmet threw;
Then spurr'd his steed to grapple with his foe:
The earl, unmov'd, receives the Pagan's blow,
And wounds his arm, that came with threatening sway,
Fierce as a vulture rushing on its prey!
At every turn his sword Argantes found,
And pierc'd his limbs with many a ghastly wound.
Whate'er his art or vigour could conspire,
His former wrath, his now redoubled ire,
At once against the proud Circassian join,
And Heaven and fortune in the cause combine.

But still the foe, with dauntless soul secure,
Resists, unterrify'd, the Christian's power.
So seems a stately ship, in billows tost,
Her tackle torn, her masts and canvass lost;
With strong ribb'd sides the rushing storm she braves,
Nor yet despairs amidst the roaring waves.
Ev'n such, Argantes, was thy dangerous state,
When Beelzebub prepar'd to ward thy fate:
From hollow clouds he fram'd an empty shade,
Wondrous to speak!) in human form array'd:
To this Clorinda's warlike looks he join'd;
Like her the form in radiant armour shin'd:
He gave it speech and accents like the dame;
The same the motion, and the mien the same.
To Oradine its course the phantom took,
And him, renown'd for archery, bespoke:
O Oradine! whose never-failing art
To every mark directs the distant dart,
Think what a loss Judea must sustain,
Should thus the guardian of her walls be slain;
Should his rich spoils the haughty foe adorn,
And he in safety to his train return.
On yonder robber let thy skill be try'd,
Deep in his blood be now thy arrows dy'd.
What endless praise were thine! nor praise alone,
The king with vast rewards the deed shall crown.
  The spectre ceas'd; not long the warrior stay'd;
The hopes of gain his greedy soul persuade:
From the full quiver, destin'd for the deed,
To the tough yew he fits the feather'd reed:

He bends the bow, loud twangs the trembling string,
The shaft impatient hisses on the wing;
Swift to the mark the airy passage finds,
Just where the belt the golden buckle binds;
The corslet piercing, through the skin it goes;
But scarce the wound with purple moisture flows;
The guard celestial stops its further course,
And robs the arrow of its threatening force.
The earl the weapon from his corslet drew,
And saw the sprinkling drops of sanguine hue;
Then on the Pagan turn'd, with fury mov'd,
And, with loud threats, his breach of faith reprov'd.
  The pious Godfrey now, whose careful look
Was fixed on Raymond, found the truce was broke:
With fears he saw his lov'd associate bleed,
And urg'd his troops t' avenge the treacherous deed.
Then might you see their ready beavers clos'd,
Their coursers rein'd, their spears in rest dispos'd.
At once the squadrons, plac'd on either hand,
Move in their ranks, and thicken o'er the land:
The field is vanish'd; clouds of dust arise,
And roll in sable volumes to the skies.
They meet, they shock; the clamours echo round;
And helms and shields and shiver'd spears resound.
Here lies a steed, and there (his rider slain)
Another runs at random o'er the plain.
Here lies a warrior dead; in pangs of death,
There one, with groans, reluctant yields his breath.
Dire was the conflict; deep the tumult grows;
And now with all its rage the battle glows;

Argantes midst them flew with eager pace,
And from a soldier snatched an iron mace;
This whirl'd around, with unresisted sway,
Through the thick press he forc'd an ample way:
Raymond he seeks, on him his arms he turns,
On him alone his dreadful fury burns;
And, like a wolf, with savage wrath endu'd,
He thirsts insatiate for the Christian's blood;
But now, on every side, the numbers clos'd,
And thronging warriors his attempts oppos'd:
Ormano and Rogero (names renown'd)
Guido, with either Gerrard, there he found.
Yet more impetuous still his anger swell'd,
The more these gallant chiefs his force repell'd.
So, pent in narrow space, more dreadful grows
The blazing fire, and round destruction throws.
Guido he wounded; brave Ormano slew;
And midst the slain to earth Rogero threw,
Stunn'd with the fall. While here the martial train
On either hand an equal fight maintain,
Thus to his brother Godfrey gave command:
Now to the fight conduct thy warlike band;
And where the battle rages in its force,
There to the left direct thy speedy course.
He said; the warrior at his word obey'd,
And on their flank a sudden onset made.
Languid and spent the Asian troops appear,
Nor can the Franks' impetuous vigour bear:
Their ranks are broke, their standards scatter'd round,
And men and steeds lie mingled on the ground.

The squadrons, on the right, now fled the plain;
Alone Argantes dares the shock sustain;
Alone he turns, alone the torrent stands:
Not he who brandish'd in his hundred hands
His fifty swords and fifty shields in fight,
Could have surpass'd the fierce Argantes' might!
The mace's sweepy way, the clashing spears,
Th' impetuous shock of charging steeds he bears.
Alone he seems for all an equal force:
Now here, now there, by turns he shifts his course:
His limbs are bruis'd, his shatter'd arms resound;
The blood and sweat in mingled streams abound,
Yet whole he seems, and fearless of a wound.
But now so closely press'd the flying crew,
That in their flight th' unwilling chief they drew:
Constrain'd he turn'd, nor longer could abide
Th' o'erbearing fury of the rapid tide.
Yet seems he not to fly, his looks declare
His dauntless soul, and still maintain the war;
Still in his eyes the glancing terrors glow;
And still with threatening voice he dares the foe.
With every art he tries, but tries in vain,
To stop the panic of the routed train:
No art, no rein, can rule the vulgar fear;
Nor earnest prayers, nor loud commands they hear.
The pious Godfrey, who, with zeal inspir'd,
Saw fortune favouring all his soul desired,
Pursu'd with joy the battle's glorious course,
And to the victors sent auxiliar force.

And, but the fatal hour not yet was come,
Prefix'd by God in his eternal doom,
This day, perchance, their arms success had found,
This day had all their sacred labours crown'd.
But hell's dire crew, who saw the conquering host,
And in the combat fear'd their empire lost,
(By Heav'n permitted) spread the changing skies
With clouds condens'd, and gave the winds to rise.
Infernal horrors darken all the air,
Pale livid lightnings thro' the æther glare;
The thunder roars; the mingled hail and rain
With rattling torrents deluge all the plain:
The trees are rent; nor yield the trees alone,
The rocks and mountains to the tempest groan.
The wind and rain with force united strove,
And on the Christian's face impetuous drove:
The sudden storm their eager course repress'd,
And fatal terrors daunted many a breast:
While, round their banners, some maintain'd the field,
Nor yet the fortune of the day beheld.
But this Clorinda, from afar, descries,
And swift to seize the wish'd occasion flies.

She spurs her steed, and thus her squadron warms:
See! Heaven, my friends! assists our righteous arms:
His tempest lights not on our favour'd bands,
But leaves to action free our valiant hands:
Against th' astonish'd foe his wrath he bends,
Full in their face his vengeful storm descends:
They lose the use of arms and light of day:
Haste, let us go where fortune points the way.

She said, and rouz'd her ardent troops to war,
And while behind th' infernal storm they bear,
With dreadful fury on the Franks they turn,
And mock their vigour, and their weapons scorn:
Meanwhile Argantes on their forces flew,
(So lately victors) and with rage o'erthrew:
These, swift retreating from the field, oppose
Their backs against the storm and hostile blows.
Fierce on the rear the Pagan weapons pour:
Fierce on the rear their wrath the furies shower.
The mingled blood in streaming torrents swell'd,
And purple rivers delug'd all the field.
There, midst the dying and the vulgar slain,
Pyrrhus and good Ridolphus press'd the plain:
The fierce Circassian this of life depriv'd;
From that Clorinda noble palms deriv'd.

Thus fled the Franks; while still th' infernal crew
And Syrian bands their eager flight pursue.
Godfrey alone the hostile arms defies,
The roaring storm and thunder of the skies;
With dauntless front amid the tumult moves,
And loud each leader's coward fear reproves.
Against Argantes twice he urg'd his horse,
And bravely twice repell'd the Pagan's course:
As oft on high his naked sword he rear'd
Where, thickest join'd, the hostile troops appear'd:
Till, with the rest constrain'd the day to yield,
He gain'd the trenches, and forsook the field.
Back to the walls return'd the Pagan band;
The weary Christians in the vale remain'd;

Nor then could scarce th' increasing tempest bear,
And the wild rage of elemental war.
Now here, now there, the fires more faintly show;
Loud roar the winds; the rushing waters flow:
The tents are shatter'd, stakes in pieces torn;
And whole pavilions far to distance borne.
The thunder, rain, and wind, and human cries,
With deafening clamours rend the vaulted skies!

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Dane arrives at the Christian camp, and informs Godfrey that the band, conducted by Sweno, was attacked in the night, near Palestine, by a numerous army of Arabs commanded by Solyman: that the Danes were cut in pieces, and Sweno killed; and that himself only escaped the general slaughter: to this he adds, that he had received an injunction to present Sweno's sword to Rinaldo. The Christian army, deceived by appearances, suspect Rinaldo to have been assassinated. Argillan, instigated in a dream by Alecto, incites the Italians to revolt; and throws the odium of Rinaldo's supposed murder upon Godfrey. The disaffection spreads through the troops. Godfrey goes himself to quell the tumult; he causes Argillan to be arrested, and restores tranquillity to the camp.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Now ceas'd the thunder's noise, the storm was o'er,
And every blustering wind forgot to roar;
When the fair morning, from her radiant seat,
Appear'd with rosy front and golden feet:
But those, whose power the raging tempest brew'd,
Still with new wiles their ruthless hate pursu'd;
While one (Astagoras the fiend was nam'd)
Her partner, dire Alecto, thus inflam'd:
  Behold yon knight, Alecto! on his way,
(Nor can our arts his destin'd purpose stay)
Who 'scap'd with life, on yonder fatal plain,
The great defender of th' infernal reign.
He to the Franks his comrades' fate shall tell,
And how in fight their daring leader fell.
This great event among the Christians known,
May to the camp recall Bertoldo's son.

Thou know'st too well if this our care may claim,
And challenge every scheme our power can frame.
Then mingle with the Franks to work their woes,
And each adventure to their harms dispose:
Go—shed thy venom in their veins, inflame
The Latian, British, and Helvætian name;
Be every means, be every fraud apply'd,
And all the camp in civil broils divide.
This task were worthy thee, would crown thy word,
So nobly plighted to our sovereign lord.
She spoke; nor needed more her speech employ;
The fiend embrac'd th' attempt with horrid joy.
Meantime the knight, whose presence thus they fear'd,
Arriving, in the Christian camp appear'd:
Conducted, soon the leader's tent he sought;
(All thronging round to hear the news he brought)
Lowly he bow'd, and kiss'd the glorious hand
That shook the lofty towers of Babel's land.
O chief! (he cry'd) whose wide-extended fame
Alone the ocean bounds and starry frame;
Would Heaven I here with happier tidings stood!—
This said, he sigh'd, and thus his speech pursu'd.
Sweno, the Danish monarch's only son,
(Pride of his age, and glory of his throne)
Impatient burn'd his name with theirs to join,
Who, led by thee, in JESUS' cause combine;
Nor toils nor dangers could his thought restrain,
Nor all th' allurements of his future reign;
Not filial duty to his aged sire
Could in his bosom quench the glorious fire.

By thy example, and beneath thy care,
He long'd to learn the labours of the war;
Already had he heard Rinaldo's name,
In bloom of youth, resound with deeds of fame:
But, far above an earthly frail renown,
His soul aspir'd to heaven's eternal crown.
Resolv'd to meet in arms the Pagan foes,
The prince a faithful daring squadron chose;
Direct for Thrace, with these, his way pursu'd,
Till now the Greeks' imperial seat he view'd.
The Grecian king the gallant youth caress'd,
And in his court detain'd the royal guest.
There from the camp thy trusty envoy came,
Who told the triumphs of the Christian name:
How first you conquer'd Antioch's stately town,
Then 'gainst the foe maintain'd the conquest won,
When Persia brought her numerous sons from far,
And seem'd t' exhaust her spacious realms for war.
On thine, on every leader's deeds he dwells,
And last the praise of brave Rinaldo tells:
How the bold youth forsook his native land;
What early glory since his arms had gain'd.
To this he adds, that now the Christian powers
Had laid the siege to Sion's lofty towers;
And urg'd the prince with thee at least to share
The last great conquest of the sacred war.
These speeches gave new force to Sweno's zeal;
He thirsts in Pagan blood to drench his steel.
Each warrior's trophy seems his sloth to blame;
Each valiant deed upbraids his tardy fame.

One thought alone his dauntless soul alarms;
He fears to join too late the victors' arms.
Impell'd by fate, he scarcely deigns to stay
Till the first blush of dawn renew'd the day.
We march'd, intrepid, o'er a length of land
Beset with various foes on every hand:
Now rugged ways we prove; now famine bear;
To ambush now expos'd, or open war:
But every labour, fearless, we sustain;
Our foes were vanquish'd, or in battle slain.
  Success in danger every doubt suppress'd,
Presumptuous hope each swelling heart possess'd.
At length we pitch'd our tents one fatal day,
As near the bounds of Palestine we lay;
Our scouts were there surpriz'd with loud alarms
Of barbarous clamours and the din of arms:
And countless banners they descry'd from far,
The streaming signals of approaching war.
  Our matchlesss chief unmov'd the tidings heard;
Firm was his voice, unchang'd his looks appear'd;
Though the dire peril startled many a breast,
And many a changing cheek its fears confess'd.
Then thus he cry'd: Prepare for sure renown,
The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown!
The first I hope, nor less the last I prize,
Whence greater merits, equal glories rise!
This field, O friends! shall future honours claim,
A temple sacred to immortal fame;
Where distant ages shall our trophies tell,
Or show the spot on which we greatly fell!

Thus said the chief, and strait the guard prepares,
Divides the tasks, and every labour shares.
He wills the troops in arms to pass the night,
Nor from his breast removes his corslet bright,
But sheath'd in mail expects the threaten'd fight.
When now the silent night her veil extends,
The peaceful hour that balmy sleep befriends;
The sky with dreadful howling echoes round,
And every cave returns the barbarous sound.
To arms, to arms !' each startled soldier cries)
Before the rest impetuous Sweno flies,
He darts his eyes that glow with martial flame;
His looks the ardour of his soul proclaim.
And soon th' invading troops our camp enclose:
Thick and more thick the steely circle grows;
Javelins and swords around us form a wood,
And o'er our heads descends an iron cloud.
In this unequal field the war we wag'd,
Where every Christian twenty foes engag'd;
Of these were many wounded midst the gloom:
By random shafts full many met their doom.
But none, amidst the dusky shades, could tell
The wounded warriors, or what numbers fell.
Night o'er our loss her sable mantle threw,
And, with our loss, conceal'd our deeds from view.
Yet fierce in arms, and towering o'er the rest,
The gallant Sweno stood to all confess'd;
Ev'n through the dusk they mark his daring course,
And count the actions of his matchless force

His thirsty sword the purple slaughter spread,
And round him rais'd a bulwark of the dead:
Where'er he turns he scatters, through the band,
Fear from his looks and slaughter from his hand.
Thus stood the fight: but when th' ethereal ray
With ruddy streaks proclaim'd the dawning day,
The morn reveal'd the fatal scenes of night,
And death's dire horrors open'd to our sight;
We saw a field with mangled bodies strown,
And in one combat all our force o'erthrown!
A thousand first compos'd our martial band,
And scarce an hundred now alive remain'd!
But when the chief beheld the dreadful plain,
The mangled troops, the dying and the slain,
'Twas doubtful how his soul sustain'd his part,
Or what emotions touch'd his mighty heart;
Yet thus aloud he fir'd his fainting crew:
Haste, let us now our slaughter'd friends pursue,
Who, far from Styx and black Avernus' flood,
Have mark'd our happy paths to heaven in blood.
He said; and, fix'd his glorious fate to close,
Undaunted rush'd amidst the thickest foes:
He rives the helmet, and he hews the shield:
The strongest arms before his falchion yield:
With streams of hostile gore he dies the ground,
While all his form is one continu'd wound.
His life decays, his courage still remains:
Th' unconquer'd soul its noble pride retains:
With equal force his martial ardor burns;
He wounds for blows, and death for wounds returns.

When thundering near a dreadful warrior came,
Of stern demeanour and gigantic frame;
Who, join'd by many, on the hero flew,
And, after long and painful battle, slew.
Prone fell the generous youth, (ah! hapless death!)
Nor one had power t' avenge his parting breath.
Be witness yet, and bear me just record,
Ye last dear relicks of my much-lov'd lord!
I sought not then to save my worthless life,
Nor shunn'd a weapon in the dreadful strife.
Had Heaven vouchsaf'd to end my mortal state,
I sure by actions well deserv'd my fate!
Alive I fell, and senseless press'd the plain,
Alone preserv'd amidst my comrades slain:
Nor can I further of the Pagans tell,
So deep a trance o'er all my senses fell,
But when again I rais'd my feeble sight,
The skies were cover'd o'er with shades of night,
And from afar I saw a glimmering light.
I saw like one who half in slumber lies,
And opes and shuts by fits his languid eyes.
But now my limbs a deeper anguish found,
The pains increas'd in every gaping wound;
While on the earth I lay, expos'd and bare
To damps unwholesome and nocturnal air.
Meanwhile advancing nearer drew the light,
By slow degrees, and gain'd upon my sight.
Low whispers then and human sounds I heard;
Again, with pain, my feeble eyes I rear'd;

And saw two shapes in sacred robes array'd;
Each in his hand a lighted torch display'd,
And thus an awful voice distinctly said:
O son! confide in him whose mercy spares;
Whose pitying grace prevents our pious prayers.
Then, with uplifted hands, my wounds he bless'd,
And many a holy vow to Heaven address'd.
He bade me rise—and sudden from the ground
I rose; my limbs their former vigour found;
Fled were my pains, and clos'd was every wound!
Stupid I stood, all speechless and amaz'd,
And doubtful on the reverend stranger gaz'd.
  O thou of little faith! (the hermit cry'd)
What thought has led thy troubled sense aside?
Thou see'st two bodies of terrestrial frame,
Two servants dedicate to Jesus' name.
From the vain world and all its follies fled,
In wilds and deserts here our lives are led.
Lo! I am sent thy safety to ensure,
By him who rules o'er all with sovereign power;
Who ne'er disdains by humble means to show
His wondrous works of providence below;
Nor here will suffer on the naked plains
To lie expos'd those honour'd lov'd remains,
That must again th' exalted mind receive,
And, join'd above, in bliss eternal live.
To Sweno's corse he wills a tomb to raise,
A tomb as lasting as his deathless praise;
Which future times with wonder shall survey,
Where future times shall every honour pay.

But lift thy eyes, yon friendly moon behold
Through fleecy clouds her silver face unfold,
To guide thy devious footsteps o'er the plain,
To find the body of thy leader slain.
  Then from the peaceful region of the night
I saw descend a ray of slanting light:
Where on the field the breathless corse was laid,
There full the lunar beam resplendent play'd;
And show'd each limb deform'd with many a wound,
Midst all the mingled scene of carnage round.
He lay not prone, but, as his zealous mind
Still soar'd beyond the views of human kind,
In death he sought above the world to rise,
And claim'd, with upward looks, his kindred skies.
One hand was clos'd, and seem'd the sword to rear;
One press'd his bosom with a suppliant air,
As if to Heaven he breath'd his humble prayer.
  While o'er his wounds the copious tears I ſhed,
And, lost in fruitless grief, deplor'd the dead,
His lifeless hand the holy hermit seiz'd,
And from his grasp the fatal steel releas'd;
To me then turning: View this sword, (he said)
Whose edge to-day such copious streams has shed,
Still dy'd in gore; thou know'st its virtue well,
No temper'd weapon can its force excel!
But since its lord, in glorious conflict slain,
No more shall grasp the mortal sword again,
It must not here be lost; decreed by Heaven,
To noble hands the mighty prize is given;

To hands that longer shall the weapon wield
With equal valour in a happier field:
From those the world expects the vengeance due
On him whose fury gallant Sweno slew.
By Solyman has Sweno press'd the plain;
By Sweno's sword must Solyman be slain.
Go then, with this, and seek the tented ground
Where Christian powers the hallow'd walls surround;
Nor fear, lest wandering o'er a foreign land,
The foe again thy purpos'd course withstand.
That Power, who sends thee, shall thy toils survey,
His hand shall guide thee on the dangerous way:
He wills that thou (from every peril freed)
Should'st tell the virtues of the hero dead:
So, fir'd by him, may others learn to dare,
And on their arms the Cross triumphant bear:
That every breast may pant for righteous fame,
And distant ages catch the glorious flame!
It now remains the champion's name to hear,
Whose arm must next the fatal weapon rear:
Rinaldo he, a youth approv'd in fight,
In valour first of every Christian knight:
Present him this; inflame his generous ire;
Say, heaven and earth (let this his soul inspire)
From him alone the great revenge require!

While thus intent the sage's words I heard,
Where Sweno lay a sepulchre appear'd,
That, rising slow, by miracle dispos'd,
Within its marble womb the corse enclos'd:

Grav'd on the monumental stone were read
The name and merits of the warrior dead.
Struck with the sight, I stood, with looks amaz'd,
And on the words and tomb alternate gaz'd.
Then thus the sage: Beside his followers slain
Thy leader's corse shall here inshrin'd remain;
While, in the mansions of the blest above,
Their happy souls enjoy celestial love.
But thou enough hast mourn'd the noble dead,
To nature now her dues of rest be paid;
With me reside, till, in the eastern skies,
Propitious to thy course, the morn arise.
He ceas'd; and led me thence through rugged ways,
Now high, now low, in many a winding maze;
Till underneath the mountain's pendant shade,
Beside a hollow cave, our steps we stay'd.
Here dwelt the sage, amidst the savage brood
Of wolves and bears (the terrors of the wood!)
Here, with his pupil, liv'd secure from harms:
More strong than shield or corslet, virtue arms
And guards the naked breast in all alarms.
My hunger first suffic'd with sylvan food,
A homely couch my strength with sleep renew'd.
But when, rekindled with the rising day,
The radiant morn reveal'd her golden ray;
Each wakeful hermit to his prayers arose,
And, rouz'd with them, I left my soft repose:
Then to the holy sage I bade adieu,
And turn'd the course directed to pursue.
Here ceas'd the Dane. Then thus the pious chief:
Thou com'st a mournful messenger of grief:

Thy words, O knight! with pain our camp shall know,
Thy tale shall sadden every breast with woe.
Such gallant friends, by hostile fury crost,
From all our hopes, alas! so sudden lost!
Where thy dear leader like a flashing light,
But just appear'd, and vanish'd from the sight;
Yet blest a death like this, and nobler far
Than conquer'd towns and ample spoils of war:
Nor can the capitol examples yield
Of wreaths so glorious, or so brave a field.
In heaven's high temple now, with honours crown'd,
Immortal laurels every brow surround;
Each hero there with conscious transport glows,
And every happy wound exulting shows.
But thou, escap'd from peril, still to know
The toil and warfare of the world below;
This gloom of sorrow from thy brow remove,
And learn to triumph in their bliss above.
Seek'st thou Bertoldo's son? in exile lost,
Unknown he wanders from th' abandon'd host:
Nor think to trace his flight with doubtful feet,
Till certain tidings tell the youth's retreat.
These speeches heard, and young Rinaldo's name,
With former love each kindling mind enflame.
" Alas! (they cry) amid the Pagan bands
" The blooming warrior roves in distant lands!"
Each tongue with pleasure on his glory dwells;
Each to the wondering Dane his valour tells
And all his battles, all his deeds reveals.
While thoughts, like these, in every bosom raise
The dear remembrance of their hero's praise;

A band of soldiers, sent to scour the plain,
With plenteous pillage seek the camp again;
With lowing oxen, and the woolly breed,
And generous corn to cheer the hungry steed:
And, join'd with these, a mournful load they bore,
The good Rinaldo's arms, the vest he wore,
The armour pierc'd, the vesture stain'd with gore.
The doubtful chance the vulgar herd alarms,
With grief they throng to view the warrior's arms.
They see and know too well the dazzling sight,
The ponderous cuirass, with its beamy light;
The crest, where high the towering eagle ſhone,
That proves his offspring in the mid-day sun.
Oft were they wont, amid th' embattled fray,
To see them foremost rule the bloody day;
And now with mingled grief and rage beheld
Those glorious trophies broken on the field.
While whispers fill the camp, and every breath
Relates by various means the hero's death,
The pious Godfrey bade the chief be sought
Who led the squadron that the pillage brought.
Brave Aliprando was the leader nam'd,
For truth of speech and noble frankness fam'd.
Declare (cry'd Godfrey) whence these arms ye bear,
Nor hide a secret from your general's ear.
As far remov'd from hence (he thus reply'd)
As in two days a trusty scout may ride,
Near Gaza's walls a little plain is found,
From public ways with hills encompass'd round,

A riv'let murmurs down the mountain's sides,
And through the ſhade with gentle current glides;
Thick wood and brambles form a horrid ſhade;
(A place by nature well for ambush made)
Here, while we sought for flocks and herds that came
To crop the mead beside the crystal stream,
Surpriz'd we saw the grass distain'd with blood,
And on the banks a murder'd warrior view'd:
The arms and vest we knew (oft seen before)
Though now deform'd with dust, and foul with gore.
Then near I drew, the features to survey,
But found the sword had lopt the head away;
The right hand sever'd; and the body round
From back to breast was pierced with many a wound.
Nor far from thence the empty helm was laid,
Where the white eagle stood with wings display'd.
While some we sought from whom the truth to hear
We saw a village swain approaching near;
Who, having spy'd us, fled with sudden fear.
Him following soon we seize; he trembling stands,
And gives a full reply to our demands.
That he, the former day, conceal'd had view'd
A band of warriors issue from the wood,
Whose mien and arms the Christians' likeness ſhow'd.
One by the golden locks sustain'd a head,
That newly sever'd seem'd, and freſhly bled:
The face appear'd a youth's of semblance fair,
The cheeks unconscious of a manly hair.

Soon o'er the head his scarf the soldier flung,
And at the saddle-bow the trophy hung.
This heard, I stripp'd the corse with pitying tears,
My anxious mind perplex'd with secret fears,
And hither brought these arms, and orders gave
To yield the limbs the honours of a grave:
But if this trunk is what my thoughts declare,
It claims far other pomp, far other care.
Here Aliprando ceas'd: the leader heard
His tale with sighs; he doubted and he fear'd;
By certain signs he wish'd the corse to know,
And learn the hand that gave the murderous blow.
Mean time the night, with sable pinions spread,
Oe'r fields of air her brooding darkness shed;
And sleep, the soul's relief, the balm of woes,
Lull'd every mortal sense in sweet repose.
Thou, Argillan! alone, with cares opprest,
Revolv'st dire fancies in thy troubled breast!
No quiet power can close thy wakeful eyes,
But from thy couch the downy slumber flies.
This man was bold, of licence unconfin'd,
Haughty of speech, and turbulent of mind:
Born on the banks of Trent, his early years
Were nurs'd in troubles and domestic jars:
Till exil'd thence, he fill'd the hills and strand
With blood, and ravag'd all the neighbouring land;
When now to war on Asia's plains he came,
And there in battle gain'd a nobler fame.
At length, when morning's dawn began to peep,
He clos'd his eyes, but not in peaceful sleep:

Alecto o'er him sheds her venom'd breath,
And chains his senses like the hand of death:
In horrid shapes she chills him with affright,
And brings dire visions to his startled sight:
A headles trunk before him seem'd to stand,
All pierc'd with wounds, and lopt the better hand:
Alecto's hand the sever'd visage bore,
The features grim in death, and soil'd with gore;
The lips yet seem'd to breathe, and breathing spoke,
Whence, mix'd with sobs, these dreadful accents broke.
  Fly, Argillan! behold the morning nigh—
Fly these dire tents, the impious leader fly!
Who shall my friends from Godfrey's rage defend,
And all the frauds that wrought my hapless end?
Ev'n now thy tyrant burns with canker'd hate,
And plans, alas! like mine, thy threaten'd fate:
Yet if thy soul aspires to fame so high,
And dares so firmly on its strength rely,
Then fly not hence; but let thy reeking blade
Glut with his streaming blood my mournful shade:
Lo! I will present rise your force to arm,
To string each nerve, and every bosom warm.
  The vision said; with hellish rage inspir'd,
His furious breast a sudden madness fir'd:
He starts from sleep; he gazes wild with fear;
With wrath and venom fill'd his eyes appear:
Already arm'd, with eager haste he flew,
And round him soon th' Italian warriors drew:
High o'er the brave Rinaldo's arms he stood,
And with these words inflam'd the listening crowd.

Shall then a savage race, whose barbarous mind,
No reason governs and no laws can bind,
Shall these, insatiate still of wealth and blood,
Lay on our willing necks the servile load ?
Such are the sufferings and th' insulting scorn,
Which seven long years our passive train has borne,
That distant Rome may blush to hear our shame,
And future times reproach th' Italian name :
Why ſhould I here of generous Tancred tell,
When by his gallant arms Cilicia fell ;
How the base frank by treason siez'd the land,
And fraud usurp'd the prize which valour gain'd ?
Nor need I tell, when dangerous deeds require
The boldest hands and claim the warrior's fire.
First in the field the flames and sword we bear,
And midst a thousand deaths provoke the war :
The battle o'er, when bloody tumults cease,
And spoils and laurels crown the soldiers' peace ;
In vain our merits equal share may claim ;
Theirs are the lands, the triumphs, wealth, and fame.
Their insults once might well our thoughts engage,
These sufferings justly might demand our rage :
But now I name those lighter wrongs no more,
This last dire act surpasses all before.
In vain divine and human laws withstand,
Behold Rinaldo murder'd by their hand !
But Heaven's dread thunders seal not yet their doom,
Nor earth receives them in her opening womb !
Rinaldo have they slain, the soldiers' boast,
Guard of our faith and buckler of our host !

And lies he unreveng'd ?—to changing ſkies
All pale, neglected, unreveng'd he lies !
Aſk ye whose barbarous sword the deed has wrought ?
The deed must open lie to every thought.
All know, that, jealous of our growing fame,
Godfrey and Baldwin hate the Latian name.
But wherefore this ?—Be Heaven my witness here,
(That heaven who hears with wrath the perjur'd swear)
What time this morn her early beams display'd,
I saw confess'd his wretched wandering shade.
Ah me ! too plain his warning voice reveal'd
The snares for us in Godfrey's breast conceal'd.
I saw—'twas not a dream—before my eyes,
Where'er I turn, the phantom seems to rise !
What course for us remains ? Shall he, whose hand
Is stain'd with murder, rule our noble band ?
Or shall we hence conduct our social train
Where, distant far, Euphrates laves the plain ?
Where, midst a harmless race, in fields of peace,
He glads such numerous towns with large increase.
There may we dwell, and happier fate betide,
Nor shall the Franks with us those realms divide.
Then let us leave, if such the general mind,
These honour'd relicks unreveng'd behind !—
But ah ! if virtue still may claim a part,
(That frozen seems in every Latian heart)
This hateful pest, whose poisonous rage devours
The grace and glory of th' Italiain powers,
Cut off from life, should pay the forfeit due,
A great example to the tyrant crew !

Then thus I swear, be now your force display'd,
Let each that hears me lend his glorious aid,
This arm to-day shall drive th' avenging sword
In that fell breast with every treason stor'd!
 In words like these his fiery soul express'd,
With dread commotion fill'd each hearer's breast.
To arms, to arms! (th' insensate warrior cry'd)
To arms, to arms! each furious youth reply'd.
Alecto 'round the torch of discord whirl'd,
And o'er the field her flames infernal hurl'd;
Disdain and madness rag'd without controul,
And thirst of slaughter fill'd each vengeful soul.
The growing mischief flew from place to place,
And soon was spread beyond th' Italian race:
Among th' Helvetians then it rais'd a flame,
And next diffus'd among the English name.
Nor public sorrow for Rinaldo slain
Alone to frenzy fir'd the warrior-train;
But former quarrels, now reviv'd, conspire,
And add new fewel to their present fire.
Against the Franks they vent their threats aloud;
No more can reason rule the madding croud.
So in a brazen vase the boiling stream
Impetuous foams and bubbles to the brim;
Till, swelling o'er the brinks, the frothy tide
Now pours with fury down the vessel's side.
Nor can those few, who still their sense retain,
The folly of the vulgar herd restrain:
Camillus, Tancred, William, thence remov'd,
And every other in command approv'd.

Confus'd and wild th' unthinking soldiers swarm;
Through all the camp they run, they haste to arm.
Already warlike clangors echo round;
Seditious trumpets give the warning sound.
And now a thousand tongues the tidings bear,
And bid the pious chief for arms prepare.
Then Baldwin first in shining steel appear'd,
And stood by Godfrey's side, a faithful guard!
The chief, accus'd, to Heaven directs his eyes,
And on his God, with wonted faith relies:
O Thou, who know'st my soul with zealous care
Shuns the dire horrors of a civil war;
From these the veil that dims their sight remove;
Repress their errors, and their rage reprove:
To thee reveal'd my innocence is known,
O let it now before the world be shown!
He ceas'd; and felt his soul new firmness prove,
With warmth unusual kindled from above:
A sudden confidence inspir'd his mind,
While on his visage hope embolden'd shin'd.
Then, with his friends, he went, in awful state,
'Gainst those who sought t' avenge Rinaldo's fate.
Not loudest clash of arms his course delay'd,
Nor impious threats his steps intrepid stay'd.
His back the cuiriass arm'd, a costly vest
The hero wore, in pomp unusual drest?
Bare were his hands, his face reveal'd to sight,
His form majestic beam'd celestial light.
The golden sceptre (ensign of command)
He shook, to still the loud rebellious band:

Such were his arms : while thus the chief appear'd,
Sounds more than mortal from his lips were heard.

What strange tumultuous clamours fill my ears ?
Who dares disturb the peaceful camp with fears ?
Thus am I grac'd ? Is thus your leader known,
After such various toils and labours ſhown ?
Is there who now with treason blots my name ?
Or shall suspicion sully Godfrey's fame ?
Ye hope, perchance, to see me humbly bend,
And with base prayers your servile doom attend :
Shall then that earth, which witness'd my renown,
Behold such insults on my glory thrown ?
This sceptre be my guard, fair truth my shield,
And all my deeds in council and in field !
But justice shall her ear to mercy lend,
Nor on th' offender's head the stroke descend.
Lo ! for your merits I your crime forgive,
And bid you for your lov'd Rinaldo live.
Let Argillan alone the victim fall,
And with his blood atone th' offence of all.
Who, urg'd by light suspicion, rais'd th' alarms,
And fir'd your erring bands to rebel arms.

While thus he spoke, his looks with glory beam'd,
And from his eye the flashing lightening stream'd ;
Ev'n Argillan himself, surpris'd and quell'd,
With awe the terrors of his face beheld.
The vulgar throng, so late by madness led,
Who pour'd their threats and curses on his head ;
Who grasp'd, as rage supply'd, with ready hand,
The sword, the javelin, or the flaming brand ;

Soon as they heard his voice with fear were struck,
Nor longer durst sustain their sovereign's look;
But tamely, while their arms begirt him round,
Saw Argillan in sudden fetters bound.
So when his shaggy mane a lion shakes,
And with loud roar his slumbering fury wakes;
If chance he views the man, whose soothing art
First tam'd the fierceness of his lofty heart,
His pride consents th' ignoble yoke to wear;
He fears the well-known voice and rule severe:
Vain are his claws, his dreadful teeth are vain,
He yields submissive to his keeper's chain.
'Tis said, that, darting from the skies, was seen,
With louring aspect and terrific mien,
A winged warrior with his guardian shield,
Which full before the pious chief he held;
While, gleaming lightening, in his dreadful hand
He shook a sword with gory crimson stain'd:
Perchance the blood of towns and kingdoms, given
By frequent crimes to feel the wrath of Heaven.
The tumult thus appeas'd, and peace restor'd,
Each warrior sheaths again his wrathful sword.
Now, various schemes revolving in his thought,
His tent again the careful Godfrey sought:
Resolv'd by storm the city walls t' assail,
Ere the third evening spreads her sable veil;
And thence he went the timbers hewn to view,
Where towering high to huge machines they grew.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solyman, incited by Alecto, attacks, with his Arabs, the Christian camp by night, and makes a great slaughter; till Godfrey, encouraging his troops, opposes the sudden incursion. In the mean time Argantes and Clorinda march with their forces from the city, and join the Arabs. God sends angel Michael to drive away the demons that assisted the Pagans. The battle is continued with great fury. Clorinda particularly distinguishes herself. Argillan, at day-break, escaping from his Prison, rushes amongst the enemy, and kills many, till he himself falls by the hand of Solyman: the fortune of the day still remains doubtful: at length the Christians, receiving an unexpected aid, the victory declares in their favour: The Pagans are defeated, and Solyman himself is obliged to retreat.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

But hell's dire fiend, who saw the tumults cease,
And every vengeful bosom calm'd to peace,
Still unrestrain'd, by Stygian rancour driven,
Oppos'd the laws of fate and will of Heaven:
She flies, and where she takes her loathsome flight
The fields are parch'd, the sun withdraws his light.
For new attempts she plies her rapid wings,
And other plagues and other furies brings!
She knew her comrades, with industrious care,
Had driven the bravest champions from the war;
That Tancred and Bertoldo's greater son,
Remov'd afar, no more in battle shone.
Then wherefore this delay? (the fury cries)
Let Solyman th' unguarded foes surprise;
Fierce on their camp with dread incursion pour,
And crush their forces in the midnight hour.

This said she flew where Solyman commands
The roving numbers of Arabia's bands;
That Solyman, than whom none fiercer rose
Among the race of Heaven's rebellious foes:
Nor could a greater rise, though teeming earth,
Again provok'd, had given her giants birth.
O'er Turkey's kingdom late the monarch reign'd,
And then at Nice th' imperial seat maintain'd.
Oppos'd to Greece, the nations own'd his sway,
That 'twixt Meander's flood and Sangar lay;
Where Mysians once, and Phrygians held their place,
With Lydia, Pontus, and Bithynia's race.
But, 'gainst the Turks and every faithless crew,
Since foreign states their arms to Asia drew,
His lands were wasted, and he twice beheld
His numerous army routed in the field;
Till, every chance of war essay'd in vain,
Expell'd a wanderer from his native reign,
To Egypt's court he fled; nor fail'd to meet
A royal welcome, and secure retreat.
With joy the king his valiant guest survey'd;
With greater joy receiv'd his proffer'd aid:
Resolv'd in thought to guard the Syrian lands,
And stop the progress of the Christian bands.

But ere the king would open war declare,
He gives to Solyman th' important care,
With sums of gold to raise th' Arabian bands,
And teach them to obey a Chief's commands.
Thus while from Asia and the moorish reign,
Th' Egyptian monarch calls his numerous train,

To Solyman the greedy Arabs throng,
The lawless sons of violence and wrong.
Elected now their chief, Judæa's plains
He scours around, and various plunder gains:
The country wide he wastes, and blocks the way
Between the Latian army and the sea:
And, not forgetful of his antient hate
And the vast ruins of his falling state,
He mighty vengeance in his breast revolves,
And greater schemes, as yet unform'd, resolves.
To him Alecto comes, but first she wears
A warrior's semblance bent with weight of years;
All wrinkled seem'd her face; her chin was bare;
Her upper lip display'd a tuft of hair;
Thick linen folds her hoary head enclose;
Beneath her knees a length of vesture flows;
The sabre at her side; and, stooping low,
Her back the quiver bears, her hand the bow.
Then thus she spoke: While here our wandering bands
Rove o'er the desert plains and barren sands;
Where nothing worthy can reward our toils,
Where conquest yields us but ignoble spoils;
See! Godfrey on th' imperial city falls,
He shakes the towers, he saps the lofty walls;
And yet we linger (O eternal shame!)
Till there he brings his arms and vengeful flame.
Are cots destroy'd, or sheep and oxen gain'd,
The boasted trophies of the Soldan's hand?
Will this thy realm restore, retrieve thy name,
And on the Franks avenge thy injur'd fame?

Then rouze thy soul! against the Christian go,
Now sunk in sleep, and crush the hated foe:
Thy old Araspes speaks, his counsel hear,
In peace or exile faithful to thy ear.
No fear the unsuspecting chief alarms,
He scorns the Arabs and their feeble arms;
Nor deems their timorous bands so far can dare,
In flight and plunder bred, to mix in war:
Haste, with thy courage rouze thy kindling host,
And triumph o'er their camp, in slumber lost!
Thus said the fiend; and, breathing in his mind
Her venom'd rage, dissolves to empty wind.
The warrior lifts his hands, and loud exclaims:
O thou! whose fury thus my heart inflames!
Whose hidden power a human form bely'd;
Behold I follow thee, my potent guide:
A mound shall rise, where now appears a plain,
A dreadful mound of Christian heroes slain:
The field shall float with blood: O grant thy aid,
And lead my squadron through the dusky shade.
He said; and instant bids the troops appear;
The weak he heartens, and dispels their fear:
His warlike transports every breast excite;
Eager they burn, and hope the promis'd fight.
Alecto sounds the trump; her hand unbinds
The mighty standard to the sportive winds;
Swift march the bands like rapid floods of flame,
And leave behind the tardy wings of fame.
The fury then resumes her airy flight,
And seems a hasty messenger to sight;

And when the world a dubious light invades,
Between the setting day and rising shades,
She seeks Jerusalem, and, midst a ring
Of timid citizens, accosts the king;
Displays the purpose of th' Arabian power,
The signal for th' attack, and fatal hour.
  Now had the night her sable curtain spread,
And o'er the earth unwholsome vapours shed;
The ground no cool refreshing moisture knew,
But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew:
Monsters and prodigies in heaven were seen;
Dire spectres, shrieking, skim'd along the green:
A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
With added terrors from th' infernal shade.
  Through this dread darkness tow'rds the tented foes,
Secure from fear, the fiery Soldan goes:
And, when the night had gain'd her middle throne,
From whence with rapid speed she courses down;
He came, where near the Christian army lay,
Forgetful of the cares and toils of day.
Here first the chief refresh'd his troops with food,
Then thus inflam'd their cruel thirst of blood.
  Survey yon camp, an impious band of thieves,
That more from fortune than desert receives;
That, like a sea, within its ample breast
Absorbs the shining riches of the east:
The fates for you these glorious spoils ordain;
(How small the peril, and how vast the gain!)
Your uncontested plunder there behold;
Their glittering arms, and coursers deck'd with gold!

Not this the force that could the Persians quell,
By whom the powers of Nice in battle fell:
What numbers from their native country far,
Have fall'n the victims of a tedious war!
Were now their ſtrength the same they once could boaſt,
Thus sunk in ſleep, an unresisting host,
With ease they must resign their forfeit breath;
For short the path that leads from sleep to death!
On then, my friends! this falchion first shall gain
Your entrance to the camp o'er piles of slain.
From mine each sword shall learn to aim the blow:
From mine the stern demands of vengeance know!
This happy day the reign of CHRIST shall end,
And liberty o'er Asia's climes extend!
He said; and rouz'd their souls to martial deeds;
Then slow and silent on his march proceeds.
Now through the misty shades a gleam of light
Displays the heedful centry to his sight:
By this his hopes are lost, to seize secure
The cautious leader of the Christian power.
Soon as the watch their numerous foes espy,
They take their flight, and raise a fearful cry:
The nearest guards awake: they catch th' alarms,
And, rouzing at the tumult, snatch their arms.
Th' Arabian troops no longer silent pass,
But barbarous clangours pour through breathing brass:
To heaven's high arch the mingled noise proceeds
Of shouting soldiers and of neighing steeds:
The steepy hills, the hollow vales around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.

Alecto shakes on high th' infernal brand,
And gives the signal from her lofty stand.
First flies the Soldan, and attacks the guard,
As yet confus'd, and ill for fight prepar'd.
Rapid he moves ; far less impetuous raves
A tempest bursting from the mountain's caves :
A foaming flood, that trees and cots o'erturns ;
The lightening's flash, that towers and cities burns ;
Earthquakes, that fill with horror every age ;
Are but a faint resemblance of his rage :
True to his aim the fatal sword descends ;
A wound the stroke, and death the wound attends.
Dauntless he bears the storm of hostile blows,
And mocks the falchions of the rushing foes :
His helm resounded as the weapons fell,
And fire flash'd dreadful from the batter'd steel.
Now had his arm compell'd, with single might,
The foremost squadrons of the Franks to flight :
When, like a flood with numerous rivers swell'd
The nimble Arabs pour along the field :
The Franks no longer can th' attack sustain ;
But backward turn, and fly with loosen'd reign.
Pursuers and pursu'd, with equal haste,
Together mingled, o'er the trenches pass'd :
Then with unbounded wrath the victor storm'd,
And rage, and woe, and death the camp deform'd.
A dragon on his casque the Soldan wore,
That, stretching, bends his arching neck before ;
High on his feet he stands with spreading wings,
And wreaths his forky tail in spiry rings :

Three brandish'd tongues the sculptur'd monster shows;
He seems to kindle as the combat glows:
His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire!
  Th' affrighted Christians through the gloomy light
The Soldan view'd: so mariners by night,
When ocean's face a driving tempest sweeps,
By flashing flames behold the troubled deeps.
Some, by their fears impell'd, for safety fly;
And some, intrepid, on their swords rely:
The night's black shade, adds tumult to the press,
And, by concealing, makes their woes increase.
  Amongst the chiefs, whose hearts undaunted glow'd,
Latinus, born by Tiber's yellow flood,
Conspicuous o'er the rest in combat shin'd;
Nor length of years had damp'd his vigorous mind:
Five sons he told; and equal by his side
They mov'd, in war his ornament and pride:
To deeds of early fame their youth he warms,
And sheaths their tender limbs in ponderous arms.
These, while they strive to emulate their sire,
And glut with blood their steel and vengeful ire,
The chief bespeaks: Now prove your valiant hands
Where yon proud foe insults our shrinking bands;
Nor let the bloody samples of his force
Abate your ardour, or detain your course:
For, O my sons! the noble mind disdains
All praise but that which glorious danger gains!
  So leads the savage lioness her young,
Ere yet their necks with shaggy manes are hung;

When scarce their paws the sharpen'd nails disclose,
Nor teeth have arm'd their mouths in dreadful rows:
She brings them fearless to the dangerous chace,
And points their fury on the hunters' race;
That oft were wont to pierce their native wood,
And oft in flight the weaker prey pursu'd.
Now with the daring band the father goes;
These six assail, and Solyman enclose.
At once, directed by one heart and mind,
Six mighty spears against the chief combin'd:
But, ah! too bold! (his javelin cast aside)
The eldest born a closer conflict try'd;
And with his falchion vainly aim'd a blow
To slay the bounding courser of the foe.
But as a rock, whose foot the ocean laves,
Exalts its stately front above the waves,
Firm in itself, the winds and seas defies,
Nor fears the threats and thunder of the skies:
The fiery Soldan thus unmov'd appears
Amidst the threatening swords and missive spears.
Furious he turns on him who struck the steed,
And 'twixt the cheeks and eyebrows parts his head.
Swift Aramantes hastes to his relief,
And in his pious arms supports the chief:
Vain, unavailing piety is shown,
That to his brother's ruin adds his own!
Full on his arm the Pagan drove the steel;
Down the supported and supporter fell;
Together fainting in the pangs of death,
They mix their streaming blood and parting breath.

Then with a stroke he cuts Sabinus' spear,
With which the youth had gall'd him from afar;
And rushing on the steed with sudden force,
Th' ill-fated stripling fell beneath his horse.
Now trampled on the ground the warrior lies,
The mournful spirit from its mansion flies;
Unwilling leaves the light of life behind,
And blooming youth with early pleasures join'd!
But Picus and Laurentes still remain'd;
(The sole survivors of the filial band)
One day first gave this hapless pair to light,
Whose likeness oft deceived their parents sight:
But these no more with doubt the friends survey'd;
A dire distinction hostile fury made:
From this, the head divided rolls in dust:
That, in his panting breast receives the thrust.
The wretched father (father now no more?
His sons all slaughter'd in one deathful hour!)
View'd, in his offspring breathless on the place,
His fate approaching, and his ruin'd race!
What power, O muse! such strength in age could give,
That midst these woes he still endures to live,
Still lives and fights? Perchance the friendly night
Conceal'd the horrors from a father's sight.
Wild through the ranks his raging course he breaks
With equal ardor death and conquest seeks:
Scarce knows he which his wishes would attain,
To slaughter others, or himself be slain.
Then, rushing on the foe, aloud he cries:
Dost thou so far this feeble hand despise,

Not all its force can urge thy cruel rage
To cope with wasting grief and wretched age?
He ceas'd; and, ceasing, aim'd a dreadful stroke:
Through steel and jointed mail the falchion broke:
The weapon pierc'd th' unwary Pagan's side,
And streaming blood his shining armour dy'd.
Rouz'd at the call and wound, at once he turns
With brandish'd steel; more fell his fury burns:
First through his shield he drives, which, seven times roll'd,
A tough bull-hide secur'd with winding fold;
A passage next the corslet's plates afford;
Then, in his bowels plung'd, he sheaths the sword.
Unbless'd Latinus sobs, and, staggering round,
Alternate from his mouth and gaping wound
A purple vomit flows, and stains the ground.
As falls a mountain oak, that, ages past,
Has borne the western wind and northern blast,
When, rooted from the place where once it stood,
It crushes in its fall the neighbouring wood:
So sunk the chief, and more than one he drew
To grace his fate, and ev'n in dying slew:
Glorious he fell, and in his latest breath
With dreadful ruin scatter'd fear and death.
While thus his inward hate the Soldan fed,
And glutted his revenge with hills of dead;
The Arabs pour impetuous o'er the field:
The fainting Christians to their fury yield.
Then English Henry, Holiphernes, slain
By thee, O fierce Dragutes! press'd the plain.

Gilbert with Philip Ariadenus slew,
Who on the banks of Rhine their being drew.
Beneath Albazar's mace Ernesto fell,
And Engerlan by Algazelles' steel.
But who the various kinds of death can name,
And multitudes that sunk unknown to fame?
Meantime the tumults Godfrey's slumber broke;
Alarm'd he started, and his couch forsook:
Now, clad in arms, he call'd a band with speed,
And forth he mov'd intrepid at their head.
But nearer soon th' increasing clamours drew,
And all the tumults open'd to the view.
He knew the Arabs scour'd the country far,
Yet never deem'd their insolence would dare
To storm his trenches with offensive war.
Thus while he marches, from the adverse side,
To arms! to arms! a thousand voices cry'd:
At once a barbarous shout was rais'd on high,
And dreadful howlings echo'd to the sky.
These were the troops of Aladine, who came
Led by Argantes and the warrior-dame.
To noble Guelpho, who his station took
The next in arms, the Christian leader spoke.
Hark! what new din of battle, labouring on,
Swells from the hills and thickens from the town;
This claims thy courage, this thy skill demands,
To meet the onset of th' approaching bands.
Go then, yon quarter from their rage secure;
But first divide with me my martial power;

Myself will on a different hand engage
The daring foe, and check their impious rage.
This having said; the chiefs divide their force,
And take, with equal cares, a varied course;
Guelpho to reach the hill; while Godfrey drew
To where, resistless, rag'd th' Arabian crew:
While as he march'd the distant fight to gain,
Supplies were added to his eager train;
Till now a powerful numerous band he led,
And saw where Solyman the slaughter spread.
So where the Po first leaves his native hills,
His river scarce the scanty channel fills?
But as new streams he gathers in his course,
He swells his waves, and rises in his force;
Above the banks his horned front he shows,
And o'er the level meads triumphant flows;
Through many currents makes his rapid way,
And carries war, not tribute, to the sea.
Where Godfrey sees his tim'rous bands retreat,
He thus upbraids them with a generous heat.
What fear is this, and whither bends your pace?
Oh! turn and view the foes that give you chace!
A base degenerate throng, that neither know
To give, nor take, in fight a manly blow:
O turn again! your trusty weapons rear;
Your looks will freeze their coward souls with fear.
This said: he spurr'd his steed, and eager flew
Where murderous Solyman appear'd in view.
Through streaming blood and clouds of dust he goes,
Through wounds and death amidst surounding foes;

Through breaking ranks his furious course he guides,
And the close Phalanx with his sword divides:
No foes, on either hand, the shock sustain;
Arms, steeds, and warriors tumble to the plain:
High o'er the slaughter'd heaps, with bounding course,
The glorious leader drives his foaming horse.
Th' intrepid Soldan sees the storm from far,
Nor turns aside, nor shuns the proffer'd war;
But, eager for the strife, his foe defies,
Whirls his broad sword and to the combat flies.
In these what matchless warriors fortune sends
To prove their force from earth's remotest ends?
With virtue fury now the conflict tries
In little space, the Asian world the prize!
What tongue the horrors of the fight can tell,
How gleam'd their falchions and how swift they fell!
I pass the dreadful deeds their arms display'd,
Which envious night conceal'd in gloomy shade;
Deeds that might claim the sun and cheerful skies
And all the world to view with wondering eyes!
Their courage soon the Christian bands renew,
And their brave leader's daring course pursue:
Their choicest warriors Solyman enclose,
And round him thick the steely circle grows.
Not less the Faithful, than the Pagan band,
With streaming blood distain the thirsty land;
By turns the victors and the vanquish'd mourn,
And wound for wound, and death for death return.
As when, with equal force, and equal rage,
The north and south in mighty strife engage;

Nor this, nor that, can rule the seas or skies,
But clouds on clouds and waves on waves arise:
So far'd the battle in the doubtful field:
Nor here nor there the firm battalions yield;
With horrid clangor swords to swords oppos'd,
Shields clash'd with shields, with helmets helmets clos'd.

No less in other parts the battle rag'd,
Nor less the throng of warring chiefs engag'd;
High o'er the hosts the stygian fiends repair,
And hell's black myriads fill the fields of air.
These vigour to the Pagan troops supply;
None harbour fear, or turn their steps to fly:
The torch of hell Argantes' soul inspires,
And adds new fury to his native fires!
He scatters soon in flight the guards around,
And leaps the trenches with an eager bound;
With mangled limbs he strows the sanguine plain,
And fills th' opposing fosse with heaps of slain.
Him o'er the level space his troops pursue,
And dye the foremost tents with purple hue.
Close at his side appears the martial dame,
Whose soul disdains the second place in fame.
Now fled the Franks; when sudden drew at hand
The noble Guelpho with his welcome band:
He stopp'd, with generous zeal, their fearful course,
And turn'd them back to face the Pagan force.

While thus on either side the combat stood,
And streaming gore in equal rivers flow'd,
The Heavenly Monarch from his awful height
Declin'd his eyes and view'd the dreadful fight.

There, plac'd aloft, presides th' Omniscient CAUSE,
And orders all with just and equal laws,
Above the confines of this earthly scene,
By ways unsearchable to mortal men.
There, on eternity's unbounded throne,
With triple light he blazes, Three in One!
Beneath his footstep Fate and Nature stand;
And Time and Motion wait his dread command.
There power and riches no distinction find;
Nor the frail honours that allure mankind:
Like dust and smoke they fleet before his eyes;
He mocks the valiant, and confounds the wise!
There from the blaze of his effulgent light
The purest saints withdraw their dazzled sight;
Around th' unnumber'd blest for ever live;
And, though unequal, equal bliss receive:
The tuneful choirs repeat their Maker's praise:
The heavenly realms resound the sacred lays.
  Then thus to Michael spoke the WORD DIVINE;
(Michael whose arms with lucid di'mond shine)
See'st thou not yonder from th' infernal coast
What impious bands distress my favour'd host?
Go—bid them swift forsake the deathful scene,
And leave the business of the war to men;
Nor longer dare amongst the living rise,
To blot the lustre of the purer skies;
But seek the shades of Acheron beneath,
Th' allotted realms of punishment and death!
There on the souls accurs'd employ their hate;
Thus have I will'd; and what I will is fate.

He ceas'd: With reverence at the high command
Low bow'd the leader of the winged band:
His golden pinions he displays, and speeds
With rapid flight, that mortal thought exceeds.
The fiery region past, the seats of rest
He leaves (eternal mansions of the blest!)
From thence he passes through the crystal sphere
That whirls around with every shining star;
Thence to the left, before his piercing eyes,
With different aspects, Jove and Saturn rise;
And every star that mortals wandering call,
Though GOD's high power alike directs them all.
Then from the fields that flame with endless day,
To where the storms are bred, he bends his way;
Where elements in mix'd confusion jar,
And order springs from universal war.
The bright archangel gilds the face of night,
His heavenly features dart resplendent light:
So shines the beamy sun through showery skies,
And paints the fleecy clouds with various dies:
So through the liquid regions of the air,
With rapid radiance, shoots a falling star.
But now arriv'd, where hell's infernal crew
Their venom'd rage amongst the Pagans threw,
Hovering in air on pinions strong he stay'd,
And shook his lance, and awful thus he said.
Your force has prov'd the Sovereign of the World,
What thunders from his dreadful hand are hurl'd:
O blind in ill! that no remorse can know,
In torture proud, and obstinate in woe!

The sacred Cross shall conquer Sion's wall;
Her gates must open, and her bulwarks fall:
And who shall Fate's resistless will withstand,
Or dare the terrors of th' Almighty's hand?
Hence then, ye cursed! to your realms beneath,
The realms of torment and eternal death!
There on devoted souls employ your rage;
Be there your triumphs, there the wars ye wage:
There, midst the sounding whips, the din of chains,
And gnashing teeth, laments, and endless pains!
He said; and those that lingering seem'd to move
Resistless with his fatal lance he drove.
With sighs, reluctant, from the field they fly,
And leave the golden stars and upper sky,
And spread their pinions to the realms of woe,
To wreak their fury on the damn'd below.
Not o'er the seas in equal numbers fly
The feather'd race, to seek a warmer sky:
Not, when the wood the wintry blast receives,
In equal number Autumn strows her leaves.
Freed from th' infernal train and stygian glooms,
Serene the night her wonted face resumes.
But not the less Argantes' fury glows,
Though hell no more her venom'd fire bestows;
He whirls his sword with unresisted rage,
Where, closely press'd the Christian bands engage:
The high and low his equal prowess feel;
The bravest warriors sink beneath his steel.
Alike the carnage fierce Clorinda spread,
And strew'd the field with heaps of mangled dead.

Through Berlinger the fatal sword she guides,
And rives his heart where panting life resides;
The pointed steel its furious passage tore,
And issu'd at his back besmear'd with gore.
Albine she wounds, where first the child receives
His food; and Gallus' head asunder cleaves.
Then Gernier's better hand, that aim'd a blow,
She sends divided to the plain below;
Yet still the parted nerves some life retain,
The trembling fingers still the falchion strain:
Dissever'd thus a serpent's tail is seen
To seek the part divided on the green.
The foe thus maim'd, the dame no longer stay'd,
But 'gainst Achilles ran with trenchant blade:
Between the neck and nape the weapon flew;
The neck it cleft, and cut the nerves in two:
First tumbled on the plain the parted head,
With dust obscene the pallid face was spread;
While in the saddle by the steed sustain'd,
(Dreadful to view!) the headless trunk remain'd;
But soon th' ungovern'd courser with a bound
Shook the sad burthen to th' ensanguin'd ground.
While thus th' unconquer'd maid such numbers slew,
And the thick squadrons of the west o'erthrew;
No less Gildippe fair the slaughter led,
And on the Saracens her fury fed.
The same her sex, her dauntless mind the same,
And equal valour shone in either dame.
But these to meet in battle fate withstands:
Both doom'd to prove the force of greater hands.

Now this, now that essays to pierce the tide,
In vain; the throng of troops the pass deny'd.
The noble Guelpho's sword Clorinda found,
And in her tender side impress'd a wound,
That ting'd the steel: the maid on vengeance bent,
Betwixt his ribs her cruel answer sent.
Guelpho his stroke renew'd, but miss'd the foe;
Osmida, as he pass'd, receiv'd the blow:
Deep in his front the deadly steel he found,
And perish'd by another's destin'd wound.
The numerous troops by Guelpho led enclose
Their valiant chief; more thick the tumult grows;
While various bands from distant parts unite,
And swell the fury of the mingled fight.
  Aurora now, in radiant purple drest,
Shone from the portals of the golden east:
When, midst the horrid clang and mingled cries,
Intrepid Argillan from prison flies:
The readiest arms he snatch'd with eager haste,
And soon his limbs in shining steel were cas'd:
Eager he comes, t' efface his former shame
With glorious actions in the field of fame.
As when, to battle bred, the courser, freed
From plenteous stalls, regains the wonted mead,
There unrestrain'd amid the herds he roves,
Bathes in the stream, and wantons in the groves;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders spread,
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head:
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the vallies round.

So Argillan appears! so fierce he shows,
While in his looks undaunted courage glows:
He bounds with headlong speed the war to meet,
And scarcely prints the dust beneath his feet:
When, midst the foes arriv'd, aloud he cries,
As one whose fury all their force defies:
  Refuse of earth! ye vile Arabian bands!
What boldness now impells your coward hands?
Your limbs unus'd the arms of men to wield,
To bear the helmet, or sustain the shield:
Naked ye come, and fearful to the fight,
Chance guides your blows, your safety lies in flight:
Nocturnal deeds are all your power can boast,
When friendly night assists your trembling host:
What now remains? The beams of day require
The warrior's weapons and the warrior's fire.
  Raging he said; and, rushing as he spoke,
At Algazelles aim'd a mortal stroke;
His jaws he cleft, and stopt his ready tongue,
While on his lips imperfect accents hung:
A sudden darkness shades his swimming eyes;
Through every vein a chilling tremor flies:
Headlong he falls, and breathes his latest breath,
And bites the hated soil in pangs of death.
With fury next on Saladine he flew,
And Agricaltes and Mulasses slew:
Then Aldiazelles' side his falchion found,
And cleft him through with one continu'd wound:
Through Ariadenus' breast the steel he guides,
And the fall'n chief with bitter taunts derides;

The dying warrior lifts his languid eyes,
And to th' insulting victor thus replies.
Not thou, whoe'er thou art, with vaunting breath
Shalt long enjoy the triumph of my death:
Like fate attends thee; by a mightier hand
Thou too must fall, and press with me the sand.
Then Argillan, severely smiling, cry'd:
Let Heaven's high will my future fate decide;
Die thou! to ravenous dogs and fowls a prey—
Then with his foot he press'd him as he lay,
And rent at once the steel and life away.
Meanwhile a stripling of the Soldan's train
Mix'd in the shock of arms and fighting men:
In his fair cheeks the flower of youth was seen,
Nor yet the down had fledg'd his tender chin:
The sweat that trickled on his blooming face,
Like orient pearls, improv'd the blushing grace:
The dust gave beauty to his flowing hair,
And wrath was pleasing in a form so fair.
He rode a courser white as new-fall'n snow
On hoary Appenine's aspiring brow:
Nor winds nor flames his swiftness could exceed,
Practis'd to turn, and matchless in his speed:
Grasp'd in the midst, the youth a javelin bore;
A crooked sabre at his side he wore:
With barbarous pomp (resplendent to behold!)
He shone in purple vestments wrought with gold.
While thus the boy (whom martial fires inflame,
Pleas'd with the din of arms, and new to fame)

Now here, now there, o'erthrew the warring band,
And met with none his fury to withstand ;
Fierce Argillan, advancing, near him drew,
Then with a sudden stroke his steed he slew,
And on the tender foe impetuous flew.
In vain with moving prayers he sues for grace,
In vain he begs with supplicating face ;
The sword is rais'd against the blooming boy,
The fairest work of nature to destroy :
Yet pity seem'd to touch the senseless steel ;
The edge turn'd, harmless, as the weapon fell :
But what avail'd it ? when the cruel foe,
With the sharp point, retriev'd his erring blow.

Fierce Solyman, who, thence not distant far,
By Godfrey press'd, maintain'd a doubtful war ;
Soon as his favourite's dangerous state he spies,
Forsakes the fight, and to his rescue flies :
Now with his thundering sword the ways are freed :
He comes to t' avenge, but not prevent the deed.
He sees, alas ! his dear Lesbinus slain,
Like a young flower that withers on the plain.
His dying eyes a trembling lustre shed ;
On his fair neck declin'd his drooping head ;
His languid face in mortal paleness charm'd,
And every breast to soft compassion warm'd :
Untouch'd before, now melts the marble heart,
And midst his wrath, the gushing sorrows start.
And weep'st thou Solyman ! at pity's call,
Who, tearless, saw thy mighty kingdom's fall ?

But when his eyes the hostile weapon view'd,
Still warm and reeking in the stripling's blood,
Th' indignant fury boiling in his breast
Awhile his pity and his tears suppress'd :
On Argillan the rapid steel he drives,
At once th' opposing shield and helmet rives,
And cleaves his head beneath the weighty blow :
A wound well worthy of so great a foe !
His wrath still unappeas'd, he quits his steed,
And wreaks his vengeance on the warrior dead.
So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,
The mastiff wages unavailing war.
O ! vain attempt his sorrows to allay,
By rage insensate on the breathless clay !
  Meantime the leader of the Christian train,
Nor spends his anger, nor his blows in vain.
A thousand Turks against him held the field,
Arm'd with the jointed mail, the helm, and ſhield :
Their limbs robust to hardy toils were bred ;
And skill'd in fight, their souls no danger dread.
These oft with Solyman in battle stood,
And midst the deserts late his steps pursu'd ;
In Araby partook his wandering state,
The faithful partners of his adverse fate :
These, close collected in one daring band,
The pressing valour of the Franks withstand.
  Here noble Godfrey well his falchion ply'd,
And pierc'd Corcutes' brow, Rosteno's side ;
Then from the shoulders sever'd Selim's head,
And lopp'd Rosano's arms with trenchant blade.

Nor these alone, but numbers more he kill'd,
And mangled trunks and limbs bestrow'd the field.
While thus he fought against the Turkish band,
And with intrepid force their rage sustain'd;
While fortune still with equal pinions flew,
Nor hopes of conquest left the Pagan crew;
Behold a cloud of rising dust appear,
Teeming with threatening arms, and big with war;
And hence a sudden flash of armour bright
Fill'd all the Pagan host with panic fright.
Of purple hue there fifty warriors held
A Cross triumphant in an argent field.
Had I an hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of iron breath'd from iron lungs,
I could not all the Pagan numbers tell
That by this troop's impetuous onset fell:
The fearful Arab sinks; the Turk in vain
Resists the storm, and fights but to be slain.
Around the field in various forms appear,
Rage, horror, cruelty, and abject fear:
On every side, exulting, death is found,
And purple torrents deluge all the ground.
Now with a squadron, issuing from the gate,
(Unconscious of the Pagan's woeful state)
King Aladine appear'd, and from his height
Beheld the subject plain and doubtful fight:
Full soon his eyes the scene of slaughter meet,
And strait he gives command to sound retreat:
And oft the monarch calls, but calls in vain,
Clorinda and Argantes from the plain:

The furious couple still reject his prayer,
With carnage drunk, insatiable of war!
At length they yield: yet every means they try'd
Their troops in order from the field to guide,
But who with laws can coward souls restrain?
The rout is general 'mongst th 'affrighted train:
This casts aside his shield, and that his sword;
These useless burthens no defence afford.
A vale between the camp and city lies,
Stretch'd from the western to the southern skies;
There fled the timorous bands, with many a groan,
And clouds of dust roll'd onward to the town.
The Christian powers pursue their eager chace,
With dreadful slaughter of the Pagan race:
But when, ascending, near the walls they drew,
Where, with his aid, the king appear'd in view,
His victor-force the cautious Guelpho stay'd,
Nor would the dangerous rocky height invade:
While Aladine collects his men with care,
The scatter'd remnants of successless war.
The Soldan's waining strength can now no more,
(The utmost stretch essay'd of humán power)
His breath in ſhorter pantings comes and goes,
And blood with sweat from every member flows.
His arm grows weak beneath the weighty shield;
His weary hand can scarce the falchion wield:
Feebly he strikes, and scarce can reach the foe,
While the blunt weapon aims a fruitless blow.
And now he paus'd awhile, immers'd in thought,
A labouring doubt within his bosom wrought:

If by his own illustrious hand to bleed,
Nor leave the foes the glory of the deed;
Or if, survivor in the fatal strife,
To quit the field, and save his threaten'd life.
Fate has subdu'd (at length the leader cry'd)
My shame shall swell the haughty victor's pride:
Again th' insulting foe my flight shall view,
Again my exile with their scorn pursue;
But soon behold me turn in arms again,
To blast their peace, and shake their tottering reign.
Nor yield I now—my rage shall burn the same;
Eternal wrongs eternal vengeance claim:
Still will I rise a more inveterate foe,
And, dead, pursue them from the shades below!

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solyman, in his journey to Gaza, is accosted by Ismeno, who persuades him to return; and conveys him in an enchanted chariot to Jerusalem. The magician conducts the Soldan through a subterraneous cave into the city, and brings him to the council-hall, where he stands, concealed in a cloud, and hears the debates. The speeches of Argantes and Orcanes. Solymàn at last discovers himself, and is received with the greatest joy by the king. In the mean time it is known to Godfrey, that the warriors who came to his assistance were those who had followed Armida. One of them relates to the general their adventures. Peter foretells the return and future glory of Rinaldo.

THE

NINTH BOOK

OF

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

While thus the Soldan spoke, a steed he spy'd,
That wander'd near, unburthen'd of his guide;
Then instant, spent with toil and faint with heat,
He seiz'd the reins and press'd the welcome seat:
Fall'n is his crest, that late so dreadful rose,
His helm disgrac'd no more its splendor shows;
His regal vesture strews the dusty plains,
And not a trace of all his pomp remains!
As, from the nightly fold, the wolf pursu'd,
Flies to the shelter of the friendly wood;
Though fill'd with carnage, still he thirsts for more,
And licks his ravenous jaws impure with gore:
So fled the Soldan, from the field compell'd,
Still bent on slaughter, still his rage unquell'd:
Safe from surrounding spears he took his flight,
And all the deathful weapons of the fight:

Alone, unseen, the warrior journey'd on,
Through solitary paths, and ways unknown:
His future course revolving in his mind;
Now here, now there, his doubtful thoughts inclin'd,
At length he fix'd to seek the friendly coast
Where Egypt's king collects his powerful host,
And join with him his fortune in the field,
To prove what arms another day would yield.
And, thus resolv'd, the well-known course he bore
That led to ancient Gaza's sandy shore.
Though now his weary limbs require repose,
And every wound with keener anguish glows;
Yet all the day he fled with eager haste,
Nor left his courser, nor his mail unbrac'd.
But when the dusky gloom perplex'd the sight,
And objects lost their color by the night,
He swath'd his wounds; a palm-tree near him stood,
From this he shook the fruit (his homely food!)
His hunger thus appeas'd, the ground he press'd,
And sought to ease his limbs with needful rest;
On his hard shield his pensive head reclin'd,
He strove to calm the tumult of his mind.
Disdain and grief his heart alternate rend,
And like two vultures in his breast contend.
At length when night had gain'd her midmost way,
And all the world in peaceful silence lay,
O'ercome with labour, sleep his eyes oppress'd,
And steep'd his troubles in Lethean rest.
While thus on earth he lay, a voice severe,
With these upbraidings, thunder'd in his ear.

O! Solyman! regardless chief, awake!—
In happier hours thy grateful slumber take.
Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,
And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,
While uninterr'd each lov'd associate lies?
Here, where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,
Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?
  The Soldan wak'd, then rais'd his sight, and view'd
A sire, of reverend mien, who near him stood:
Feeble he seem'd with age, his steps to guide
A friendly staff its needful aid supply'd.
Say, what art thou, who dar'st (the monarch cries)
Dispel soft slumber from the traveller's eyes?
What part canst thou in all our glory claim,
And what to thee our vengeance or our shame?
  In me behold a friend, (the stranger said)
To whom in part thy purpose stands display'd:
And here I proffer, with auxiliar care,
In all thy labours and designs to share.
Forgive my zeal; reproaches oft inspire
The noble mind, and raise the hero's fire.
Thou seek'st th' Egyptian king—such thoughts restrain!
Nor tempt a long and toilsome tract in vain;
Ev'n now the monarch calls his numerous bands,
And moves his camp t' assist Judea's lands.
Think nor thy worth at Gaza can be shown,
Nor 'gainst our foes can there thy force be known;
But follow where I lead, and, safe from harms,
Within yon wall, begirt by Latian arms,

To place thee, ev'n at noon of day, I swear,
Without the brandish'd sword or lifted spear.
New toils, new dangers there thy arms attend;
There shall thy force the town besieg'd defend,
Till Eygpt's host, arriv'd, their succour yield,
And call thy courage to a nobler field.
Thus while he spoke, the listening Turk amaz'd,
Full on the hoary sire in silence gaz'd:
His haughty looks no more their fierceness boast,
And all his anger is in wonder lost.
Then thus: O father! ready to obey,
Behold I follow where thou point'st the way:
But ever best that counsel shall I prize,
Where most of toil, where most of danger lies.
The sire his words approv'd; then search'd with care,
Each recent wound, annoy'd by chilling air;
With powerful juice, instill'd, his strength renew'd,
And eas'd the pain, and stanch'd the flowing blood.
Aurora now her rosy wreaths diplays,
And Phœbus gilds them with his orient rays.
Time calls (he cries) the sun directs our way,
That summons mortals to the toils of day.
Then to a car, that near him ready stood,
He pass'd; the chief of Nice his steps pursu'd:
They mount the seat, the stranger takes the reins,
Before the lash the coursers scour the plains;
They foam, they neigh, their smoking nostrils blow,
And the champ'd bits are white with frothy snow.
Then (strange to tell) the air, condens'd in clouds,
With thickest veil the rolling chariot shrouds;

Yet not a mortal sight the mist espy'd,
Nor could an engine's force the cloud divide;
While from its secret womb, with piercing eyes,
They view'd around the plains, the hills, and skies.
Struck with the sight his brows the Soldan rais'd,
And stedfast on the cloud and chariot gaz'd:
While on their course with ceaseless speed they flew:
Well by his looks the sire his wonder knew;
And, calling on his name, the chief he shook;
When, rousing from his trance, the warrior spoke.
O thou! whoe'er thou art, whose wondrous skill
Can force the laws of nature to thy will;
Who, at thy pleasure, view'st with searching eyes
The human breast, where every secret lies;
If yet thy knowledge (which so far transcends
All human thought) to future time extends;
O say! what rest or woe is doom'd by fate
To all the toils of Asia's broken state?
But first declare thy name; what hidden art
Can power to work such miracles impart;
This wild amazement from my soul remove,
Or vain will all thy future speeches prove.
To whom, with smiles, the ancient sire reply'd:
In part thy wishes may be satisfy'd:
Behold Ismeno! (no ignoble name)
In magic lore all Syria owns my fame.
But that my tongue should distant times relate,
And trace the annals of mysterious fate,
A greater power denies; thy thoughts exceed
The narrow bounds to mortal man decreed.

Let each his valour and his wisdom show,
To stem the tide of human ills below;
For oft 'tis seen, that with the brave and wise,
The power to make their prosperous fortune lies.
Thy conquering arms may prove a happier field;
Thy force may teach the boastful Franks to yield:
Think not alone the city to defend,
On which the Latian foes their fury bend;
Confide! be bold! for fire and sword prepare;
A happy issue still may crown the war.
Yet to my words attend, while I recite
What, as through clouds, I view with doubtful light.
I see, or seem to see, ere many a year
Th' eternal planet gilds the rolling sphere,
A chief whose rule shall fertile Egypt bless,
Whose mighty actions Asia shall confess.
Let this suffice; not only in the field,
Beneath his force the Christian powers shall yield;
But from their race his arms shall rend the sway,
And all their state usurp'd in ruin lay:
Till, fenc'd by seas, within a narrow land
Groan the sad relicks of the wretched band.
He from thy blood shall spring—Ismeno said:
And thus the king his generous answer made;
(His bosom kindling at the hero's fame)
O happy chief! whose deeds such glory claim!
For me, let good or ill my life betide,
And fortune, as prescrib'd above, provide:
No power shall e'er my vigorous mind control,
Or bend th' unconquer'd temper of my soul:

First shall the moon and stars their course forsake,
Ere I my foot remove from glory's track.
He said; and, while he spoke, with martial ire
His eyeballs flash'd, his visage seem'd on fire.
Thus commun'd they, till near the chariot drew
To where the Christian tents appear'd in view:
A scene of carnage here their eyes survey'd,
Where death appear'd in various forms display'd.
Touch'd at the sight, the Soldan's tears o'erflow,
And all his face is spread with generous woe:
He sees, inflam'd with anger and disdain,
His mighty standards scatter'd on the plain:
He sees the Franks exulting o'er the dead,
And on his dearest friends in triumph tread:
While from the breathless corse the arms they tear,
And from the field the glorious trophies bear.
There some he views, whose funeral care attends
Th' unbury'd relicks of their Christian friends:
And others here prepare the blazing pyre.
Where Turks and Arabs feed one common fire.
Deeply he sigh'd, and straight his falchion drew,
And from the lofty car impetuous flew:
But soon Ismeno check'd his eager haste,
And in the seat again the warrior plac'd;
Then sought the hill, while distant on the plain,
Behind their course the Christian tents remain.
Then from the car they 'light (at once from view
Dissolv'd in air, the wondrous car withdrew)
Still with the cloud inshrin'd, on foot they fare,
And down the mountain to the vale repair;

Where Sion's hill, that here begins to rise,
Turns its broad back against the western skies.
Th' enchanter stay'd; and now, advancing nigh,
Explor'd the steepy side with heedful eye:
A hollow cavern open'd, in the stone,
A darksome pass, in former ages known,
But now with weeds and brambles overgrown:
Through this the sorcerer soon the passage try'd,
And held his better hand the prince to guide.
Then thus the Soldan: Through what darksome way
Must here my steps by stealth inglorious stray?
O rather grant that, with this trusty blade,
Through scatter'd foes a nobler path be made.
Let not thy feet disdain (Ismeno said)
To tread the path which Herod wont to tread,
Whose fame in arms o'er many regions spread.
This monarch first the hollow cavern fram'd,
What time his subjects to the yoke he tam'd:
By this he could with ease the tower ascend,
(Then call'd Antonia from his dearest friend)
Thence with his troops could leave the town unseen,
Or there re-enter with supplies of men.
But now to me reveal'd, to me alone
Of all mankind, this secret path is known.
This way shall lead us to the regal seat,
Where now the wise and brave in synod meet,
Call'd by the anxious king to high debate,
Who fears perhaps too far the frowns of fate:
Awhile in silence all their counsels hear,
Till, breaking in their sight, thou shalt appear,
And pour thy speech in every wondering ear.

He said, and ceas'd; no more the warrior stay'd,
But enter'd, with his guide, the gloomy shade:
Darkling they far'd through paths conceal'd from view,
And, as they pass'd, the cavern wider grew.
Ismeno now unfolds a secret door;
They mount by steps long-time disus'd before:
Here through a narrow vent, from upper day,
Appears the glimmering of a doubtful ray.
Now from the seats of night their course they bend,
And sudden to a stately hall ascend;
Where, with his sceptre, crown'd in awful state,
Amidst his mournful court the mournful monarch sate.
The haughty Turk, within the cloud conceal'd,
In silence stood, and all that pass'd beheld;
Then heard the monarch in an awful tone
Address the senate from his lofty throne.
O, faithful peers! behold the turn of fate!
The last dire day how deadly to our state!
From every former hope of conquest thrown,
Our safety rests on Egypt's powers alone;
But these must join us from a distant land,
When present dangers present aid demand.
For this I bade you here the council hold,
And each the purport of his thoughts unfold.
He ceas'd: and soon a murmuring sound ensu'd,
Like zephyrs softly whispering through the wood:
Till, rising from his seat, with noble pride
And fearless speech, Argantes thus reply'd.
What words are these to damp the martial fire?
No aid from us thy wisdom can require.

O! in ourselves our hopes alone must rest,
If virtue ever guards th' intrepid breast;
Be that our arms, be that our wish'd supplies,
Nor let us life beyond our glory prize!
I speak not this because my anxious mind
Despairs from Egypt certain aid to find:
Forbid it! that my thoughts, so far misled,
Should doubt the promise which my king has made.
But this my ardent soul has long desir'd,
To find a few with dauntless spirits fir'd;
That every chance can view with equal eyes,
Can seek for victory, or death despise.
  Orcanes next arose, with plausive grace,
Who 'mongst the princes held the noblest place:
Once known in arms amid the field he shin'd;
But, to a youthful spouse in marriage join'd,
Proud of the husband and the father's name,
In slothful ease he stain'd his former fame.
  Then thus he spoke: Well pleas'd the words I hear
Which spring, O monarch! from the soul sincere;
When the full heart with inbred ardor glows,
And generous threats the hero's warmth disclose.
Should now, transported with a noble rage,
The good Circassian's heat too far engage;
This may we grant to him whose dauntless might
Displays like ardor in the field of fight.
It rests with thee his fury to control,
When youth too far transports his fiery soul.
'Tis thine to view, in equal balance weigh'd,
The present danger with the distant aid;

The hostile power that on our city falls,
Our new-rais'd ramparts and our mouldering walls,
I speak the dictates of a faithful heart:
Our town is strong by nature, strong by art;
Yet, see what mighty schemes the foes intend,
What huge machines against the walls ascend!
Th' event remains unknown—I hope and fear
The various chances of uncertain war.
Th' unlook'd-for small supply of herds and corn
That yester-night within the town was borne,
Can ill suffice so vast a city's call,
If long the siege should last before the wall:
And last it must, though by th' appointed day
Th' Egyptian forces here their aid display:
But what our fate if longer they delay?
Yet grant those succours should prevent in speed
Their plighted promise, and our hope exceed:
I see not thence the certain conquest won,
Nor from the Christians freed the threaten'd town.
We must, O king! with Godfrey meet in fight,
Those gallant chiefs, those bands approv'd in might,
Whose arms so oft have scatter'd o'er the plain
The Syrian, Persian, and Arabian train.
Thou, brave Argantes! oft compell'd to yield,
Hast prov'd too well their valour in the field:
Oft hast thou fled the foe with eager haste,
And in thy nimble feet thy safety plac'd.
Clorinda and myself have felt their host;
Nor let a warrior o'er his fellows boast.

Free let me speak, and unrestrain'd by fear,
(Though yonder champion scorns the truth to hear,
And threatens death) my deep foreboding mind
Beholds these dreadful foes with fate combin'd:
Nor troops nor ramparts can their force sustain;
Here shall they fix at last their certain reign.
Heaven witness, what I speak the time requires,
Love for my country and my king inspires!
How wise the king of Tripoly! who gain'd
Peace from the Christians, and his realms retain'd;
While the proud Soldan, on the naked plains
Now breathless lies, or wears ignoble chains;
Or hid in exile, trembling from the strife,
Prolongs in distant lands his wretched life;
Who, yielding part, with gifts and tribute paid,
Had still the rest in peace and safety sway'd.
He said; and thus his coward-thoughts disclos'd,
With artful words in doubtful phrase compos'd;
Yet durst not plainly his advice declare,
To sue for peace, a foreign yoke to wear.
But, at his speeches fir'd with just disdain,
No more the Soldan could his wrath restrain.
To whom Ismeno—Can thy generous ear
Without concern these vile reproaches hear?
Unwilling have I stay'd, (the chief returns)
My conscious soul with just resentment burns.
Scarce had he ended, when the mist, that threw
Its friendly veil around, at once withdrew;
Dissolv'd in air was lost the fleecy cloud,
And, left in open light, the monarch stood;

Full in the midst his dreadful front he rears,
And sudden thus accosts their wondering ears.
Lo! here the man you name, the Soldan stands;
No timorous exile fled to distant lands!
This arm shall yonder dastard's lies disprove,
And show what fears his trembling bosom move.
I, who of Christian blood such torrents shed,
And pil'd the plain with mountains of the dead!
Left in the vale, by foes begirt in fight
All succours lost! am I accus'd of flight?
But should this wretch, or any such, again,
False to his country, to his faith a stain,
Dare, with his words, to shameful peace betray,
(Do thou, O monarch! give my justice way)
This falchion shall avenge the hateful part,
And stab the treason lurking in his heart.
First in one fold shall wolves and lambs remain,
One nest the serpent and the dove contain,
Ere with the Franks one land behold our state,
On any terms but everlasting hate!
While haughty thus he spoke, with threatening mien,
His dreadful hand upon his sword was seen.
Struck with his presence, with his words amaz'd
The pale assistants mute and trembling gaz'd.
Then, with a soften'd air and milder look,
To Aladine he turn'd, and thus he spoke:
We trust, O monarch! welcome aid we bring,
When Solyman appears t' assist the king!
Then Aladine, who near to meet him drew:
How glows my heart a friend like thee to view!

No more I feel my slaughter'd legions lost,
No more my soul with anxious fears is tost,
Thou shalt my reign secure, and soon restore
(If Heaven permit) thy own subverted power.
  This said, around his neck his arms he cast,
And with an eager joy his friend embrac'd.
Judæa's sovereign then, this greeting done,
Gave to the mighty chief his regal throne:
Himself, beside him, to the left he plac'd,
Ismeno next with equal honours grac'd.
And while, enquiring every chance of fate,
In converse with the sire the monarch sate,
To honour Solyman the warrior-dame
Approach'd; then all, by her example, came.
Among the rest, Ormusses rose, whose care
Preserv'd his faithful Arabs from the war:
These, while the hosts with mutual fury fought,
By night in safety to the walls he brought;
And, with supplies of herds and corn convey'd,
Gave to the famish'd town a needful aid.
  Alone, with louring front and gloomy state,
In silence wrapt, the fierce Circassian sate:
So seems a lion, couching on the ground,
Who sullen rolls his glaring eyes around:
While low his head declin'd with pensive air,
The Soldan's looks Orcanes could not bear.
  In council thus Judæa's tyrant sate,
The king of Nice and nobles of the state.
But pious Godfrey, victor of the day,
Had chac'd his foes, and clear'd each guarded way:

And now he paid his warriors, slain in fight,
The last due honours of the funeral rite;
Then bade the rest prepare (his mandate known)
The second day in arms t' assault the town;
And threaten'd, with machines of every kind,
The rude Barbarians in their walls confin'd.
  The leader soon the timely squadron knew,
That brought him aid against the faithless crew:
In this the prime of all his friends he view'd,
Who once the fraudful damsel's track pursu'd:
Here Tancred came, who late, by wiles restrain'd,
A prisoner in Armida's fort remain'd.
For thee, to meet beneath his lofty tent,
Before the hermit and his chiefs, he sent.
  Then thus he said: Let some, O warriors! tell
Th' adventures that your wandering course befell;
And how you came, by fortune thus convey'd,
In need so great to give such welcome aid.
  He ceas'd; when, conscious of his secret blame:
Each hung his head depress'd with generous shame:
At length the British monarch's dearest son,
The silence broke, and thus sincere begun.
  We went (whose names, undrawn, the urn conceal'd)
Nor each to each his close design reveal'd,
The darksome paths of treacherous love to trace,
Lur'd by the features of a guileful face:
Her words and looks (too late I own the shame)
Increas'd our mutual hate, our mutual flame:
At length we drew to where, in dreadful ire,
Heaven rain'd on earth of old a storm of fire,

T' avenge the wrongs, which nature's laws endur'd,
On that dire race to wicked deeds inur'd;
Where once were fertile lands and meadows green,
Now a deep lake with sulphurous waves was seen:
Hence noisome vapours, baleful steams arise,
That breathe contagion to the distant skies.
In this each ponderous mass is thrown in vain,
The sluggish waters every weight sustain:
In this a castle stood, from which there lay
A narrow bridge t' invite the wanderer's way:
We enter'd here; and wondering, saw within
Each part present a lovely sylvan scene;
Soft was the air, the skies serene and mild,
With flowers adorn'd the hills and vallies smil'd:
A fountain, 'midst a bower of myrtle shade,
With lucid streams in sweet meanders stray'd:
On the soft herbage downy slumbers lay;
Through whispering leaves the fanning breezes play;
And cheerful songsters warble on the spray.
I pass the domes our eyes beheld amaz'd,
Of costly gold and polish'd marble rais'd.
There on the turf, with shade o'er-arching grac'd,
Near purling rills the dame a banquet plac'd;
Where sculptur'd vases deck'd the costly board,
With viands choice of every flavour stor'd;
Whate'er to different climes and suns we owe,
Which earth, or air, or ocean can bestow;
With all that art improves! and while we sate,
An hundred beauteous nymphs in order wait.

With gentle speech and soft enticing smiles,
She tempers other food and fatal wiles;
While every guest receives the deadly flame,
And quaffs a long oblivion of his fame.
She left us now, but soon resum'd her place,
When anger seem'd to kindle in her face.
Within her better hand a wand she bore;
Her left sustain'd a book of magic power:
Th' enchantress read, and mutter'd secret charms,
When, lo! a sudden change my breast alarms!
Strange fancies soon my troubled thoughts pursu'd,
Sudden I plung'd amid the chrystal flood:
My legs shrunk up, their former function leave;
To either side my arms begin to cleave;
A scaly covering o'er my skin is grown,
And in the fish no more the man is known!
An equal change with me the rest partook,
And swam, transform'd, within the limpid brook.
Oft as my mind recalls th' event, I seem
Lost in th' illusion of an idle dream!
At length her art our former shape restor'd,
But fear and wonder check'd each issuing word.
As thus amaz'd we stood, with angry brows
She threaten'd added pains and future woes.
Behold (she cry'd) what power is in my hand!
I rule your fates with uncontrol'd command:
My will can keep you from the ethereal light,
The hapless prisoners of eternal night;
Can bid you range among the feather'd kind,
Or, chang'd to trees, with rooted fibres bind;

Can fix in rocks, dissolve in limpid streams,
Or turn to brutal form the human limbs.
It rests on you t' avert my vengeful ire ;
Consent t' obey what my commands require :
Embrace the Pagan faith, my realms defend,
And your keen swords on impious Godfrey bend.
She said : the proffer'd terms our souls disdain'd,
Her words alone the false Rambaldo gain'd.
Us (no defence avail'd) she strait constrains
In loathsome dungeons and coercive chains.
Thither was Tancred led, by fortune crost,
Where, joind with us, his liberty he lost.
But little time, confin'd within the tower,
The false enchantress kept us in her power.
'Twas said, an envoy from Damascus came,
To gain her prisoners from the impious dame ;
And thence, disarm'd, in fetters bound, to bring,
A welcome present to th' Egyptian king.
We went, surrounded by a numerous guard,
When Heaven's high will unhop'd-for aid prepar'd.
The good Rinaldo, who, with deeds of fame,
Adds every moment to his former name,
Our course impeding, on our leaders fell,
And prov'd that valour, often prov'd so well.
He slew, he vanquish'd all beneath his sword,
And soon again our former arms restor'd.
To me, to all confess'd the youth appear'd ;
We grasp'd his hand, his well known voice we heard.
Here vulgar tongues fallacious tales proclaim ;
The hero still survives to life and fame.

Three days are past since, parting from our band,
He with a pilgrim travell'd o'er the land,
To Antioch bound: but first he cast aside
His shatter'd arms with streaming crimson dy'd.
  Here ceas'd the knight. Meanwhile his ardent eyes
The hermit fix'd devoutly on the ſkies;
His looks, his colour chang'd; a nobler grace
Shone in his mien, and kindled in his face;
Full of the Deity, his raptur'd mind
With angels seem'd in hallow'd converse join'd:
He reads in future time's eternal page,
And sees th' events of many a distant age.
He spoke; while all intent and silent gaz'd,
Much at his looks and awful voice amaz'd:
He lives! Rinaldo lives! (aloud he cries)
Then heed not empty arts or female lies!
He lives! and Heaven, whose care his youth defends,
For greater praise his valued life extends!
These are but light forerunners of his fame,
(These deeds that now o'er Asia spread his name)
Lo! after rolling years, I plainly view
His arms shall many an impious power subdue!
His eagle guards, with silver wings display'd
The church and Rome beneath its friendly shade.
Succeeding sons with equal virtue shine,
And children's children crown his glorious line!
To pull the mighty down, exalt the low;
To punish vice, or virtue aid bestow;
These be their arts! and thus his dazzling way
The bird of Esté soars beyond the solar ray:

To guard celestial truth his flight he bends,
And with his thunders Peter's cause defends:
Where zeal for CHRIST each holy warrior brings,
He spreads, triumphant, his victorious wings:
The chief recall'd, must here his task resume,
Such is the will of Fate, and such th' eternal doom!
Here ceas'd the sage; his words each doubt appeas'd,
And every fear for young Rinaldo eas'd.
All, fill'd with transport, spoke their joys aloud;
While, fix'd in thought, the pensive Godfrey stood.
Now had the night her sable mantle cast
O'er darken'd air, and earth around embrac'd:
The rest, retiring, sink in soft repose;
But, lost in cares, no sleep the leader knows.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.